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FROM

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER INCLUSIVE.

1829.

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CONTENTS

OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR SEPTEMBER.

No. XLIX.

PAGE

ART. I. Travels to and from Constantinople, in the Years 1827 and 1828, &c. By Capt. Charles Colville Frankland, R.N. 1

II. The Loves of the Poets. By the Author of the "Diary of an Ennuyée." - - - - - - - - - - 17

III. Natural Theology; or Essays on the Existence of Deity and of Providence, on the Immateriality of the Soul, and a Future State. By the Rev. Alex. Crombie, LL.D., F.R.S., and M.R.S.L. - - - - - - - - - - 30

IV. Principles of Natural Philosophy; or a New Theory of Physics, founded on Gravitation, and applied in explaining the general Properties of matter, the Phenomena of Chemistry, Electricity, Galvanism, Magnetism, and Electro-Magnetism. By Thomas Exley, A.M., Associate of the Bristol Philosophical and Literary Society - - 53

V. Deutschland oder Briefe eines in Deutschland reisenden Deutschen. Erstervierter Band, 1827-1828.

Germany; or Letters of a German travelling in Germany - 65

VI. The French Librarian, or Literary Guide; pointing out the best Works of the principal Writers of France, with Criticisms, Anecdotes, and Bibliographical Notices: preceded by a Sketch of the Progress of French Literature. By L. T. Ventouillac - - - - - - - - - 72

VII. 1. On the Importance of Educating the Infant Poor, from the age of Eighteen Months to Seven Years. Containing an Account of the Spitalfields Infant School, and the New System of Instruction there adopted. To which is added, a Reply to the Strictures of the "Edinburgh Review," respecting the Author's Mode of Managing the Children. By S. Wilderspin, Master of the above School.

2. A Manual: detailing the System of Instruction pursued at the Infant School, Bristol. Designed to Assist Teachers in the organization of Similar Schools, and to Explain the Manœuvres of the Children to society at large. By D. G. Goyder, Superintendant of the Infant School, Bristol. - 77

VIII. Gabrielle: a Tale of the Swiss Mountains. By. C. Redding - - - - - - - - - - - 96

ART. PAGE.

IX. Skizzen aus Spanien. Von V. A. Huber.
Sketches from Spain. By V. A. Huber - - - - 103

X. An Inquiry into the Truth of History. By the Author of "Remarks upon the supposed Dionysius Longinus." - 110

XI. History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France, from 1807, to 1814. By W. F. P. Napier, C.B. Lieut.-Col. H.P. Forty-third Regiment - - - 118

XII. The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Vols. I., II., III. 132

XIII. A Companion to the Lakes of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire; in a Descriptive Account of a Family Tour, and an Excursion on Horseback; comprising a Visit to Lancaster Assizes. With a new, concise, and correct Itinerary. By Edward Baynes, Jun. - - 145

XIV. The Female Servant's Adviser; or the Service Instructor. Illustrated with Plates - - - - - - - 146

XV. The Legend of Eidsidlin; a Tale of Switzerland: with Poetical Sketches of Swiss Scenery. By the Rev. William Liddiard - - - - - - - - - 147

XVI. An Introduction to Systematical and Physiological Botany. Illustrated by Explanatory Engravings. By Thomas Castles, F.L.S. - - - - - - - - 148

XVII. A Pocket Compendium of Anatomy; containing a correct and accurate Description of the Human Body. By Edward William Tuson, Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c. - *ib.*

XVIII. The Village Nightingale; and other Poems. By Eliza Frances Dagley - - - - - - - - 149

XIX. The Alpenstoh; or Sketches of Swiss Scenery and Manners, 1825 and 1826. By Charles Joseph Latrobe - - 150

The Misfortunes of Men of Letters: translated from the Latin, &c. &c. - - - - - - - - 152

Literary and Miscellaneous Intelligence - - - *ib.*

Monthly List of Recent Publications - - - - 157

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1829.

ART I.—*Travels to and from Constantinople, in the Years* 1827 *and* 1828, &c. By Capt. Charles Colville Frankland, R.N. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1829.

AT this moment, every book which professes to throw any new light upon the resources and condition of Turkey, or which describes any of those changes which the force of circumstances is now rapidly operating in the institutions of the Ottomans, is very naturally read with avidity, and regarded with indulgence. The dissolution of a great empire is not an every-day spectacle; and the persuasion seems to be instinctively spreading through Europe, that we are now beholding the expiring struggles of a vast political body, and shall presently be startled by its last groan. Day after day new travellers set out for Constantinople, rather, perhaps, from motives of mere curiosity, than from that higher thirst for experience, which would lead a philosopher to the extraordinary scene. A theatre, however, is now thrown open on the Bosphorus, to which the highest minds in the civilized world might resort with advantage; and in which none but the highest would be capable of perceiving all the grandeur of the drama. Others may look on, and report what they please; no one but a man of genius, such as Volney or Bernier, can stand amid the falling ruins of the social edifice, and describe the instructive but fearful circumstances which must inevitably accompany the catastrophe.

To us, however, who only behold from a vast distance, as it were, the crumbling of the ruins, every new account from the pen of a near observer has a certain value; and therefore, without quarrelling with a man for what he has not, and perhaps could not have told us, we put up contentedly with what we can get, and make the best of it.

The readers of newspapers, that is, almost all those who can read

at all, must by this time be tolerably familiar with the Danube, Bucharest, Ruschuk, and the Balkan; the Russians and the Ottomans having rendered these names illustrious by writing them in their annals with blood. The scene of war, which is now daily shifting, and approaching nearer to Constantinople, may perhaps, while we are yet writing, be already upon the edge of the Bosphorus, and the roar of the Russian cannon may even now be heard within the walls of the Seraglio; but as this is all problematical, let us suppose the plains of Roumelia to be still the theatre whereon the rival barbarians display their superstitious ferocity, and amuse ourselves with Capt. Frankland's furious travelling over them. After having passed Mount Hæmus, or the Balkan, which, according to our traveller, contains little that is interesting, he descended into the plains, and proceeded upon the gallop towards the capital. When a man journeys in this rapid way, minutes are of importance, and therefore we rejoice to observe that the worthy Captain is most careful and exact in recording the time at which he left one place and reached another; for we at all events learn, if nothing else, how long it will take to gallop from some certain given point to another. 'We reached Carnabat, a large town, with many illuminated minarets, *at about fifteen minutes past one in the morning of the seventh of April*'! Admirable exactness! We wish Cæsar and Xenophon had been half so "particular in dates." However, though it was precisely fifteen minutes past one in the morning, the Turks of the Khan, who keep fashionable hours during the fast of Ramazan, were still sitting up, eating and drinking, and 'frighting the Khan from its propriety' with their boisterous merriment. These Turks and our worthy traveller having very different objects in view, the former being desirous only of eating, and the latter of sleeping, peace could not long be preserved between them; and the patience of the civilized man evaporating sooner than that of the merry barbarians, he started up from his couch, and cursing the Turks in all the languages of Europe, (from which we learn that he is an accomplished linguist,) he at length succeeded, by dint of swearing in this "Babylonish dialect," in driving them out of the Khan.

Captain Frankland is a traveller who does not require much sleep, for, notwithstanding that he retired to rest more than fifteen minutes past one, he was stirring early the next morning; and, after having breakfasted, we presume, again set off upon the gallop at a quarter past seven. After having ridden for some time through plains 'full of buffaloes, goats, and sheep,' he stayed behind his companions for a few minutes, and by this means was very near engaging in mortal combat with 'a fierce-looking, green turbaned Osmanlee,' who called him *chopeck and Giaour*, (dog and infidel) 'at the top of his voice.' But he escaped this danger by drawing his pistol, and advancing towards the Turk, who appears to have had no affection for fire-arms. Of the scenery of the Balkan,

Captain Frankland says very little, and knows very little; for, besides that he really had no time to observe any thing, he passed it during rainy weather, when every thing was enveloped in fogs too dense to admit of his seeing the features of the country. He might as well, therefore, as far as real information is concerned, have passed over the scene in his sleep, or visited it in a dream. Dr. Walsh, who also travelled in much too rapid a way, gives us a far better idea both of the country and population of these districts; and he represents the former as extremely beautiful, and the latter as simple, generous, and hospitable to strangers. Indeed, his description of his reception in a Roumelian, or rather Scythian, hut, at the foot of the Balkan, is one of the most pleasing moral pictures to be found in any book of travels, ancient or modern.

To proceed, however, with Captain Frankland. After passing the mountains, he appears to open his eyes a little, and to notice the scenery and people around him; he informs us that his road lay 'through beautiful wood and park scenery, over gentle slopes and through fertile valleys.' After saying two or three words about the soil, which is gravelly, and concerning the trees, which are chiefly oak and beech, our traveller comes to the buffaloes, which 'plough, and draw the carts, and perform all the duties of oxen,' and says,—'they are the most frightful animals in the world, and *look as if the devil had created them as a caricature upon the race of horned cattle.* They look like fiends, but are, I hear, quiet, inoffensive, slow animals. Their milk is excellent; but I believe their flesh is hard and ill-flavoured.'—vol. i. p. 66.

Leaving the ugly buffaloes, our traveller proceeds, and arrives at Fakih, which, according to Dr. Walsh, is the first village on the ascent of the Balkan, as you go from Constantinople towards the Austrian dominions. Captain Frankland observes that the inhabitants of this village, or, rather, the Roumeliote Christian peasants generally, appear to be of the same race and habits as their Bulgarian neighbours: he is perfectly right, at least as far as concerns the inhabitants of Fakih, for they *are* Bulgarians; and Dr. Walsh discovered that they were Christians, by observing pigs before the doors of the houses, and pictures of the Virgin, with lamps burning before them, within. The country now becomes gradually more and more beautiful; hills, forests, and plains, covered with a prodigious number of wild flowers, stretch away before the traveller as far as the eye can reach; and vultures, buzzards, and other large birds, hover in great numbers over the traveller, or skim before him along the plains.

At Kirk Issa, famous for its singular preserves and golden-coloured wine, our traveller got, to use a common phrase, into trouble: alighting at a khan, where several Turks were 'squatting on their mats, smoking, and drinking coffee,' he ordered horses immediately, in the hope of proceeding that very evening to Bunar, a town at some distance on the road. While waiting for

the horses, he and his companions amused themselves with *showing off* their fine pistols to the Turks, who are fonder than children of toys of this kind. For a time the curiosity and wonder of the Turks, whom the travellers allowed to fire their pistols, made them forget the horses; but at length they began, like true-born Englishmen, to express, or rather to show their impatience. They now learned, however, from an old Turk, that it being the Sabbath, the postmaster, who was a pious man, would not give them horses, unless he received, for committing the sin, five ducats above the usual price. The mere mention of money in a foreign country, always puts an Englishman out of temper, and makes him suspect that he is going to be cheated; and had Captain Frankland reflected on it, he would have seen at once that nothing short of a tremendous *row* was to be expected. The travellers suspected the postmaster and the Tartar with whom they were journeying; and the postmaster, who, as a Hajji, had been at the Holy City of Mekka, drank of the waters of Zem-zem, and kissed the black stone, on his part considered himself, both by the extent of his piety, and the length of his beard, as authorised to throw himself into a violent passion; to throw about his slippers right and left at the heads of his attendants, and to throw looks of scorn, whither he would also have been hugely delighted to have thrown his slippers, at the saucy, suspicious Franks. It was the fast of Ramazan, and the Turk had consequently eaten nothing all day. This circumstance alone was enough to put the man out of temper, for who can be in good humour when he is hungry? However, after having indulged himself for a few moments with the game of 'Heads and Slippers,' the old Turk sat down quietly by the window, and, holding the shutter in his hand, looked stedfastly towards the west, watching the setting sun, 'with his supper of cuviar, olives, and cheese, on a little tabouret before him.' It quickly became evident, even to the obtuse apprehension of the gallant Captain, that it was nothing but hunger which had disturbed the Moslem's equanimity; for he observes, that as soon as the sun had sunk below the horizon, the old man's face assumed an air of benevolence, which is often strikingly observable in those faces which shine around the dinner table. Without taking the least notice of the presence of the Franks, the Mussulmans dispatched their supper, and then betook themselves to their pipes; among the rest, the old postmaster took his hookah, which, says Captain Frankland, he smoked through a large crystal vase of rose-water. The moral effect of a good supper and a pipe was soon visible, for the Turk, forgetting or forgiving their impertinence, now offered the principal of the travellers a pipe, which, strange to say, was declined! Had the old man's civility been accepted, as it ought and would have been by any man of tolerable good sense, whose head had not been turned by the stupid self-importance which petty office inspires, the horses would, no doubt, have been forthcoming, without the five

ducats which were at first demanded, and which, in spite of their blustering and absurdity, they were in the end compelled to pay. Captain Frankland no doubt considers this transaction as highly honourable to his courage and skill in diplomacy, for he dwells upon it at length, and with evident satisfaction; but, for our own part, we could not read his account of it without blushing for the part which our gallant countryman, who considers it an honour to be the protegé of Metternich, acted on this occasion. Imagine, for a moment, the calm, dignified, and imperturbable Turk, sitting down, and tranquilly smoking his hookah, while our countryman, foaming with rage, rushes up to him, pointing to his pistols, and thrusting his brawny fists in the old man's face, cursing and swearing all the while, and uttering terms of abuse in language which the object of them did not understand. Our traveller suspects that the Turk took him for a madman, or one suddenly inspired; but, if we might venture to hazard a conjecture, we should say that, from the cool contempt with which he treated the gallant Captain, he rather took him for a relation of that animal which Balaam smote with his staff.

After this exploit, the travellers proceeded towards Burgaz, and met on the road with a pasha travelling with his hárem, in two Arabahs, or covered carriages, when Captain Frankland's companion gave the Turks a specimen of English politeness, by impudently staring in upon the ladies. The country upon which they now entered, is described as most 'hideous and disagreeable,'—'all mud and splash;' and it is said, that nothing grew upon it but a coarse kind of plant, something like a crocus. Upon this plain the everlasting 'rheumatism' of the Captain returns, and plagues both him and the reader until we enter Tchorlu, a large town, situated upon a ridge of steep hills, and surrounded by a wall supposed to be the work of the Romans. The country between this town and Selyoria, the ancient Selymbria, is described by Captain Frankland as 'one continued desert, without a habitation or a tree;' which agrees very well with Dr. Walsh's account, but in the latter it is added, that "nothing can exceed the beauty of these downs." The reader of ancient travellers will no doubt remember Busbequius's description of this portion of Roumelia, which in his time was covered with a profusion of such flowers as the hyacinth, the narcissus, and the tulip, the last of which was at that time unknown in Europe. At Tchorlu, this ancient traveller observed, he says, a sensible change in the air, which until that point preserved a cold, Thracian character, but immediately to the south became incredibly mild and pleasant.

We must, however, skip the remainder of this portion of the Journal, notwithstanding the author's pathetic account of the plague of 'fleas,' and the 'rheumatism,' and hasten on to the capital, the first sight of which appears to have electrified the gallant Captain:—

'Pursuing our way wearily over the lofty downs, we suddenly, towards one o'clock, perceived the domes and minarets of Stambool. No pilgrim ever hailed the towers of the Holy City with greater delight than did I, sinner as I am, the minarets of Constantinople. We halted for some time, and examined very carefully with a spy-glass the beautiful scene before us: the long line of cypress-trees, broken here and there by the lofty domes and taper minarets, relieved by the blue hills of Asia Minor, produced a charming effect.'—vol. i. p. 89.

The site and appearance of this splendid city, as well as the scenery by which it is surrounded, have been too frequently delineated by travellers more capable than Captain Frankland, of painting with words, to render us desirous of dwelling on his attempts at description; and, after all, it is the moral features of the place which possess most interest. Captain Frankland is not gifted with the power of looking into the "interior" of man or society, and, in fact, makes no pretensions to any such ability; but he is not destitute of a certain tact, which enables men to seize upon the principal characteristics of the external shows of things, and to paint them with some effect, as the following picture, though far from being original, will show:—

'How describe the grave, majestic, and graceful Effendi Turk, with snow-white turban, jetty beard, sparkling and full eyes, long flowing caftan, scarlet trowsers, yellow boots, rich cashmere shawl round the waist, in which shone the glittering gilded handjar (dagger)—The light, gay, chattering, active, but cunning-looking Greek, distinguished by his shorn chin, black turban, enormously large but short trowsers, bare legs, and black shoes—The grave but respectful Armenian, with his calpac of black felt, swelling like a balloon upon his head; he too wears the long robe of the Turk, but in his girdle the silver ink-horn supplies the place of the handjar, and his feet are clothed in the crimson slipper or boot. Next comes the despised and humiliated Jew, whose sallow countenance, contracted eyebrow, sunken eye, and quivering lip, are the characteristics of his nation all over the world; his head bent downwards, as if by the weight of tyranny and the everlasting sin of his tribe, is surmounted by a blue turban, and his slippers are of the same colour. With these are seen the high taper calpac of the Tartar, the melon-shaped head-piece of the Nizam Djedid, the grey felt conical cap of the Imaum and Dervish, and occasionally the ungraceful hat of the Frank, with its concomitant angular, rectilinear, bebuttoned and mean-looking costume of Europe.

'Far apart from these groups, in the shade and cool breezes of the lofty cypresses, upon the marble tombs of their countrymen and relatives, sit the quiet and unobtrusive females of Armenia, whose forms, enveloped in the feridjee of the Turkish women, betray but little of their Oriental symmetry, and whose fine expressive black eyes, long lashes, and arched brows, bespeak the beauty of their souls, and give promise of the lovely countenance which the jealousy of their males, and the never-changing manners of the East, forbid them to unveil to the gaze of the world, but of which from time to time the watchful observer obtains a glimpse, as they unpin the corner of the muslin which covers the lower part of the countenance, (yachmack) to enable them to indulge in their favourite habit of

eating sweet-meats and smoking the long chibouk or pipe of the Turks. But interesting as are the females of the East, and beautiful as our imaginations and the pens of poets have pictured them, I must say, that their exterior is any thing but inviting, their carriage utterly devoid of either grace or dignity, and the *embonpoint*, so much admired by their proud masters, too luxuriant to please the fastidious taste of the European connoisseur. Indeed, it is impossible to imagine a dress more calculated, by the demon of jealousy, to deprive its object of the outward means of fascination; and I must confess, that as I gazed upon them, and upon the many Turkish females who likewise frequent the same spots, and who are equally *affublées* and disguised, that I could not help thinking of those ghouls in the cemeteries, of which I had read in the Arabian Nights, in the days of my youth. The Greek women, however, have no objection to exposing the charms of their persons, and for the most part wear such a costume as I have described under the head of Bucharest. They have fine black eyes and hair, and in the white muslin turban, sprigged with gold, insert all the gaudiest productions of Flora; they too partake rather too much of the luxuriant curves and of the obesity consequent upon the indolent life and the languid customs of the East.'—vol. i. pp. 95—98.

As a Captain of the royal navy may be supposed to be a better judge of ships, than of the character of Prince Metternich, we willingly copy what our author advances on this subject:—

'I cannot comprehend how the Turks manage, with such materials as they now possess, since the loss of their maritime population, to man and equip their vessels of war, and still less how they can possibly find officers capable of taking charge of them; but in spite of these almost insuperable obstacles, they do contrive to rig, arm, and send out to sea, vessels, the hulls of which are in such a state, that I should think few Europeans would deem them sea-worthy; and, indeed, I must do them the justice to say, that these ships, which are now fitting out, are as well-rigged as many of our own vessels of war are by the King's dock-yards; and yet I am informed, that by far the greater part of the Turkish ships' companies have never been on board of a large ship before, but consists of boatmen of the Bosphorus, and the Greek navigators of the Black Sea, who have nothing larger than a tartane or a mahoun under their feet. The solution of the problem will probably be found in the energy of the bastinade, which, no doubt, is liberally applied throughout the squadron.'—vol. i. pp. 108, 109.

Having recounted his unsuccessful attempt to get a view of the interior of the Mosque of Saint Sophia, and saying a few words, of course, concerning the antiquities, the author comes again to the fleet, and observes:—

'I dedicated this day to perambulating Pera, Galata and Tophana, and then taking a caique, pulled up to the Arsenal, and looked at the remains of the once powerful Ottoman fleet. It now consists of seven ships of the line, whereof three are of three decks; they are all without poops, and are apparently built by French architects, as their beautiful model indicates. They are all broken-backed, and seem dreadfully rotten; there are three or four very large frigates, and some corvettes and brigs; all of these vessels seem to be laid up as unseaworthy. There are two large Hydriot

brigs afloat, and rigged and armed; these do the duty of the port, and are, in company with many small misticoes and boats, prizes captured from the Greeks. There is, however, a squadron of one ship of the line, five frigates and a corvette fitting for sea; these I have before noticed; they are destined for Navarino. I landed at the Admiralty, which is a handsome building, with a long Turkish inscription over the door, and here I saw a number of men in chains embarking for the fleet. They were principally Candiote Greeks, and fine-looking athletic fellows. The Chaoushes who had the charge of them, applied the stick pretty freely to their shoulders as they huddled them into the boats. I learn that it is customary with the Turks to chain these unfortunate men to their guns in action.'—vol. i. pp. 115, 116.

It is amusing to notice the contradictory opinions of travellers respecting the new troops, or Nizam Djedid; some treating them with infinite scorn, as a set of mere savages attempting to conceal their barbarism beneath the dress of civilized troops; while others, and among the rest Captain Frankland, regard them as highly likely to become efficient and formidable soldiers:—

'In the evening I hired horses, and rode about in the neighbourhood of Pera, examining the Topchi (or artillery barrack,) and the troops of the Nizam Djedid, who were drilling in the open space before it. There are at present, as I learn, about twenty thousand of these troops in and about the capital, including the villages of the Bosphorus. They are just now very contemptible troops, consisting almost entirely of boys, with a sprinkling of very old men to discipline them; they are, to use the French term, "entre loup et chien," having lost the elan and energy of their ancient system, and not yet attained the advantages of European tactics. Let Europe, however, beware of them; for they display an aptitude for martial exercises, which, if once properly applied by their government, and placed under the restraints of discipline, will render them again formidable to the nations of the West.'—vol. i. pp. 116, 117.

The air and scenery of Constantinople put the Captain's 'rheumatism' to flight, and he now and then finds an opportunity of growing pathetic. From the bazaar to the cemetery, as from life to death, is but a step in the East, and to the cemetery our travellers usually resort when they would feel the luxury of melancholy, and have any disposition to moralize on the brevity of human life. Besides, in the case of Captain Frankland, there was another reason for his preference of the church-yard, as he found himself continually dogged, or as he more elegantly expresses it, *surveillé*, by a spy; and resorted to the abode of mortality to get rid of his tormentor, as, notwithstanding his *grave* propensities, he had no apprehension of being mistaken for a vampire or a *goul*:—

'My usual lounge was the great Turkish cemetery, (opposite to Scutari, and behind the Topchi barrack,) and the smaller cemetery of the Franks and Armenians close by. The Turks usually surmount the tombstone of their males by a turban, denoting the rank and character of the deceased; and they ornament that of the females by a full-blown rose for a matron, and a rose-bud for a virgin.

'Nothing can be more delightful than the sensations created by the gloomy shades of these cypress forests, filled as they are by the striking-looking and picturesque tombstones and sarcophagi of the Turks, while every now and then you come suddenly upon some solemn-looking solitary Moslem on his knees at the foot of the tomb, perhaps of some dear wife, child, or relative; one witness to the tears which trickle down his beard, and hear the signs and even groans which issue from a breast which seems to struggle for the mastery over its tender (and, in his eyes, perhaps unmanly) feelings. Frequently have I found the mother and the widow paying these sad tributes to their departed idol, and offering up their fervent prayers to Allah and to Mahomet for the happiness in Paradise of the soul of their beloved; and carefully watering the little bouquets of emblematic flowers with which they ornament the grave.

'The Turks, although barbarous, are remarkable for their tenderness to their females and their offspring; and while they visit infidelity and disobedience with death, they are generally kind and caressing to the faithful wife and the dutiful child. Again at mid-day and sun-set, the Turks in groups, under the deep shadows of the cypresses, spread their shawls and cloaks upon the ground, and remain for many minutes in fervent prayer, and apparent abstraction from all worldly ideas. Meanwhile, above your head and around you, are hundreds of beautiful little turtle-doves, cooing and billing, and adding by their gentle murmurs and the extatic fluttering of their wings, to the witching sensations excited by such delicious scenery, and such a sky and climate as that of Turkey at this period of the year.

'It would not require a great stretch of poetical imagination to embody the souls of the departed in these lovely and loving little genii of the place. The Frank burying-ground is not planted with cypresses; and although it possesses some handsome tombs, is a good deal neglected, and somewhat defiled by the Moslem.

'The Armenians manage these things better; but they are a people esteemed and beloved by the Turks, who consider them as useful to them, and call them the camels of the Osmanlee state. They indeed differ but little from their imperious masters in habits and appearance. Their tombs are flat and built of white marble; and if it should so happen that the deceased has been put to death by the devouring glaive of the true believers, a rough bas-relief, representing the victim with his head cut off and placed between his legs, tells his melancholy fate. The Turks, indeed, do the same thing with the monumental stone of their own brethren, similarly executed; but with this difference, the decapitated head figures under the right arm of the victim.

'The Orientals, however, do not regard this tragedy with the eyes of the Western nations: they say, "Would you have had him die in his bed like a woman?" in reply to any commiserating remarks made by the Franks upon the violent end of their friends.'—vol. i. pp. 121—125.

It will be long before the prejudices of Europeans respecting the condition of Turkish women are removed; but when persons find travellers relating such adventures as the following, they will, at least, hesitate to believe that all respectable Turks shut up their wives, and prevent their enjoying the fresh air:—

'While I was employed sketching, sitting down on the road side, over

the plain of Delma Batchi, a young Turkish female, followed by a black slave and some children, came up to me, and after looking a long while over my shoulder and talking to me, placed herself quite in front of me, and unveiled herself. I hardly dared to take any notice of this manœuvre, knowing that it is not customary in the East to speak to females in public. She, however, seemed to wish me to make a drawing of her, and signed to me to do so. I looked steadfastly at her for some time, and began to draw upon a spare piece of paper the outline of her figure. She was so pretty that I could not refrain from kissing the end of my pencil, and blowing the kiss to her, as one does in France to children. Upon seeing this, she coloured up to her forehead, made a sign as if she would draw a sword, and then a motion with her hand, as though she said, "if you dare do such a thing, I would have your head cut off." She was likewise very lavish of her epithets, some of which I had learnt were not very complimentary.

'I now began to be apprehensive of the consequences of my indiscretion, and thought it best to continue my sketch of Scutari, and to take no notice of her anger. She waited some time, then went behind me, looked over my shoulder, and seeing that I had ceased to make her portrait, patted me caressingly on the back, spoke softly, and then resumed her place in front of me, hoping that I should finish her likeness; but while this little coquetry was passing between us, some men Turks made their appearance, and she took the alarm, and walked hastily away, looking very significantly as she departed. The Turks passed on, and presently came some young girls, who after looking at my drawings, tipped my hat off my head, and spit in my face. I could not bear such uncivil treatment as this, and rose and drove them off, while they began to arm themselves with stones and earth, and to throw at me with all their might. I do not know how this scene would have ended, had not some Effendi Turks passed by, who seeing how the matter stood, rebuked the women and drove them away. I was employed in wiping my face, arranging my clothes, and picking up my hat, when some Greek ladies, who had likewise been spectators of my distress, came up, and consoled me by saying in Italian, "A Signore! son cattiva gente, gente barbara, canaglia, non turbatevi signore, son maladetta gente senza fede."'—vol. i. pp. 139—142.

The following is a fine passage, which does honour to the pen of Captain Frankland, and conveys a pleasing idea of the Oriental manner of living;—

'We now returned to our caique; and pulling up a narrow river, through a fleet of boats full of handsomely-dressed Turks, and women and children, reached with considerable difficulty the landing-place, under some very fine trees in a beautiful valley. Here stands, on the right bank, a kiosk of the Sultan, in a fine meadow, in which his Highness's horses, covered with rich housings, guarded by Bulgarian grooms, are picketed in the luxuriant pastures. The river is led over a succession of marble terraces, laid one higher than the other, forming so many little cascades over their projecting edges, which are tastefully indented like the lips of a scollop shell. The soft murmuring sound of these beautiful rills, added to the gentle breathing of the zephyrs through the agitated leaves of the fine trees, the splendid groups of contemplative Turks, seated near the stream,

enjoying their pipes and their coffee; the quiet, modest-looking knots of veiled females, retired to a little distance from the men; their beautiful and richly-dressed children, playing about the green enamelled with flowers, attended by negro-women; the picturesque-looking Greek and Jew venders of trinkets and bonbons, gliding about; the Oriental façade and porticoes of the kiosk, the green hills on each side of the valley, the blue sky and bright sun, formed altogether a scene of fairly land, or Eastern romance, and will never be effaced from my memory.'—vol. i. pp. 147, 148.

One more extract on the Turkish women, and we have done with this part of the subject:—

'When I had finished my sketch, I joined the ladies of our party, who were sitting together upon a kind of temporary divan near a handsome fountain, in the foreground, and not far from the banks of Bosphorus. Close behind them was a group of Turkish females, apparently of consequence, as they were attended by two well-dressed chäoushes, who remained at a little distance, with their heads turned discreetly another way, and by several black slaves.

'I was seated at the feet of one of the Frank ladies, and shewing her the sketch I had just made. One of the Turkish dames was curious to see the book, and began to converse with the lady at whose feet I was sitting. She said, "Come here, I like your beautiful face, come and be acquainted with me; I wish to know you all." The fair Frank replied courteously to her, and they conversed very animatedly.

'The Turk now unveiled herself, and said, "Who is that young man at your feet with the book? Is he your husband?" Which being answered in the negative, she replied, "Ah! how happy you ladies of Frangistan are, who can enjoy the society of the male sex without restraint!"

'She was a very handsome and young woman, with fine large black expressive eyes, and arched brows: she smoked her chibouque, and ate bonbons, while she talked to us. We endeavoured to prevail upon another of her companions to unveil: she at first excused herself, and expressed fear of being observed; at length she sighed very heavily, and shewed her face likewise; but she was not so young or handsome as the other, and was perhaps her mother.

'The younger lady now said to the fair Frank, "Ask him to make my likeness." I immediately set about making a rough outline of the group; and when I had finished it, showed it to her. Meanwhile, a great many Turkish women of inferior grade had gathered about us, and the poor lady began to be alarmed, saying, "Tell him not to show the drawing to those other women, for they will know who it is. I am the wife of the Reis Effendi; and should it be known that I have unveiled before the Franks, I shall devour a great deal of grief."

'The fair Frank explained all this conversation to me, and I have written it as nearly as I could remember its import, not however answering for its being verbatim. The Reis Effendi's wife, seeing that she had attracted the observation of her own countrywomen, now withdrew, saying many civil things, and casting many soft looks from her black eyes upon her Frangi friends, some of which the draughtsman had vanity enough to think were meant for himself.'—vol. i. pp. 167—170.

Here we have the wife of the Reis Effendi, or Secretary of State,

conversing familiarly with strangers, and, if we accept the interpretation of the vain and conceited traveller, casting amorous glances at an infidel! Could any lady in Europe, except at Vienna, wish for more freedom. We suspect that Captain Frankland has borrowed some of his notions of morals, as well as of gentility, from Prince Metternich.

The traveller's account of the manœuvres of the Sultan's mimic fleet is highly interesting, as it serves to show how deeply the desire of improvement is engraven on the mind of the Turk. Mr. Madden, whose interesting letters we reviewed last month, thinks that Mahmoud looks upon all European *sovereigns* with contempt. He may possibly look with contempt upon the sovereigns, but he evidently looks with a very different feeling upon the people and the arts of Europe, since he endeavours to imitate the one, and practice the other; and men never studiously imitate what they contemn. Dr. Walsh's account of the manners and character of the Sultan is more in keeping with facts: it describes him as amiable and kind in private, but inflexible, stern, even to fierceness, in public, yet not unjust, or in the least disposed to evince contempt or dislike for Europeans. To return, however, to Captain Frankland, and the Sultan's "Mosquito squadron:"—

'I had the pleasure of accompanying their Excellencies of the English Embassy in their barge to Dolma Batchi, and saw the manœuvres of the Sultan's Mosquito squadron, which formed a line of battle, tacked, wore, fired salutes, and performed several evolutions to the beating of drums, and amid the clangour of cymbals. The boats were of all sizes and of all rigs, some as frigates, others as schooners, and some as sloops, &c. &c., each having at its mast-head a man placed to keep a good look-out, whose size was very much out of proportion to the pigmy vessel upon whose top-gallant yard or mast-head he stood. They manœuvred, however, much better than could have been expected, and seemed to pay much attention to the movements and signals of the flag-ship, which remained in the centre of the weather line.

'After witnessing with much pleasure the scientific efforts of the infant marine, we disembarked, and went into the palace of a great Turk, which was not quite finished, and from behind the latticed windows of the Harem we saw the Sultan go by in immense state in his beautiful galley, cutting like a swallow through the air, dashing the spray about the boat with its many oars, preceded by the black and white eunuchs of the Seraglio, in handsome barges, and followed by the Viziers, Reis Effendi, Capitan Pasha, and all the great dignitaries of the Ottoman throne, in richly ornamented galleys. I cannot attempt to describe this procession, it shot so rapidly past us, and was surrounded with so much state and splendour, that the dazzled imagination could not comprehend its individual features, but could only seize the general effect.'—vol. i. pp. 170—172.

A little further on the author makes one remark indicative of more good sense than we are generally led, from the tone and character of his book, to attribute to him. He says, that if we understood the language of the Turks, and would take a little more

pains to become acquainted with their real character, we should probably find them more tractable, and more civilized than we at present imagine; and adds, that he is firmly convinced that the Franks and Turks hitherto know as little of each other as if they had only viewed one another in a panorama or camera obscura. We have no doubt of this; and we may remark in addition, that the Orientals will never be able to appreciate the character or civilization of European nations, until they study and comprehend our languages. The language of a nation is the picture of its thoughts and manners; and this picture loses all likeness, and almost all value, in passing through the soul of an interpreter. For this reason ignorant persons undervalue and despise the great nations of antiquity, whose thoughts they have never put themselves in a condition to judge of, and whose tastes and habits they have never comprehended. It is much the same with the contemporary nations of Asia: we are ignorant of their character, because we despise or neglect their languages, and they are ignorant of ours for the same reason. Civilization, however, tends to diminish the number of languages, to assimilate men to each other; and, in fact, to melt the whole species into one vast nation; and in proportion as we approach this consummation, our ideas of mankind become more pure and more benevolent. To proceed, however, with Captain Frankland, and his notions of the Turks. Having put down in his Journal the ideas suggested by the scenes which surrounded him in the Ottoman capital, he has recourse to the noble art of book-making, and endeavours with his "remarks and notes" to swell out his book to a fashionable size. It, of course, never occurred to him that all the value of his book must inevitably consist in its being a plain and faithful statement of what he saw and felt upon the spot, and that to generalize, and philosophize upon his experience, formed no part of his vocation. However, it seems that sketching and tour-making naval captains now suppose it to be within their competence to speculate upon the fate of empires, and the progress of science; and even to decide upon what it is possible to know respecting a foreign nation. 'As to their domestic life,' says he, 'of this we must for ever remain in ignorance!' We admire the simplicity of this conclusion! But even while our "captain bold" was making this sage induction, Mr. Madden, and many other European hakkims, to say nothing of the numerous travelling "blues," to whom even the sanctuary of the harem is not closed, were collecting materials for coming at a pretty accurate knowledge of the 'domestic life' of the Turks. To show, however, how fearlessly our traveller generalizes, we copy the following passage, which, though it contains little that is new to the assiduous reader of Eastern travels, may have some interest for the general reader:—

'Our ignorance of their language, the abhorrence with which the good Mussulmans regard the Giaour, the manner of travelling, and short time generally taken in passing through the country of the True Believers, are

unfortunately so many obstacles to our gaining much insight into their personal character; and as to their domestic life, of this we must for ever remain in ignorance: for such is the inviolable sanctity of the harem, and such the mystery that envelopes all that passes within its walls, that no traveller, with the exception of Lady M. W. Montague and Lady Hester Stanhope, has had opportunities of exploring its recesses, and becoming acquainted with the life and manners of its inmates. In short, all that we see of the Turks is their out-of-door existence, or their hours of idleness at the khans and cafés, while even these are avoided as much as possible by the Frank traveller, fearful of exciting the ferocity and wounding the prejudices of the Moslem.

'European residents in general allow, that the Turks are humane and indulgent to their wives, slaves, and children; they are charitable to the poor; they endow and build hospitals, khans, caravanserais, and fountains, and that they dig wells in the deserts to refresh and preserve the thirsty and worn-out traveller; that they are not totally devoid of a taste for literature and the arts, for that they endow colleges and public schools: that they have lately established printing-presses and paper manufactories, and that they construct splendid bendts and aqueducts, hydraulic columns, and mosques. Although fanatics in matters of religion, still they are tolerant to all sects who profess the belief in a Supreme Being, and who can authenticate that belief by divine books. They are scrupulous observers of treaties, and respect the inviolability of the houses and persons of foreign ambassadors, political agents, and consular authorities; and hence it arises that the Franks in general enjoy much more liberty, and many more privileges in the Ottoman empire, than they do in their own countries.'—vol. i. pp. 180—182.

With a great show of impartiality and profundity, the author proceeds:—

'Now let us reverse the picture, and we shall see that the Turk punishes infidelity and sometimes disobedience in his harem with death; that individuals erect khans, caravanserais, fountains, &c. &c., because the Government does nothing of the sort; and because these individuals have been perhaps prompted by the stings of conscience to make up in their latter days, by works of piety, for the evil doings of their youth, as was customary in Europe in the darker ages. If they endow public schools and colleges, these are very few in number in proportion to the extent of the empire, and to the wants of the people; and the literature there taught consists chiefly in the Khoran and the Arabian poets; their chemistry degenerates into alchemy, their astronomy into astrology, and their natural philosophy into magic and sorcery. The merit of the bendts and aqueducts with the hydraulic columns, belongs not to the Turks, but to the ancient Greeks; and it is a curious fact, that the men employed to this day in the construction and preservation of these great national works, are chiefly Greeks from a particular province in Albania, (Drinopolis, of which Agiro Castro is the capital: see *Andreossi*, chapter 7, du corps des Sou Yoldij.) and the mosques, kiosks, and serais, are all built by Greek architects, as the ships of the fleet, and their principal fortresses upon the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, are under the direction of French engineers; nay indeed almost all the artisans and artificers of the Ottoman empire, excepting in some few

particular trades, are Rayahs, principally Greeks. For the Turk is the master, and his trade is the sword, or agriculture, in which latter he is but a sorry practitioner. They tolerate the Greek, Armenian, and Jewish religions among them, because of the obstinate adherence of these several sects to their belief, from which nothing but death can separate them; and because, presupposing the total extermination of these sects, "what would the true believers do for slaves?" as was sagaciously remarked in full Divan, by one of its members, when upon the breaking out of the Moreote war, such an expedient was recommended. What would they do for bankers, dragomans, architects, engineers, artisans, merchants, &c. &c.?' —vol. i. pp. 182—184.

Upon the personal character of the Turks, a great deal has been written by travellers, but scarcely any thing that can be deemed satisfactory, because few have possessed sufficient knowledge of the subject to be able to generalize, and very few, indeed, even if they possessed the knowledge, have been gifted with that species of mind which enables men to perform this operation with clearness and accuracy. Captain Frankland's philosophizings are mere echoes of those of former travellers, as the reader will perceive from the following extract:—

'Again, the Turks are, personally, extremely brave, but so are all barbarians; and this quality is more than counterbalanced by their want of discipline, tactics, and activity. They are generally esteemed for their veracity; and yet no government has ever been stained by so many acts of perfidy and atrocity as theirs. They are said to be honourable in their dealings; and yet they worship gold, and are sordid and avaricious, and will have recourse to any measures short of actual theft, to obtain this sovereign good. Nay, they have a proverb, "Riches are power;" and it is notorious, that corruption has always been, and still is, the medium through which almost every thing is transacted in the Divan; that the Pachalicks and great offices are generally sold to the highest bidder, and that each great man has his agent at the Porte, to make a golden bridge to all his opponents in the council. Their hospitality is a thing much talked of, but I fancy very little known; for Europeans seldom put themselves in the way of experiencing it. Their humanity to animals is strangely opposed to their cruelty to man; and they would think less of beheading or bastinading a whole province, than they would of ill-treating a horse or a camel. In their exterior, they are remarkable for a decency and apparent propriety of conduct; but yet we know that in secret they indulge in all sorts of abominable vices. They are apparently frank and cordial in their manners; but are often known to disguise the most atrocious designs beneath the cloak of benevolence, and to be plotting the ruin and destruction of the unsuspecting victim of their duplicity, while lulling him into a false security, by a show of kindness and affection. The Mussulman justice is much vaunted; but yet it is notorious, that in no nation upon earth so little of this commodity is dispensed in the courts of the magistrates, where, if Justice be represented holding the scales, it is to weigh, not the merits of the case, but the gold of the conflicting parties; and that although the law punishes false witnesses with death, yet in no country are they so numerous, or so easily obtained, as in Turkey.

'If indeed it were a fair maxim to estimate the virtues of a nation by the measure of the acts and influence of its government, and by the effects produced by its policy, one would arrive at this conclusion: that the Ottoman nation is the bitterest enemy to the human race, and the severest scourge that ever was sent by Providence to chastise mankind. From the banks of the Danube to the shores of the Propontis, the traveller will find abundant cause to reason in this manner. He will see fertile provinces lying waste, well inhabited cities of the dead, but desolate and ruined abodes of the living. He will see the remains of the arts, and the civilization of a former and a better age, and but few marks of the present era, save such as denote barbarism and decay. The few towns that he will meet with in his long and dreary journey, are rapidly falling into ruin, and the only road (the great means of civilization) now existing, and which can put in any claim to such an appellation, is either of the Roman age, or of that of the great Sultan Solyman, but even this pavement is now almost worse than nothing. Wherever the Osmanli has trod, devastation and ruin mark his steps, civilization and the arts have fled, and made room for barbarism, and the silence of the desert and the tomb. "Where the Sultan's horse has trod, there grows no grass," is a Turkish proverb and a fatal truth.'—vol. i. pp. 185—188.

One trait in Captain Frankland's character as a traveller, we are particularly happy to observe, and that is, a considerable degree of liberality towards the Greeks. As he contrasts them with the Turks, we must first see what he says of the latter, in conclusion:

'We have no instance in history of the regeneration of such a people as this, who witnessing the advancing civilization, and the increasing power, moral and physical, of all the nations around it, remains nearly in the same condition as it did when first it forced its way into Europe, with this only difference, that it has long ceased by its warlike energies to terrify and to overcome the nations of the West. The personal character and magnanimous efforts of the Sultan may do much: but he stands alone; he has no followers in the race towards reform: should he fall, it is to be feared that the Ottomans will relapse into their old system, for they are constitutionally opposed to novelty, and regard all innovation as a dereliction from the precepts of their law.'—pp. 189, 190.

And he adds:—

'As long as the Turks continue to be fatalists (that is, as long as they continue to be Turks), there is little hope of their advancing in civilization, for the prostration of the faculties produced by this benumbing principle, must necessarily unfit them for long struggling against those difficulties and obstacles which they would meet with in their progress towards a better order of things, and in which they would not fail to read the decrees of fate.'—vol. i. pp. 191, 192.

Of the Greeks, he says:—

'The Greeks are an active, enterprizing, commercial and improvable people. The Turks are neither. The mercantile interests of mankind would derive immense benefit from their holding the keys of Europe and Asia, while the barbarians, from caprice or pride, so frequently close the Hellespont and the Bosphorus against the commerce of the world.

'We are most of us in the habit of vituperating the Greeks, and identify-

ing the crimes of a few with the merits of their cause: in so doing we commit an act of great injustice. The cause of Greece is the cause of freedom, religion, and civilization, against the most terrible slavery that mankind has ever yet seen,—against the Khoran and against barbarism. That the Greeks are vicious and degraded as a nation, I am not prepared to deny; but let not Europe forget that the neck of that suffering people has for four centuries bowed beneath the intolerable yoke of the Osmanlee; the slave is ever worse than the master; and of a verity the Greek was not likely to improve in virtue under the tutorage of the Turk.

'No man visiting Turkey in Europe, can help being struck with the air of intelligence and activity, the intellectual countenance of the Greek, as contrasted with the dull, slow, indolent-looking Turk; no man can observe that the Greeks are still the active agents in all such works of art and science as yet remain in this degraded country, without seeing that they are an improvable and a meritorious people, though suffering under adversity, and bowing the knee and the will at the beck of their haughty masters.

'In the course of the unhappy Moreote war they have, among many atrocities, given abundant proofs of valour and enthusiastic devotedness to the cause of their bleeding country, worthy of their better days; and in palliation of their offences, let us not forget what provocation they received, and the horrid murder of their martyred Patriarch, followed by an indiscriminate massacre of the Greek people wherever the furious and armed Mussulman mob met them. Let us be just!'—vol. i. pp. 193—195.

In concluding our notice of this work, which has not been so favourable as we could have wished, we must remark, that the author travelled too hastily to acquire any very new or very valuable information; and that he has by no means made the most of the information which he did collect. We do not follow him to the Troad, to Syria, &c., because those countries have been recently described by other travellers; and when we can find literary merit joined with a knowledge of foreign manners, we are not at all disposed to bestow our time on the narrative of a careless and illiterate writer.

Art. II.—*The Loves of the Poets.* By the Author of the "Diary of an Ennuyée." 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1829.

There is a charm in the title of this book—a spring-like promise of delight for unoccupied hours—of a store of that precious material for pleasant thought which is continually wasting away under the hard rubs of the working, calculating mind. Poetry and love! There is a pleasure, and not a slight one, in seeing the words together. It is like having the old and natural state of things brought before our eyes, and we are reminded even by their momentary union in our minds of all the bright enchantments that have been wrought by their united power. Woe be to the poetry of a land, when its poets lose the romance of their proper nature; when they begin to tame down their high and single-hearted devotion to the spirit of love and beauty, and calculate their chances

and the danger which may assail them, if they set their love a little too high or low. The olden bards were inspired by an admiration of beauty which knew no such restraints, and they told and spoke of their love with the freedom of pure and noble hearts.

Poetry and love are mutually productive of each other. The delight in universal loveliness from which the former springs, is every instant convertible, by the individuality of our feelings, into deep and powerful passion; while the latter, filling the soul with an intense feeling of the beautiful, which unceasingly possesses the senses and pervades the mind wherever it wanders, or on whatever it be fixed, induces it to imagine the whole universe haunted and made beautiful by the presence of the desired and glorified object. Every lover, therefore, is more than half a poet; and every poet, by the very law of his nature, is doomed to be a lover. There is nothing so full of the soul of humanity as poetry, and it is for this reason—Thought is never found in it as a naked, isolated thing, as a something which is to be coldly laid up in the mind, and examined as to its truth and propriety. It takes a form, a living, palpable form, as it breaks forth from the heart, and adds itself to the bright circle of ideal existences, which the same intellect from which it springs had heretofore created. Its possessor thus becomes the architect of the splendid palaces, and their gorgeous furniture, in which his fancy enshrines itself; of the fair and breathing creatures of which it dreams; and thus, instead of having his mind filled, like the philosopher's, with thought, he is surrounded and impassioned by forms and images.

But the more intensely imaginative the mind becomes, the more it delights in its power of creating the objects from which its dreams of beauty take their rise; the more it is solitary and independent of the world, the more powerfully it becomes possessed by the strong enchantment of ideal beauty. The poet, therefore, would be less likely than most other men to be a lover, were he a mere intellectual being; and he has better means for supporting his mental independence, and has many more reasons than can be possessed by any one else, for turning with coldness and disappointment from the world. And so far is this the case, that we do really find poets seldom various in their passion, and far more devoted than men in general to one sole object of attachment. But they leave their bright and ethereal sphere—they love with a passion which but for the unperishing life of imagination would wither up every thing in its flame, because the love of woman is the only thing on earth to which the imagination will allow an equality with its sweet and heavenly creations—the only thing which sheds a light like the light of the poet's soul on human forms, and makes them harmonize with the beings of his fancy.

Let circumstances concur with the real beauty of a fine and accomplished woman to attract his attention—let her be placed in a situation which either by its splendour awakens the imagination, or

by its difficulties strongly excites the sympathies, and the whole strength of his being, with all its noble qualities, and grand and glowing affections, will be fixed unchangeably upon her. Disappointments, difficulty, suffering, will leave the passion unconquered and undiminished; time will pass over him, and still find his heart as young, whether in joy or misery, as at the commencement of his love: he will speak, think, and write, of his mistress in the same strain of fond devotion, let his passion have been rewarded by a return, met by unregarding indifference, or formed the cause of the worst troubles to which his existence has been exposed. There is a spell for good or evil upon his soul, from which he neither can nor would escape. It is a sort of destiny to him, a destruction of his free will, but one to which he submits with a strange and acknowledged contentment. There is no passion thenceforward which is not subjected to its control. The passion for distinction, the deep and stirring love of the muse, the far-stretching hopes that carried forth his spirit into the brightest regions of human being—all thenceforth become either subordinate to, or inseparably connected with, the one invincible and still increasing feeling of love.

Uncontrolled as an imaginative mind generally is in its desires as well as operations, it is not to be wondered at that poets have seldom been so discreet as to fix their affections on objects, of their passion for whom, the worst consequences would be a disappointment. Unfortunately for their happiness, though not for the mellowing and deepening of their genius, they are, in most instances, far more likely to love unwisely and well, than prudently and tamely. The beauty on which the poet's or the painter's eye rests with rapture, is not of every-day occurrence. It is not that which with a change of colour in the hair and eyes, and a little difference in the proportions of the waist, is the common possession of all a nation's daughters. It is of a kind that we better know of by the visions and whisperings of our early dreams; by the wild vague glimpses of its brightness, which we have had while listening to some wonderfully sweet melody; and which, where it is indeed found to exist, filling the veins and clothing the limbs of some one fair being with its glory, transports the few passionate natures that are capable of feeling its whole power, beyond the control of either self-interest or self-preservation. The love of the poet thus brings him into collision with men like himself; and while the admirer of an ordinary beauty has few rivals to expect, and fewer to dread, he has to stand against the power and influence of suitors who are capable, perhaps, of crushing him by a word.

We can also find another reason for his danger. If the poet, by the rare beauty of his mistress, is exposed to peril, she is still more so, if biography speak true, by the circumstances under which his love is conceived. It is not by the law of times and seasons, or in conformity with the dictates of convenience, that he forms his attachment; and the time and situation which would allow him to

love with safety, are generally those which are the most unlikely, of all others, to find him loving. It is seldom in the middle walks of society, and in the ordinary situations of life, that the female character, any more than female beauty, has those striking traits which fasten upon the attention, and, while they leave the heart still aware that it is woman, and the power of woman only, which enchant it with its strange dream of delight, yet make it believe that there is but one such woman upon the whole blessed habitable earth. There is nothing in the wide creation which has suffered like the female character, from the changes and fashions of the world. The smoothing of hills, and cutting down forests, and making water-falls run in straight canals, which has been so lamented by the poets, is nothing in comparison with the listliness, and uniformity, and coldness, which artificial modes of thinking and acting have produced in the female heart; forcing romance and song to find its heroines either in the shadowy past, or in some imaginary present. But it will happen, perhaps, once in a hundred years, that there may be one among ten thousand women filled to her heart's brim with noble thought, and who would be all gladness, and light as a spirit, but for one little dash of passionateness which keep her eye and her cheek from seeming all ether. And rare it is that such a being as this is found but in situations which make it madness to look, and destruction to love. It is not fiction only that would place her in the noble bower of some proud and ancient house, or amid the courtly throngs of princely saloons. It is the very truth of life which finds her there. Old, genuine aristocracy is a splendid jewel on the neck of a blushing girl; and there is no grace so bewitching as the humility or tenderness of woman shining out from the magnificence of palaces. It is rarely that female thought or feeling are wrought up into such a rich and glowing sweetness but in such situations, and in them rarely; but when they are, if there be any thing on earth on which the poet can look, nor feel imagination disappointed, it is on the form to which they give breath and passion.

And it was thus that the bright souled Tasso, the romantic Ariosto, with his fountain-like spirit of delight, and the noble-hearted unfortunate Camoens, imbibed the intoxicating love which filled them with wild, uncertain thoughts of happiness, and haunted them through life—maddening them, and making them in love with madness.

A book devoted to the details of such histories as theirs, must needs be very full of interesting matter, if at all tolerably done, and the one before us, though having faults, is sufficiently worthy of attention. One of the best executed histories is that of Dante and Beatrice, which exhibits great taste, and good management of material. We begin with the contrast drawn between these lovers and Petrarch and Laura:—

'Dante and his Beatrice are best exhibited in contrast to Petrarch and

Laura. Petrarch was in his youth an amiable and accomplished courtier, whose ambition was to cultivate the arts, and please the fair. Dante early plunged into the factions which distracted his native city, was of a stern commanding temper, mingling study with action. Petrarch loved with all the vivacity of his temper; he took a pleasure in publishing, in exaggerating, in embellishing his passion in the eyes of the world. Dante, capable of strong and enthusiastic tenderness, and early concentrating all the affections of his heart on one object, sought no sympathy; and solemnly tells us of himself, in contradistinction to those poets of his time who wrote of love from fashion or fancy, not from feeling, that he wrote as love inspired, and as his heart dictated.

'Io mi son un che, quando
Amore spira, noto, ed in quel modo
Ch'ei detta dentro, vo significando."'—*Purgatorio*, c. 24.

'A coquette would have triumphed in such a captive as Petrarch; and in truth, Laura seems to have "sounded him from the top to the bottom of his compass:" a tender and impassioned woman would repose on such a heart as Dante's, even as his Beatrice did. Petrarch had a gay and captivating exterior; his complexion was fair, with sparkling blue eyes, and a ready smile. He is very amusing on the subject of his own coxcombry, and tells us how cautiously he used to turn the corner of a street, lest the wind should disorder the elaborate curls of his fine hair! Dante, too, was in his youth eminently handsome, but in a style of beauty which was characteristic of his mind; his eyes were large and intensely black, his nose aquiline, his complexion of a dark olive, his hair and beard very much curled, his step slow and measured, and the habitual expression of his countenance grave, with a tinge of melancholy abstraction. When Petrarch walked along the streets of Avignon, the women smiled, and said, "there goes the lover of Laura!" The impression which Dante left on those who beheld him, was far different. In allusion to his own personal appearance, he used to relate an incident that once occurred to him. When years of persecution and exile had added to the natural sternness of his countenance, the deep lines left by grief, and the brooding spirit of vengeance, he happened to be at Verona, where, since the publication of the Inferno, he was well-known. Passing one day by a portico, where several women were seated, one of them whispered, with a look of awe,—"Do you see that man? that is he who goes down to hell whenever he pleases, and brings us up tidings of the sinners below!" "Ay, indeed!" replied her companion, "very likely; see how his face is scarred with fire and brimstone, and blackened with smoke, and how his hair and beard have been singed and curled in the flames!"

'Dante had not, however, this forbidding appearance when he won the young heart of Beatrice Portinari. They first met at a banquet given by her father, Folco de' Portinari, when Dante was only nine years old, and Beatrice a year younger. His childish attachment, as he tells us himself, commenced from that hour; it became a passion, which increased with his years, and did not perish even with its object.'—pp. 106—109.

We have very seldom met with a more pleasing or interesting piece of ingenious criticism than the following, in which the *disjecti membra pratæ*, or rather of the poet's mistress, are again united into a form of breathing loveliness.

'She was not in form like the slender, fragile-looking Laura, but on a larger scale of loveliness, tall, and of a commanding figure;* graceful in her gait as a peacock, upright as a crane,

'Soava a guisa va di un bel pavone,
Diritta sopra se, come una grua.'

Her hair was fair and curling,

"Capegli crespi e biondi,"

but not *golden*, an epithet I do not find once applied to it: she had an ample forehead, "spaciosa fronte," a mouth, that when it smiled, surpassed all things in sweetness; so that her Poet would give the universe to hear it pronounce a kind "yes."

'Mira che quando ride
Passa ben di dolcezza ogni altra cosa.
Così di quella bocca il pensier mio
Mi sprona, perchè io
Non ho nel mondo cosa che non desse
A tal ch' un sì, con buon voler dicesse.'

Her neck was white and slender, springing gracefully from the bust—

'Poi guarda la sua svelta e bianca gola
Commessa ben dalle spalle e dal petto.'

A small, round, dimpled chin,

'Mento tondo, fesso a picciolетto:'

and thereupon the Poet breaks out into a rapture, any thing but theological,

'Il bel diletto
Aver quel collo fra le braccia stretto
E far in quella gola un picciol segno!'

Her arms were beautiful and round; her hand soft, white, and polished;

'La bianca mano morbida e pulita:'

her fingers slender, and decorated with jewelled rings, as became her birth; fair she was as a pearl;

'Con un color angelica di perla:'

graceful and lovely to look upon, but disdainful where it was becoming;

'Graziosa a vederla,
E disdegnosa dove si conviene.'—pp. 110—112

The remaining part of this chapter is equally interesting. The love of Dante was that of a strong, stern heart; of one which it is painful, and sometimes even terrible, to see struggling with passions of every kind, much more with a passion, deep and conquering, like love. The influence which it continued to possess over him to the last hour of his existence, was the same after the death of his mistress as during her life—in the midst of the stern, trying duties and troubles of his manhood, as in the earliest days of youth. All the elements of this great man's character were of a noble and generous kind, and they were mixed together in the grandest

* 'Membra formosi et grandi.'

proportions. His love to his mistress, was like his love of freedom, and of his country. It was fervent as a flame that could melt iron and brass; and it worked upon his mighty heart with all its subduing force, but it left its stern, resolute nature unchanged; and we see him passing through life, bearing with him his deep and solemn sorrow, but evincing his internal sufferings only by the expression of those mysterious feelings, which had grown in his heart during its solitude. The loves of Beatrice and Dante form, indeed, an exquisite episode in literary history. Page after page might be written on the subject, but we must pass both from our own, and the author's reveries upon it, to another portion of the work. We turn to a pleasing and poetical narrative of the adventures of the amiable and gentle Earl of Surrey, certainly one of the sweetest of our early poets. The poetical name of his mistress was Geraldine, the real one, Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald; and she afterwards became the wife of the Earl of Lincoln. She was educated, with the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, at Hunsdon, and was there first seen by Surrey, who immediately conceived a violent passion for her, which he nurtured and fed with the sweetest strains and fancies of poetry. We have here, again, a specimen of the author's ingenious method of restoring, in their shape and substance, the beautiful visions of past ages. Describing the person of Geraldine, from one of her lover's sonnets, she says:—

'She was then extremely young, not above fourteen or fifteen, as it appears from comparative dates; and Surrey says very clearly,

'She wanted years to understand
The grief that he did feel.

But even then her budding charms made him confess, as he beautifully expresses it—

'How soon a look can print a thought
That never may remove!

It was during the festivals held at Hampton Court, whither she accompanied the Princesses, that her conquest was completed; and Surrey, being afterwards confined at Windsor,* was deprived of her society.

'Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight;
Hampton me thaught to wish her first for mine,
Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.

'Hampton Court was the scene of their frequent interviews. Surrey mentions a certain recessed or bow window, in which, retired apart from the gay throng around them, they held "converse sweet." Here she gave him, as it seems, some encouragement; too proud of such a distinguished suitor to let him escape. He in the same moment confesses himself a very slave, and betrays an indignant consciousness of the arts by which she keeps him entangled in her chain.

'In silence tho' I keep to such secrets myself,
Yet do I see how she sometime, doth yield a look by stealth;

'* He was imprisoned for eating meat in Lent.'

As tho' it seemed, I wis,—"I will not leave thee so!"
When in her heart so sweet a thought did never truly grow.

'He accuses her expressly of a love of general admiration, and of giving her countenance and favour to unworthy rivals. In "The Warning to a Lover how he is abused by his Love," he thus addresses himself as the deceived lover:—

'Where thou hast loved so long, with heart and all thy power,
I see thee fed with feigned words, &c.
I see her pleasant cheer in chiefest of thy suit;
When thou art gone, I see him come who gathers up the fruit;
And eke in thy respect, I see the base degree
Of him to whom she gives the heart, that promised was to thee!*

The fair Geraldine must have been a practised coquette to have sat for a picture so finished and so strongly marked: yet before we blame her for this disdainful trifling, it should be remembered that Lord Surrey, at the time he was wooing her with "musicke vows," was either married or contracted to another,†—a circumstance quite in keeping with the fashionable system of Platonic gallantry introduced from Italy—

'O Plato! Plato! you have been the cause, &c.

and so forth. I forbear to continue the apostrophe.

'According to the old tradition, repeated by all Surrey's biographers, he visited on his travels the famous necromancer Cornelius Agrippa, who in a magic mirror revealed to him the fair figure of his Geraldine, lying dishevelled on a couch, and, by the light of a taper, reading one of his tenderest sonnets.

'Fair all the pageant, but how passing fair
The slender form that lay on couch of Ind!
O'er her white bosom strayed her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined.
All in her night-robe loose, she lay reclined,
And pensive read from tablet eburnine,
Some strain that seemed her inmost soul to find;—
That favoured strain was Surrey's raptured line,
That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine—‡

This beautiful incident is too celebrated, too touching, not to be one of the articles of our poetical faith. It was believed by Surrey's contemporaries, and in the age immediately following was gravely related by a grave historian. It shows at least the celebrity which his poetry, unequalled at that time, had given to his love, and the object of it.'—pp. 188—192.

Surrey, however, was but a court poet, a sweet and gentle writer, it is true, but wanting in the quick and lofty energies that impart to the whole man, and to every hour of his existence, the nobleness of poetry. Geraldine was twice married, and Surrey married, and the only remembrance which they either of them appear to have had of their youthful attachment, was a remembrance that lay with the weight of a shadow on their hearts.

'* Lady Frances Vere. † Surrey's Works: Nott's Edit. 4to.
'‡ Lady of the last Minstrel.'

The love of Tasso for Leonora D'Este, is too well known to need any reference to the narrative, but there is one passage in our author's account, of singular felicity and interest. The Princess died in February, 1581, while the poet was still lingering in the dungeon to which he had been doomed, for the supposed madness which his passion had caused, or from which his passion was said to spring. On being made acquainted with the danger of Leonora, a short time before her death, he is said to have requested a friend to kiss her hand for him, and to inquire whether there was any thing which, 'in his sad state, he could do for her ease or pleasure?' It is not known in what manner the message was received, but—

'Thus perished, of a premature decay, the woman who had been for seventeen years the idol of a poet's imagination—the worship of a poet's heart; she who was not unworthy of being enshrined in the rich tracery-work of sweet thoughts and bright fancies she had herself suggested. The love of Tasso for the Princess Leonora might have appeared, in his own time, something like the "desire of the night-moth for the star;" but what is it *now*? what was it *then* in the eyes of her whom he adored? How far was it permitted, encouraged, repaid in secret? This we cannot know; and perhaps had we lived at the time,—in the very Court, and looked daily into her own soft eyes, practised to conceal,—we had been no wiser. Yet one more observation.

'When Leonora died, all the poets of Ferrara pressed forward with the usual tribute of elegy and eulogium; but the voice of Tasso was not heard among the rest. He alone flung no garland on the bier of her, whose living brow he had wreathed with the brightest flowers of song. This is adduced by Serassi as a proof that he had never loved her. Ginguiné himself can only account for it, by the presumption that he was piqued by that coldness and neglect, which I have shown was merely suppositious. Strange reasoning! as if Tasso, while his heart bled over his loss, in his solitary cell, could have deigned to join this crowd of courtly mourners! as if under such circumstances, in such a moment, the greatness of his grief could have burst forth in any terms that must not have exposed himself to fresh rigours, and the fame, at least the discretion, of her he had loved, to suspicion! No! nothing remained to him but silence;—and he was silent.'—pp. 328, 329.

The character of our poet Milton, is worthy of speculation. It presents several extraordinary points, and none more so than the austerity of heart which is generally supposed to have belonged to his constitution. Our author has endeavoured to combat this opinion, and vindicate the character of the bard, as a lover. Nothing, however, which she has said, serves to give us a different impression of his feelings in regard to woman. Neither his early poetry, nor the associations which imbue the spirit of his later compositions, have any of that heartfelt, impassioned tenderness, which breathe of love. The fire of the imagination and of the heart never meet in Milton's poetry. There is no commingling of their lava streams, in one strong rushing current. His images have the distinctness of globes of flame: but we see them under no light that is earthly.

Eve is a bright and beautiful creation of the imagination—a being truly sprung from the brain of genius, but we should as soon think of loving her as of loving a beautiful statue of marble. No instance, we believe, could be found of a reader, deep in love, comparing his mistress to Milton's Eve; a thing which would not be the case, perhaps, with any other female character which a poet has ever conceived.

It is recorded, however, that, while in Italy, he became deeply enamoured of Leonora Baroni, a singer of most exquisite skill and expressive beauty. He became one of her public admirers, and wrote poetry in her praise, both Latin and Italian. These pieces may be found among Cowper's translations; but we do not see any thing in them which serves to make us suppose, that the writer was more intent on the contemplation of Leonora's beauty, than on the grace and exact melody of his verses. The strongest argument, perhaps, which our author brings in his favour, if so it may be termed, is that he married three times; a pretty strong proof it may, indeed, seem, that his heart was ready to pay all homage to the female sex. But it must be remembered, that his passion for his first wife was so soon overcome by his stern sense of authority, that he resolved on a divorce, and made love to another lady, without appearing to have felt any very deep suffering for his desertion. That, shortly after her death, he married again what is termed his most beloved wife, who died within a year; and that the greatest proof of his love for her is, that he wrote what Johnson very truly and properly calls, notwithstanding our author's 'out upon him,' a *poor* sonnet; and, lastly, that he then married a third time, in order to possess a guide and a nurse in his helpless condition of age and blindness, not bearing about with him to his grave, the tender recollections of his lost wedded love, but contenting himself with the conveniences of its representation. The only passage which we remember to have read in Milton, which contradicts this idea, is part of Adam's speech to Eve, and which, it is possible, indeed, might have been suggested by his own personal feelings.

> "How can I live without thee? how forego
> Thy sweet converse and love so dearly joined,
> To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
> Should God create another Eve, and I
> Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
> Would never from my heart!"

The principal part of the second volume is occupied with the *conjugal* loves of the poets; and, considering the usual character which they bear, of not being happy in marriage, there is something very agreeable in some of the chapters of this part of the work. The 'Castara' of Habington is not very generally known, we therefore select the account which is given of it, as most likely to prove interesting to our readers. Habington was a private gentleman of

Worcestershire, and fell in love with the daughter of Lord Powis, grand-daughter of the Earl of Northumberland. Their union was at first opposed; and there are many allusions to the sufferings of the lover in different parts of his poems, which are divided into two parts, under the title of 'The Mistress,' containing those written before their marriage, and under that of 'The Wife,' embracing those composed after their happy union. In his introduction he has boasted of being the first conjugal poet in the language; a rare merit, and one in which he has had, even to the present day, few rivals in England. 'Though I appear,' says he, 'to strive against the stream of the best wits, in erecting the same altar to chastity and love, I will, for one, adventure to do well without a precedent;' and again, 'How unhappy soever I may be in the elocution, I am sure the theme is worthy enough. Nor has my invention ever been sinister from the straight way of chastity; and when love builds upon that rock, it may safely contemn the battering of the waves and the threatenings of the wind, since time, that makes a mockery of the finest structures, shall, itself, be ruined before that be demolished.' And then he continues with this elegant comparison. 'Thus was the foundation laid; and though my eye, in its survey, was satisfied even to curiosity, yet did not my search rest there. The alabaster, ivory, porphyry, jet, that lent an admirable beauty to the outward building, entertained me with but half pleasure, since they stood there only to make sport for ruin.' There is a pure and spiritual beauty in all this, which fills the mind with pleasurable feelings. Such love-making is like bringing the riches and glowing treasures of the East, to enjoy them in quiet and security in our own homes. We give the author's specimens, taken from the second part of the 'Castara.'

'The second part of these poems, dedicated to Castara, as "the WIFE," have not less variety and beauty, though there were, of course, fewer incidents to record. The first Sonnet, "to Castara now possest of her in marriage," beginning "This day is ours," &c., has more fancy and poetry than tenderness. The lines to Lord Powis, the father of Castara, on the same occasion, are more beautiful and earnest, yet rich in fanciful imagery. Lord Powis, it must be remembered, had opposed their union, and had been, with difficulty, induced to give his consent. The following lines refer to this; and Habington asserts the purity and unselfishness of his attachment.

Nor grieve, my Lord, 'tis perfected. Before
Afflicted seas sought refuge on the shore,
From the angry north wind; ere the astonish'd spring
Heard in the air the feathered people sing;
Ere time had motion, or the sun obtained
His province o'er the day—this was ordained,
Nor think in her I courted wealth or blood,
Or more uncertain hopes; for had I stood
On the highest ground of fortune,—the world known,
No greatness but what waited on my throne—

And she had only had that face and mind,
I with myself, had th' earth to her resigned.
In virtue there's an empire!
Here I rest,
As all things to my power subdued; to me
There's nought beyond this, the whole world is SHE!

'On the anniversary of their wedding-day, he thus addresses her:—

LOVE'S ANNIVERSARY.

'Thou art return'd (great light) to that blest hour
In which I first by marriage, (sacred power!)
Joined with Castara hearts; and as the same
Thy lustre is, as then,—so is our flame;
Which had increased, but that by Love's decree,
'Twas such at first, it ne'er could greater be.
But tell me, (glorious lamp,) in thy survey
Of things below thee, what did not decay
By age to weakness? I since that have seen
The rose bud forth and fade, the tree grow green,
And wither wrinkled. Even thyself dost yield
Something to time, and to thy grave fall nigher;
But virtuous love is one sweet endless fire.

'"To Castara, on the knowledge of love," is peculiarly elegant; it was, probably, suggested by some speculative topics of conversation, discussed in the literary circle he had drawn round him at Hindlip.*

'Where sleeps the north-wind when the south inspires
Life in the Spring, and gathers into quires
The scatter'd nightingales; whose subtle ears
Heard first the harmonious language of the spheres;
Whence hath the stone magnetic force t'allure
Th'enamour'd iron: from a seed impure,
Or natural, did first the mandate grow;
What power in the ocean makes it flow;
What strange materials is the azure sky
Compacted of; of what its brightest eye
The ever flaming sun; what people are
In the unknown world; what worlds in every star:—
Let curious fancies at these secrets rove;
Castara, what we know we'll practise—love.

'The "Lines on her fainting;" those on "The fear of death,"—

'Why should we fear to melt away in death?
May we but die together! &c.

On her sigh,—

'Were but that sigh a penitential breath
That thou art mine, it would blow with it death,
T' inclose me in my marble, where I'd be
Slave to the tyrant worms to set thee free!

His self congratulation on his own happiness, in his epistle to his uncle, Lord Morley; are all in the same strain of gentle and elegant feeling. The following are among the last addressed to his wife,

'* The family seat of the Habingtons, in Worcestershire.'

'Give me a heart, where no impure
Disorder'd passions rage;
Which jealousie doth not obscure,
Nor vanity t' expense engage;
Not wooed to madness by quaint oathes,
Or the fine rhetorick of cloathes;
Which not the softness of the age
To vice or folly doth decline:
Give me that heart, Castara, for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart, where no new look
Provokes new appetite;
With no fresh charm of beauty took,
Or wanton stratagem of wit;
Not idly wandering here and there,
Led by an am'rous eye or ear;
Aiming each beauteous mark to hit;
Which virtue doth to one confine:
Take thou that heart, Castara, for 'tis mine.'—

Vol. ii. pp. 121—125.

We could go on multiplying our remarks on these interesting volumes with no little pleasure to ourselves, but the book deserves to be read, as a very pleasing miscellany of poetical anecdote and remark. We have said, that it has many faults, and so it has; faults of omission, of which, however, the author may easily excuse herself; and faults which are almost inseparable from the sort of rambling style in which such works must almost necessarily be written; that is, an occasional unconnection of thought, and now and then a little falling off of woman's wit into levity. But notwithstanding these faults, and they are really not of frequent occurrence, the book takes nothing from the credit which the author earned by the publication of the "Diary of an Ennuyée." It is written in a good and amiable spirit. There is gentle thought and deep feeling in its pages, and this is enough to make it valuable and worthy of praise. But there is something more in it—signs of extensive poetical reading—of that quick perception of its beauties which draws out the heart and the spirit of the poet's thoughts—and the ingenious manner in which, as we have said, the criticisms are put together, will afford no slight gratification to the lovers either of Italian, or of our old English literature. Biography is not an easy species of writing, and poetical biography is less so than any other. The poet's life is not so interesting for the incidents it displays, as for its development of human feeling, under its most strongly marked characters. Neither the mere critic, nor the mere historian, however talented in their respective ways, is capable of fitly telling the story of such a life, and there are very many pages in the work before us which incline us to think, that a woman, a thinking, feeling, and accomplished woman, would be the biographer to whom the poet, if he had his own choice in such things, would most gladly commit the charge of painting what he was, and of telling how he lived, thought, loved, and suffered.

ART. III.—*Natural Theology; or Essays on the Existence of Deity and of Providence, on the Immateriality of the Soul, and a Future State.* By the Rev. Alex. Crombie, LL.D., F.R.S., and M.R.S.L. 2 vols. 8vo. London: R. Hunter, and T. Hookman. 1829.

THE subject of Natural Theology has long been a favourite study with ourselves, taking it in its widest range as comprehending the whole sweep of the visible creation;—flowers, plants, and trees,—the movements, evaporation, and re-deposition of water,—the rocks and mountains which embank the ocean, or diversify the face of the continents; and the stars which bespangle the firmament, like isles of light on the champaign of a dark sea,—as well as the countless myriads of animals which people the earth, and accomplish the purposes of their great Creator.

Having been taught from infancy to look up to God, as the cause of all things,—as the beneficent Provider of every benefit we enjoy, we fail not by association to refer to GOD as the immediate producer of all the appearances in nature, which we cannot otherwise trace or explain. Such is the feeling which we experience in looking upon the works of creation; such, we believe, is the feelings which all have when they allow themselves to think. We look to the heavens, and admire the grandeur of the stars and suns which roll through the wide expanse, and serve for the abode of beings countless in number and endlessly varied in their natures; we admire all this, for it fills the mind with lofty thoughts; it extends its range of high and venturous speculation;—but it still more raises the tone of mind above the earth, and the things of earth, when we refer all this splendour of the universe, and all its grand and varied movements to the influence of God, who establishes all, and upholds all, and directs all. We feel a kindling magnificence in the conception,—we are seduced by an elevation which we cannot support,—we look down on the earth and think of its littleness in this sublime universe of worlds,—and on the men and on the women there, as insignificant and low,—but, in the very career of our flight of contemplation, find that earth fetter and check our ascent. We cannot wing our way through this immensity of countless worlds without bewilderment, and without being overwhelmed with its vastness and its grandeur. The conflicts of the elements, which come upon us in terror, and spread consternation among the ignorant and the superstitious, and the whole movements of the lower atmosphere, attract, fix, and force our attention,—but they do this in a more forcible manner when we see there the operation of God's power, and the terrors of his awfulness. If we come down to earth and the scenes around us,—if we look abroad on the beauty of creation here, which, though not arrayed in the magnificence of the universe above, is no less wonderful in its minuteness than the heavens are in their sublimity and grandeur,—if we range

through the wide domain of this nether world, and point our observation to its mountains and its seas;—to its continents and its islands,—we see every where sublimity, every where beauty;—we look and we are delighted,—we gaze and we are astonished,—we admire the garniture of the landscape when smiling in sunshine, and we look with awe when it is overhung with storms; but our thoughts are raised to a loftier tone,—to an elevation of higher and nobler effort, when we feel that it is the living God who gives life and motion to the scene, and who, for purposes best known to himself, arrays it in the sunshine of loveliness, or in the darkness of the storm, at his will and at his pleasure. If we be more minute in our observation, we shall find our wonder increase.—If we look to animated nature, and the countless variety of the instruments of animal motion and animal incitement.—If we examine minutely the structure of our frame, and also that of the animals inferior to us in the gift of thought and extent of reason.—If we go into all the detail which anatomy and physiology have so well disclosed, and which Dr. Paley has so well and beautifully applied; and if we do, as we must, refer all this beautiful and wonderful contrivance to God, and to God alone, how must our thoughts be fired in admiration,—how must they be overpowered by the unnumbered and numberless plans of Providence, for dispensing life, for dispensing comfort, to so many and so various animated beings.

If we go still more into the minuteness of nature, and taking the microscope for our guide,—find a new world,—a new universe in every drop of water—in every blade of grass—and every grain of sand,—we shall be thrown into bewilderment—striving to comprehend the power, the divine power which acts so grandly, and at the same time so minutely, in the various works of creation. Human thought cannot grasp, and it can scarcely even travel through such varied speculations as these views would excite. The mind is oppressed and overpowered in its efforts to penetrate into the mysteries of God's designs in the universe,—if it wings its way among the glories and the garniture of the firmament, it is lost in immensity,—it is made vacant by the overpowering sublimity which surrounds it,—it cannot think, because it is lost in thought. If it travel through the scenes of our own little planet, and enter into all that is calculated to fix attention in the great, and in the minute of the world's wonder,—it is equally lost in the countless maze of things which cannot be understood,—which cannot be fathomed by its feeble and faulty penetration;—it is lost in contemplating the extent of God's care for his creatures, and his admirable provisions for their life and their happiness; it is lost in thinking of all this, and then looking inward on its own feebleness, and its own helplessness, it shrinks into insignificance and nothingness, when it compares its narrow range of thought with the immensity of the fields of air,—with the boundless, the infinite universe of God.

We have deemed it preferable, in point of attraction to our readers, to commence with this part of the subject rather than with the more abstruse arguments with which Dr. Crombie has opened his work—unwisely, as we think, for by this mode of proceeding he runs the chance of repelling many readers who would be delighted with his remarks upon Providence and the other Attributes of God. We shall for these reasons dispose of this portion of the work, before entering upon the more mysterious field of metaphysics, which the Doctor brings rather too prominently into view for the taste of the present age, and does not, as it appears to us, shew himself so much a master as he has done, in the grammatical works which have obtained for him so respectable a rank among philologists. That we have not stated an objection to the popularity of our author's method with good reason, will appear, by comparing the opening of his argument with the infinitely more interesting and attractive commencement of Paley's well known work on the same subject. Dr. Crombie, after a long chapter on the "Causes of Atheism," begins thus:

'Whether there exists a Supreme and Intelligent Cause, the Author of all-created being, is the most momentous subject that can engage the attention of the human mind. With the solution of this question, superlatively interesting to our hopes and fears, are connected several other inquiries of nearly equal importance, as affecting our views of the destiny of man, and of the character of that system to which he belongs. Whence am I? Whence the numberless creatures which inhabit this globe? Had the human race a beginning? Or have they existed from eternity? If they had an origin—were they the productions of design—or were they the offspring of chance, or the effects of an eternal and unintelligent necessity? Is there, or is there not, a Supreme Presiding Power, governing every movement, moral and physical, throughout the universe, by the counsels of infinite Wisdom? For what purpose were we made? Have the countless myriads, who, in ages past, peopled this sphere, been consigned to annihilation—to be for ever, as if they had never been? Or is there an ulterior destination awaiting all, when the connection between us and the present state shall be dissolved?

'These are inquiries, which naturally excite the curiosity, and compel the attention, of every human being, as soon as he is capable of reflection, and meditates on the condition, in which he finds himself existing. He can neither dismiss them with indifference, nor agitate them with unconcern. The man, who feels no interest in these questions, who regards not, what was his origin, nor what will be his end, whether he be a creature of chance, the offspring of blind necessity, the existent of a day; or whether he be the production of a Superior Power, and destined for immortality; must be either an idiot, who cannot think, or as insensible as the clod, on which he treads, without a sentiment of hope or fear.

'Of these questions, the first in order, as it is the first in importance, is that, which regards the existence of Deity. Is there, or is there not, an intelligent First Cause? Whence originated the universe?—Or had it no beginning? Whence especially this diurnal sphere, on which we are placed? Are its materials self-existent, and its forms fortuitous; or

does it owe its origin substantially and formally to a Superior Power? Is there, or is there not, a Supreme Being, the Creator of all things, visible and invisible?'—vol. i. pp. 83—85.

Now listen to Dr. Paley's beautifully managed opening,—which is a fine specimen, of what we take the liberty of calling narrative logic, or reasoning by anecdote:—"In crossing a heath, suppose I pitched my foot against a *stone*, and were asked how the stone came to be there: I might probably answer, that, for any thing I knew to the contrary, it had lain there for ever; nor would it, perhaps, be very easy to shew the absurdity of this answer. But suppose I had found a *watch* upon the ground, and it should be inquired how the watch happened to be in that place: I should hardly think of the answer which I had before given, that for any thing I knew, the watch might have always been there. Yet, why should not this answer serve for the watch as well as for the stone? Why is it not as admissible in the second case, as in the first? For this reason and for no other, viz, that when we come to inspect the watch, we perceive (what we could not discover in the stone) that its several parts are framed and put together for a purpose, *e. g.* that they are so formed and adjusted as to produce motion, and that motion so regulated as to point out the hour of the day; that, if the different parts had been differently shaped from what they are, of a different size from what they are, or placed after any other manner, or in any other order, than that in which they are placed, either no motion at all would have been carried on in the machine, or none which would have answered the use that is now served by it."

That Dr. Crombie, however, is capable of bringing forward interesting illustration, we have abundant evidence in these volumes. For example.

'Of all the attributes of the Divine Being, none strikes us so forcibly, as His inconceivable power. Whether we contemplate the universe, as extended through the immensity of space, or confine our views to our own planetary system, the power of the Creator and Preserver of the whole awakens our astonishment, and fills the soul with the most profound emotions of awe and reverence. This diurnal sphere, on which we live, would alone evince the power of its Almighty Maker. When we consider its magnitude, its daily rotation, its annual revolution, the rapidity of its course, and reflect, how vast must be the power to move this single mass, we are lost in amazement, and humbled under a deep sense of our own weakness. It was calculated by a late astronomer, that, with a lever, whose *fulcrum* were 6000 miles from the earth's centre, and with a moving power, equal to 200 lbs. in weight, or the power of an ordinary man, and in velocity equal to a cannon ball, placed at the immense distance of 12,000000,000000,000000,000000, or twelve quadrillions of miles, it would require 27,000000,000000, that is, twenty-seven billions of years, to move the earth one inch. How vain would be the united force of all the human beings that now people the earth, to produce even this effect! Yet our globe rushes onward in its course; at the rate of 1000

miles a minute. How stupendous is the power of the Creator! How comparatively weak and insignificant is the creature man!

'But what is our earth to the planet Saturn, which is more than 1000 times bigger than this sphere of ours? What is it to the sun, nearly a million of times greater? What is it to the whole planetary and cometary systems? only one of 500 masses. What is the planetary system itself? It is nothing, when compared to the universe,—nothing to the thousands and thousands of systems, each enlightened by its star, and sun, extending through the immensity of space. From the nearest of these stars, or suns, our distance is not less than 37,000000,000000, or thirty-seven billions of millions; and when we reflect, that luminous bodies are discoverable by the telescope, whose light, if we may credit the calculations of an eminent astronomer, has been nearly two millions of years* in reaching our globe, though moving at the rate of more than ten millions of miles in a minute; what a conception does this give of the universe! How stupendous and inconceivable is the power, which moves and regulates the whole!

'But without receiving as facts conclusions from phenomena, which some may be inclined to doubt, the Omnipotence of Deity is one of those truths, which a contemplation of the heavens most forcibly impresses. It is true, that man can perceive only finite effects, and, from finite effects, we must not conclude infinite power; but, when we consider that we see only a part of the immense universe, and reflect that when the eye, aided by the art of the optician, has travelled through immensurable space, and finds no limit, if we do not conclude, that creation is absolutely boundless, which seems to be a natural conclusion, we must at least feel, that the power by which thousands and thousands of orbs, in number and magnitude exceeding all conception, were created, are moved, and are preserved, is, in respect to us, incomprehensible and infinite! Here we might rest. But that the Divine Power is not relatively only, but absolutely infinite, is a clear and incontrovertible metaphysical truth. It is a necessary and irresistible inference from His eternity.'—vol. ii. pp. 170—173.

It is sufficiently easy to talk of the eternity and infinity of God, and even to muster up a series of learned arguments and illustrations, similar to those which we have just quoted. But what do we understand by this infinity, and what do we mean when we say God is infinite? It is answered, that infinity is the state of being without bounds or limits? Well: have we any idea of a being without bounds or limits? We must confess we have not. We can conceive of the heavens stretching away and away, and we can continue day after day to extend the boundary of the heavens to which we had come in fancy. But of what is boundless or infinite we have no conception—no notion, at least but a very imperfect one, and one which is rather a conviction that the attributes exist, than a conception of the attributes themselves. The same it is with regard to infinite mercy, or infinite wisdom, or infinite goodness; and so it is only that we can speak respecting the eternity of God, for we have no proper notion of eternity. When we say,

* Philosophical Transactions, 1801. Vince's Sermons.

then that God is eternal—and that the justice of God is eternal; we confess that his greatness surpasses our comprehension. When, again, we say that God is a spirit, we must also confess that we cannot form any proper notion of a spirit, nor of the manner in which God exists.

But let the reader take care how he understand us—we do not say that, because we have no idea of infinity and eternity, and spirituality, that God is not infinite, and eternal, and spiritual. On the contrary, we acknowledge that God not only possesses these attributes, but also ten thousand other attributes of which we never heard, and of which we could form still less conception than we could of eternity, or of spirit. This view, we think, raises our notions of the divine perfection far beyond what is commonly conceived.

It is a view which we recollect having frequently met with, and we doubt not it has occurred to our readers before. We do not say, therefore, that we are to give up what is generally believed concerning God—far from it.—We only require our readers to examine their own thoughts, and to understand what they believe, and not to rest satisfied when it is said God is infinite, or God is a spirit, with the bare words—but to think a little what they mean when they say so. We have nothing to do here with different creeds and opinions; but we have to do with making men understand the nature of ideas understood, and with rousing our readers by compelling them to think and examine every notion and idea they have or think they have; for it is supposed by many that they have ideas, when they have only words in the mind—such as those we have just mentioned—spirit, and eternity, of which there can be no idea except a second-hand one taken from something else, taken from matter and from time. The following is Dr. Crombie's statement of this difficult subject.

'From a belief in the existence of the Deity, the mind is irresistibly led to a conviction of His infinity. In the preceding pages, though not directly given to the present subject, we have had occasion to contemplate the most astonishing proofs of His wisdom, His power, and His benevolence. We perceive these attributes most impressively displayed in the constitution and economy of nature, in our lower world, extending through myriads of animated beings. We direct our view to the planetary system, and there we behold the arrangements of His wisdom, and the stupendous effects of His power. We extend our contemplation to the thousands and thousands of orbs, floating far beyond these in the immensity of space, at distances immeasurable, and scarcely discernible by human eye. The telescope enlarges the field, and presents us with thousands and tens of thousands more, teaching us to infer, that it is only because our powers of vision are limited, that we are unable to penetrate further into the boundless regions of the universe. The wisdom and power by which these myriads of worlds exist, are, in relation to us, infinite and incomprehensible. Hence it is, that conceiving no limit to their extent, the notion of absolute infinity, both in the effect and the cause, forces itself irresistibly on our conviction. We arrive at the same conclusion by a short and simple process of reasoning.

'*To be infinite* is to have no limits. Of infinity no finite understanding can form a direct and adequate conception. The term, when applied to an intelligent and powerful Being, may be understood, as implying that he possesses every possible excellence in the highest possible degree. This character must belong to Deity, for in His nature all possibilities of excellence must be realities. If He possess not any possible perfection, there is no other being who can possess it, or from whom He can derive it: the possibility therefore becomes an impossibility, which is a contradiction.

'Or thus;—If there were any thing, by which the nature and energies of the Divine Being could be restricted or limited, it must be either something in Himself, or something external. The latter alternative is impossible. It is excluded by his self-existence and independence. It cannot be in Himself, for this would imply either a positive defect, or a contrariety of attributes: but such a notion as the former would involve the contradiction, that perfection is possible, and yet impossible; and a mutual repugnancy of attributes, in any degree whatever, would be an argument of weakness, if not of absolute impotency.

'The infinitude of the Divine Being, indeed, seems to follow as a necessary consequence of his eternity and self-existence. To suppose a Being infinite in duration, or in any attribute whatever, and yet finite in others, is a hypothesis which the mind intuitively rejects. It is with reason, then, that we believe the Divine nature to be infinite. Apprehending nothing by which it can be limited but contradictions, we are led to attribute infinity to Deity, as we ascribe this quality to space.'—vol. ii. pp. 159—162.

The Omnipresence of God is no less difficult to comprehend than any of his other attributes. "Imagine," says the profound thinker Pascal, "imagine a mathematical point moving every where with infinite swiftness, which is at the same time in every place at the same moment of time, and every where still entire and without parts, imagine this, and you will have some notion of my conception of God's Omnipresence." But with all the genius of this great man, and the striking character of this illustration, there is little in the comparison to assist our reason. Sir Isaac Newton, who was no less profound than Pascal, was so embarrassed with conceiving the Omnipresence, that he lays it down as a lemma, that God is extended everywhere in substance and in existence. This opinion, although it seems to agree with several passages in scripture, may be run up to consequences not a little puzzling and inexplicable. The passages in scripture, to which Sir Isaac and Dr. Watts refer, are the following. Solomon says of God, "That the heaven of heavens cannot contain him"—they infer, that he must therefore be extended beyond the heaven of heavens. Again, God is said to be "without bounds or limits:" these authors make the same inference, that his substance must be extended every where. Agreeably to this, Jeremiah says, "that God is not only at hand but also afar off, and that he" fills heaven and earth with his presence. The same sentiment is repeated by St. Paul, who tells the Athenians, that he is not far from any one of us, and that "*in Him* we live and move and

have our being:" which seems, as these authors think, to include the idea of extension. The inspired author of the 139th psalm exclaims, "Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or flee from thy presence! If I ascend to heaven thou art there; if I go down to hell, thou art there also." From which it is inferred, that God must be so far extended in substance; for if he exist everywhere, he must be extended everywhere: at least we cannot conceive of an everywhere existence without an everywhere extension.

It may, perhaps, be objected, that as God is one, he cannot be extended, for what is extended, is divisible. But in the same way, and with the same show of reason, it may be objected that the universe is not extended because it is one. The capability of division, besides, does not imply division. Does a mass of lead of 100lbs. weight cease to be a unit, because it can be divided into a multitude of pistol bullets?

There is another argument for the Omnipresence of God, in substance, which some have thought of great weight. It is founded on this, that God constantly acts through every part of the Universe; and as nothing can act but where it is, God must always be every where in substance, otherwise he must be capable of acting where he is not.

The consequences, however, which are deducible from this notion of the extension of the Deity, by gross and unreasoning minds, are of a kind that cause our feelings to revolt. For if God be extended, they will say, then are all bodies situated in his substance, and contain of that substance a part proportioned to their magnitude. A man, therefore, of a huge stature of body, will (if this opinion be true) possess more of the presence of God than a dwarf: of course the giant Goliah must have been a better man than the stripling David. The temple of Solomon also must have been more holy, more just, and more good, than the most devout worshipper who ever approached to its courts, insomuch as it must have contained more of the essential presence of God. Farther, if God be extended everywhere, every substance in which he is present must be intelligent and wise, which is, so far as we can judge, or ascertain, directly contrary to the fact. Again, as Dr. Watts infers, if God be extended, he will also, in one sense, be capable of being measured. For if God exists at the top of this page of paper and also at the bottom of it, it will be easy to make out how many inches of his substance lies between the two. It will also follow, that one part of his substance is longer and broader than another, an idea which we would certainly hesitate to admit. It will also follow that every particle of our bodies, and of all the bodies around us—nay even the bodies of the fallen angels, if bodies they have, or their spirits if they have not bodies, must be all wise, all just, and all good: that is, every thing which is bad must be good.

The farther we push the hypothesis, indeed, it appears to us to be

the more absurd; but what is worse, its contrary cannot be conceived without involving absurdities equally glaring. Must God then be omnipresent, and not omnipresent at the same time. Must he act and not act, perceive and not perceive: this is perhaps still more absurd than the notion of the extension.

It has been conjectured by the well-known author of some admirable sermons,—that God is only Omnipresent in so far as he is All-seeing;—that he may be supposed to have a local habitation in the centre of the universe;—that rays pass off from objects to his eyes, in a manner similar to what takes place with ourselves; and that everything throughout the universe appears transparent to him. This, however, appears to us to be an assumption, which, however plausible it may be, cannot be proved, and it evidently tends to overturn the Omnipresence of God altogether.

We think we may fairly conclude then, that our minds cannot reason at all upon this subject, without every step landing us in absurdity and palpable contradiction, and we think the whole discussion teaches most strongly the lesson of caution and of humility in all such inquiries and researches. The following reflections of our author on this subject, accord precisely with our conclusion.

'The humble enquirer into the works and ways of God, conscious of his own littleness, and feeling himself as incapable of comprehending the counsels of Omniscience, as of grasping the planetary system in his hand, will rest satisfied with the conviction, that he is at all times under the protection of power, of wisdom, and of goodness, far more than adequate to his security and happiness. Infinity of perfection exceeds his comprehension. It is enough for him to know, that the attributes of Deity far transcend his conception, and are all interested in his protection. It is sufficient for him to be assured, that he has not been thrown into a world, where he is neglected or forgotten; but that he is at all times under the charge of sovereign power, unerring wisdom, and unchangeable goodness. Reposing unlimited confidence in the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, he regards every evil that befals him, as benevolently ordained for his ultimate happiness. He feels little or no interest in the solution of the question, whether the world be governed by laws established by Deity at its creation, and embracing every event: or whether the universe be continually under His superintendence, and every event the immediate ordination of His will. It is enough for him to be persuaded, that the knowledge of the Deity extends to the most minute occurrence; that he is himself constantly under the eye of his Maker* and Preserver; that he is every moment under

* How sublime is the Psalmist David's description of the Omnipresence and Omniscience of Deity. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me. Yea

His protection; and that no event can take place in the Universe of God, without the permission of Him, who called it into being. The Omniscience of Deity he feels to be the exercise of a universal Providence. "Wherever I am," he says, "whithersoever I go, the eye of the great Ruler of Nature is with me. I behold evils around me; some I myself am doomed to bear. Why these evils should exist under the government of a good, wise, and Omnipotent Being, I see in part; but do not fully comprehend. But unless I shut my eyes to the phenomena around me, I must believe in the wisdom, the power, and the benevolence of Deity. To dogmatise on subjects beyond my reach, as if I could scan the counsels of Eternal Wisdom, is arrogance and presumption, ill becoming a creature, 'who sees darkly as through a glass.' The terrestrial ball, on which I live, is physically connected with other spheres; may it not have also a moral connection? Until I know more of the whole system, than I yet know, I must learn to speculate on the ways of God, with humility and reverence. I cannot assent to contradictions; but when I see wisdom displayed far surpassing my comprehension, I must not dare to pronounce that wrong, which does not accord with my weak and narrow apprehensions. I comprehend not my own nature; it presents insuperable difficulties; how can I fathom the counsels of my Creator? Were the Deity a being comprehensible to my understanding, could I perceive Him by sense, or even conceive the mode of His existence, it would be an evidence of His finitude, and he would be no Deity in my estimation. To require this evidence is to demand a contradiction. I see enough, and know enough to be assured, that an Almighty, Wise, and Good Being presides over the system, to which I belong; and in His Universal Providence I humbly and gratefully rejoice; satisfied, that, wherever I am, there He is also, and that without Him not even a hair of my head shall perish."'—vol. ii. pp. 308—312.

Dr. Crombie is less rich in illustrations of the Providential care and benevolence of the Deity, than most preceding writers on Natural Theology, much less than we could have wished. He is so fond, indeed, of abstruse argument, and metaphysical disquisition, that even when opportunities offer, he passes by the illustrations which he might have introduced with great advantage to the interest of his book, and to the information of the reader, to wage war upon some sceptical argument, or to grapple with some difficulty suggested by abstract logic. It has been this mode of proceeding, there can be no doubt, which has in recent times brought metaphysical inquiries into so much disrepute; for now that even the learned have become more practical men than in times of yore, when knowledge was esteemed in proportion to the mysterious aspect which it assumed, abstruse speculation, founded upon metaphysical assumptions, will not be listened to, and it does not deserve it. Dr. Crombie, however, shows, that if he had

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the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." Psalms, 139.—In sublimity and simplicity, Pagan antiquity has produced nothing, which will bear comparison with this admirable and affecting description of the Divine ubiquity.'

chosen he could have written a much more interesting work than he has rendered the volumes before us. For example:—

'The benevolence of the Deity, as displayed in the constitution of nature, furnishes alone a sufficient ground for believing, that there exists a wise and superintending Providence. It would be entirely irreconcileable with the goodness of the great Parent of all animated being, to suppose, that He would call a world of creatures into existence, susceptible of enjoyment, but subject also to suffering, and immediately abandon them to their own uncertain guidance, or to the contingencies of chance. The presumption is, that He would either make a provision for their happiness in the constitution of their nature, and of that world, in which He had placed them, or that His continual superintending care would watch over their concerns. If a human parent would be reprobated, who, though capable of providing for the wants of his child, should throw the infant, at its birth, on the mercy of the world, instead of sheltering it in his bosom, and nursing it with tenderness, can we consistently with the Divine goodness everywhere conspicuous around us, impute to the Deity that indifference to his offspring, which we should condemn with indignation in a human being? Could we reconcile it with our notions of benevolence, were we to believe that He is regardless of the meanest creature, as unworthy of His regard, though created by His hand, and dependent on Him for its protection? Does not the mother, with instinctive fondness, nurse her little infant, while it requires her care? Does she not sacrifice her own repose, and her own pleasure, to secure its comfort, and to minister to its necessities? See her with maternal tenderness, watching its little wants, and returning its innocent smiles with complacent sympathy. Who implanted this instinctive affection? Who inspired this love for the fruit of her womb? Whence do we derive *our* benevolence? Who can communicate that which he does not possess? "He who made the ear, shall He not hear? Or He who formed the eye, shall He not see?" Or are we to believe, that He who inspired into every parent an affection for his child, is himself devoid of the sentiment, which He has imparted, not to man only, but to every sentient and percipient being? "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb; yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

Let it not be urged, that parental affection may be an acquired feeling, the result of education, or the effect of example. This argument might have weight, if it were founded in fact; but we have evidence to prove, as has been already shewn, that this affection obtains in cases, in which education and example have no place. Examine the brute creation; the love of offspring is conspicuous in all.* They provide for their progeny, until

* I have already adduced one or two instances of the instinctive affection of animals to their young; the reader, perhaps, will pardon me, if I here mention another striking example, taken from "Hogg's Shepherd's Calendar." "We had," says the writer, "one very hard winter, so that the sheep grew lean in the spring; and the *thwarter iil*, a sort of paralytic affection, came among them, and carried off a number. Often have I seen the poor victims, when fallen down to rise no more, and when unable to lift their heads from the ground, holding up the leg, to invite the starving lamb to the miserable pittance, that the udder could still supply." How

they can provide for themselves. Nay, do we not perceive animals, in other circumstances the most timid, exhibiting an intrepidity, and disregard of their own safety, truly astonishing, in defending their young against the attack of an enemy? When this instinct ceases to be necessary, it ceases to exist. How powerfully does this affection in the brute creation, evince the wisdom and goodness of a superintending Providence? The great Parent of the universe, from whose inspiration proceeds the instinctive affection of every secondary parent, cannot be regardless of the creatures of His hand. We have in His benevolence, then, a sufficient security, that our concerns are not overlooked by the Being who made us. To suppose that Goodness Unchangeable could prompt to create, and yet neglect to preserve, would be to suppose a contradiction. And the very existence of that instinct which impels every animal to foster its young, until they are capable of providing for themselves, inasmuch as this instinct is ascribable to His ordination, furnishes a conclusive evidence, that He makes provision for their preservation, and attends to their necessities. It is the essence of benevolence to delight in doing good, and diffusing happiness, as far as its capacities extend. We must either, therefore, deny the goodness of Deity, in opposition to invincible evidence, or we must admit the existence of a superintending Providence.'—vol. ii. pp. 258—262.

It is necessary, however, that we should advert a little to the author's leading topics, though they do look abstract and repulsive. What are called the proofs for the existence of the DEITY, are said to be of two kinds,—*a priori* and *a posteriori*. In reasoning according to the first mode, or *a priori*, we begin with a cause real or assumed, and infer from it the kind of effect: thus, when we assume that the soul is without parts, and infer from this assumption that it cannot be destroyed, we are said to reason *a priori*. In reasoning according to the other mode, or *a posteriori*, we begin with the effect, and reason from this to the producing cause. We are of opinion that the latter of these modes is the only legitimate one,—the only one practicable by man, considering the very limited faculties with which he is endowed. Yet men of undoubted genius and great abilities have thought otherwise, and triumphing in the strength of their genius, as if it were all powerful, have attempted arguments after the first mode, to prove the existence of God, and confute the reasonings of Atheists.

Dr. Clarke is the most celebrated of the *a priori* reasoners on Natural Theology. He proceeds in the following manner:—As there is at present something existing,—we must either say that it has existed from all eternity, or has been caused by something which did so exist. That something which thus existed from all eternity must have been independent; as we could not well suppose a succession of independent and uncaused beings. The being

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interesting to our kindest feelings is this little anecdote? How affecting the solicitude of the mother, for the nourishment of her lamb, even in the article of death! How absurd to suppose, that the Author of this instinctive tenderness should be regardless of his creatures.'

who existed from all eternity must, therefore, be self-existent. He goes on in the same way to prove the infinity and the Omnipresence of the Deity, by a series of arguments, by far too metaphysical for common understandings to comprehend. The truth is, that when men of no less talent than the Doctor find them incomprehensible, we cannot see that they can serve any good purpose. Dr. Clarke calls his book a demonstration of the existence of God;—but we venture to say that it never made any body believe in the existence of God, who doubted of it before reading this profound volume. What, then, we would ask, is the use of such a book, when even philosophers of the highest name in the same line of inquiry, confess that they cannot fathom its profundity? The question is acknowledged by all to be, in many parts of it, beyond our comprehension; but that surely is no reason why Dr. Clarke, or any other man, should write a book on it, which is equally incomprehensible. If he could not understand it, would it not have been better, would it not have been more philosophical and more manly, to confess his ignorance at once, than to argue and reason in words without knowledge, pretending to be wise above what is written, but in truth only shewing that his deep wisdom is exactly the same with other people's ignorance; as more than one-half of what goes by the name of profound philosophy is. We have heard that some other author, whose name we forget, wrote what he called a mathematical demonstration of the existence of God, which must, we conceive, be quite a unique specimen of reasoning. A modification has been given of Dr. Clark's reasoning, which is certainly much simpler; but it depends for its truth altogether on the trick and the technicality of Aristotle's logic, on the distinction of propositions into affirmative and negative, and into general and particular, which, so far as we know, never assisted any body to get through with a difficult argument, or to strike out any original views in art or science, though they might assist grammarians and commentators to define and refine, till they forget what they were defining. All such speculations, and books, containing such speculations, may obtain for their authors the fame of ingenuity and profundity; but the question is, what are they good for? to what use can they be applied? They may serve, indeed, to puzzle young readers, and old readers too, and to frighten them from inquiring at all when they find they can make so little of these books. They may also serve to exercise the ingenuity of the idle, in making out what the authors meant; but this appears to be the whole amount of their ability.

What would one think of a machine constructed with a complicated set of wheels, and other mechanical contrivances, but which was good for nothing except shewing the ingenuity of the maker? This, we conceive, is a fit example of such books as Clark's Demonstration, which ought to be kept carefully out of the way of young people, otherwise it may give them a lasting distaste

for every book which has theology on the title-page. We think his labour is exactly of a piece with what an *a priori* argument would be, to prove the present state of the world. Take the world, as created, a mere globe of earth and rocks, without plants or animals, and deduce from the nature of these rocks and earth, that plants and animals must be produced from them, and you have an excellent *a priori* argument. It is this very argument, indeed, which the Epicureans and Dr. Darwin used, to prove that animals were first produced in the sea by mysterious chemistry. And we imagine whenever men begin to argue *a priori*, taking the cause as their starting point, and without trying this cause, without any evidence from experience, inferring that such a cause must, in the nature of things, produce such an effect, we imagine they must in every case lay their account with a complete failure. It would require us to have all the wisdom and fore-knowledge of God, to succeed in such an attempt. Every argument *a priori*, then, it appears to us, must be established, in the first instance, *a posteriori*, otherwise we can have no dependence on its accuracy. Dr. Clark himself, with all his boasted precision, has fallen into this deception in more instances than one: for example, in proving the moral attributes of the Deity.

Dr. Crombie so far agrees with us in thinking Dr. Clark's reasoning inconclusive, though not precisely on the same grounds as we have stated. The following extract shows that our author has a shrewd insight into abstruse questions.

'As from a present cause may arise an infinitude of effects *ad post*, so there may have been an infinity of causes *ab ante*, preceding the present effect. Each term must be an effect, but each term had for its cause an antecedent term.

'"According,' says Dr. Clarke, "to the supposition of an infinite succession of dependent beings, there is nothing in the universe necessary, or self-existing. And if so, it was originally equally possible, that from eternity there should nothing have existed. Then what determined the existence, rather than the non-existence of the universe? Nothing; which is absurd."

'In examining this argument, two questions naturally present themselves. 1st. With what propriety does Dr. Clarke suppose any origin or beginning, when by the hypothesis of the adversary there was no beginning? The latter will not permit him to presume an origin; and he will ask, what he means, when he speaks of a thing, as "*originally* possible from eternity." Does not this notion involve a palpable contradiction? How is an origin reconcileable with eternity—that, which can have neither beginning, nor end? If, in order to escape from this absurdity, it should be said, that the term origin is intended to refer to a period prior to the world's existence; the adversary will reply, that to assume, that there was a time, when the world, either in its chaotic, or digested form, did not exist, is to beg the question. The Atheist denies, that there ever was such a time, and maintains that, matter being self-existent, nothing was necessary to determine its existence.

'The argument is instituted to prove, that a series of causes and effects infinite *ab ante* is impossible, and sets out with assuming, that the series had a beginning, or that there was a time, when it did not exist. This is surely a palpable instance of circular argument.

'Such is the mode of reasoning, which some metaphysicians have adopted; and such are the answers, which their opponents might return. After long, and, I trust, impartial examination of this superlatively important question, it appears to me, that an infinite succession of causes and effects, how improbable soever may be the hypothesis, cannot be metaphysically proved to be impossible. I am not acquainted with, nor can I conceive, any abstract principle, on which any reasoning can be instituted, to demonstrate the impossibility of such a series, without assuming directly, or by implication, the proposition to be proved. Though it may be true, that Dr. Clarke's argument might be stated in a form less liable to objection; yet, while the adversary admits every term to be an effect, but contends for a pre-existing term for its cause, asserting the eternity of matter, we in vain assail him by metaphysical argumentation. We may urge, that every term of the series must be produced, before it produces, that the character of the series therefore is, that of dependence, and this is the ground of the author's argument; but the intelligent reader must perceive, that the force of this reasoning may be easily evaded. For the Atheist grants, that every term is an effect, but reminds us, that it cannot be an effect, without having a cause. If we dismiss the term *effect*, as furnishing him with the means of eluding the argument, and maintain the dependence of every term, he assents to this also, and acknowledges the dependence of each term on the term preceding. If we say, that the series has no cause, he admits it, and denies, that it can have a cause, matter being self-existent, and eternity having no beginning. Thus, while we cannot speak of any one term, as being dependent, without acknowledging the antecedence of the correlative term, on which, as a cause, it does depend, and cannot infer the dependence of the whole as effects, without involving the absurdity, that infinty is limited, the Atheist evades our reasoning.'*—vol. ii. pp. 302—306.

After all, however, it must be confessed that there is a very great difference between agreeing to an argument when started, and actually starting the argument. We are extremely apt to think a truth easy of discovery, because it is plain when it is discovered. But all truth, and all sound philosophy, is plain, and it is only falsehood and spurious philosophy, which deals in mystical language, and in what is called *profoundness*, which for the most part means nothing but ignorance; at the best, it can only mean uselessness, for what is the use of a profound book, or a profound argument, which cannot be understood. Taking then, what we do understand, and comprehend, upon the subject before us, let us examine the nature of our notions respecting the Deity, and the attributes ascribed to him.

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* 'The argument for an eternal series of causes and effects, says Spinoza, is false; not because such a series is impossible, but because it is supposed, that things, which do not exist necessarily by their own nature, are not determined to exist by a thing necessarily existing. *Op. Posth.*'

The idea which we have of the Great Being, who rules heaven and earth, is, so far as we are able to judge, exceedingly imperfect, inadequate, and obscure. The idea which we have of our own souls is as much so, and it is not wonderful, that when we can so ill describe our own being, when we find it so wrapt in obscurity, that we should be still less able to penetrate the veil which shrouds the God of heaven and earth from the eye of man, and even from the vision of angels. In speaking of the human soul, we are obliged to use metaphors and figures, drawn from material objects.

We talk of re-collecting, which is again gathering together. We talk of judging, which is evidently taken from the procedure in a court of justice: we talk of feeling, which, as every scholar knows, is a word derived from the Saxon term, for the skin. The word soul, itself, in all languages where it can be traced to its origin, signifies either breath, or wind, or air. This is the meaning of the Greek word for spirit; this is the meaning of the Latin word for mind—it is the meaning of every word applied to mind or spirit in the first instance, though, by change in language, and continual use, we may lose sight of the metaphorical meaning. The inference is, that at the formation of such terms, men were forced to use words which were only applicable to material things, to express their notions of mind and spirit; and, consequently, that such terms being confessedly figurative, conveyed no direct notion or idea of spirit, and its operations, which must, therefore, be distinct from what is material. This, we conceive, is the best preparation we can give the reader for entering upon the examination of the idea of God; for in this respect the two cases are entirely similar. We mean, that all the terms which we apply to God are, in the first instance, applicable to ourselves, applicable to the pursuits and feelings of men, and have been, by necessity, applied to God, in a figurative sense, in the same way as material language has been applied figuratively to the soul and its operations. We hope none of our readers will misapprehend these explanations: we shall be sorry if they have not a tendency to raise their notions of God. If they are taken in a proper spirit, they will, we are convinced, have this effect. Let our readers take up any of the attributes of God, take up any term applied to God, and they will, if they examine it, find that the notion of it has originated in some of the qualities which are observable in man. We go farther, and assert, and will prove, that we cannot, according to the present constitution of our minds, have any notion whatever of God, or the attributes of God, which do not some way or other coincide with something observable in ourselves or our fellow-men. Every idea, or part of an idea; every notion, or part of a notion, which partakes not of something human, something earthly, is utterly incomprehensible by us; it cannot be understood, and if so, there can be no use in high sounding terms to express what we must be wholly ignorant of, and cannot by any means be otherwise, for

our minds can only understand what is adapted to their nature, and nothing more. If we had any faith in *a priori* reasoning, we think we could here raise an argument as plausible and more intelligible than the arguments in Dr. Clarke's "Demonstration," to show that the human mind could not understand any thing beyond the reach of its nature to understand; and that it must, consequently, put up with all the imperfections of figurative and second-hand language, when we speak of God. This argument, we think, might be got up with all the pomp of arrayed propositions, negative and affirmative, general and particular, and in all the starched pedantry of category and syllogism, and other profound inutilities and puerilities of the logic of Aristotle. But this learned nonsense we willingly consign to others, who have more leisure for dreaming, and more liking for it than we have. Utility and not dreaming being what we aim at.

We shall not, therefore, trust to any argument of this kind. We shall refer only to the fact—a fact which all can examine for themselves—that every term and word which is applied to God, is taken from something belonging to man; and that every idea we have of God, is derived from the same source. Let our readers think for a moment, and tell us what idea they have in their minds, when they say that God sitteth upon the throne of Heaven—when they say that God ruleth the affairs of men—when they say that God is just, and wise, and merciful, and beneficent? All these must be allowed to express ideas directly and manifestly borrowed from human actions and human qualities; and, if they were not so borrowed, we cannot see how they could be understood by us at all. The truth is, that of the other attributes of God, which do not originate here, we have no idea at all, as must be perceived at once if any one think for a moment, what is understood by the words infinite and eternal, and by spirituality. It has been, with infidels, a standing objection tor evelation, that, in the Bible, God is always represented as having human passions and feelings—such as anger, and revenge, and love, and joy, and grief, and repentance.

In the preceding observations, we have given an answer to all those objections, which infidels have always considered their strong holds, whence they could not be driven. If our objectors believe in God at all, we can instantly shut their mouths, by asking them to state one attribute of God which is not directly taken from human nature, by a metaphor or some other figure. They cannot show one, therefore the objections they thus make to the Bible account of God, will bear equally against any account they themselves can give of God. The imperfect answers, however, which have often been given to this objection in books falsely called the "Evidences of Christianity," have only gone to strengthen it, as more than one half of the answers published in reply to infidels have done. The usual answer is, that the Scripture writers made use of figurative language in speaking of God, because their style was commonly figurative in all cases. Another answer is, that in some

cases they were taught to speak humanly of God, to make themselves better understood; but that, where God is represented to rejoice or to grieve, to be angry or to repent, we are not to take it so, for, in reality, these things cannot be said of God; but if so, we ask how we are to speak properly of God? This very answer is an insinuation against the language of the Bible—worse than the attack of the Infidel; and yet it has been thought excellent by thousands, who were previously determined to think every argument a good one, which pretended to answer Infidels' objections and attack Deism. Would it not have been better for such answerers not to have minced the matter, and shrunk back from the enquiry; but have boldly faced the charge, and confessed that the accusation brought by the Infidel was just; but that, so far from being an injurious charge against the Bible, it went to support the authority of revelation: for even the Infidel, with all his boasted high notions of the purity of God, which he makes no scruple to borrow, without acknowledgment, from the Bible,—even he may be safely defied to give any intelligible account of God, which is not taken from human nature.

This view, which we have as plainly stated as possible, is most sublimely represented in every part of the Bible, from the history of the Creation, onward, to the close of the heavenly visions of the Apocalypse. For example: and "they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day." Again, "And it shall come to pass, that I will cover thee with my hand while I pass by." Again, "And they saw the God of Israel, and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of sapphire stone." Again, "By the breath of God frost is given—hear attentively the sound that goeth out of his mouth. The arrow cannot make him flee—he laugheth at the shaking of a spear."—"He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh—the Lord shall have them in derision—he shall speak to them in his wrath—he shall make bare his arm against the workers of iniquity." Again, "And they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads." These are a very few passages which we wish to bring to recollection, and to these we could add a thousand more, if we did not consider it superfluous to prove what cannot, we suppose, be denied. That the whole Bible, from beginning to end, is given for the instruction of human beings, and is therefore made intelligible to us in the only way it could have been made so, by taking figurative language to describe and explain what it concerns us to know concerning God and a future world, which in any other way we could never comprehend. Read any part of the Bible, and examine what idea it imparts of God, and it will invariably be found, if the reader allow himself to examine, without prejudice, that such idea will resolve itself into some previously acquired idea, derived from human nature, or human actions. If this is the fact, then, as we think cannot be doubted, we cannot see that any evil will result

from stating it, though evil has resulted, as we have showed, from not stating it; and shifting it away by unfair and untrue representations, mincing expositions, and blundering defences of Christianity. The following remarks of Dr. Crombie, on the nature of the evidence usually adduced on these subjects, are excellent.

'Metaphysical evidence being entirely confined to abstract relations, is obviously inapplicable to every question of real existence—every question involving a subject external to ourselves. Fruitless, therefore, must be every attempt to demonstrate the existence of Deity as a necessary truth, or to shew, as has been affirmed, that it is as impossible for him not to exist, as for two and two not to be four.* Nor is it, perhaps, too much to assert, that metaphysical arguments in favour of Theism, notwithstanding the high authorities from which they have proceeded, and the confidence with which they have been urged, have generally failed to produce conviction, and on strict examination will be found to be inconclusive. It is justly observed by the late Professor Hutchison, that "they are not adapted to the bulk of the capacities of mankind, and can afford no solid or permanent conviction to the learned themselves." Every attempt to prove the existence of Deity to be a necessary truth must be unsuccessful, and a doctrine so momentous should not be submitted to reasoning, too obscure to be generally intelligible, or too questionable to be satisfactory. Nothing proves so injurious to truth, as the adduction of arguments, in its support, which are either inapplicable to the question, or which the adversary may retort, or metaphysical subtlety elude.

'The learned and sagacious Dr. Clarke, though he resorted to metaphysical reasoning, to demonstrate the existence of Deity, seems to have been fully aware, that this species of argumentation is much less calculated to produce conviction, than that, which is derived from the phenomena of nature. This is sufficiently manifest from a conversation, which passed between him and Mr. Whiston, on the subject of his celebrated work on the Being and Attributes of God. "I was," says Whiston, "in my garden, against St. Peter's College, Cambridge, where I then lived. Now I perceived, that in these sermons, he had dealt a great deal in abstract and metaphysical reading. I therefore asked him, how he ventured into such subtleties, which I never durst meddle with; and shewing him a nettle, or some contemptible weed in my garden, I told him, that weed contained better arguments for the being and attributes of God, than all his metaphysics. Clarke confessed it to be so; but alleged for himself, that since such philosophers as Hobbes and Spinoza had made use of those kinds of subtleties *against*, he thought it proper to shew, that the like way of reasoning might be made better use of *on the side of* religion; which reason or excuse I allowed to be not considerable.

'Such was the motive, it would appear, which induced Dr. Clarke to resort to the employment of abstract arguments, in order to overthrow the reasoning of these subtle metaphysicians, and to establish the doctrine of Theism. While we acknowledge the necessity of meeting an adversary on his own ground, we must at the same time remark, that it is one thing to expose his fallacies, and quite another thing to attempt the establishment of the doctrine, which he impugns, by arguments equally inapposite as his own. It would have been quite sufficient, and less dan-

* 'Clarke on "The Being and Attributes of God."'

gurous, if Dr. Clarke had rested satisfied with disproving the abstract dogmas of Spinoza.

'If abstract argumentation then be, in its very nature, inapplicable to questions of fact, it must be equally impossible to prove, as to disprove, the existence of Deity by this species of evidence. It has been seen with what doubtful success Dr. Clarke has employed it against Spinoza and Hobbes; and we shall prove, that the former of these two has completely failed to establish his doctrine, by whatever name it may be called, whether Atheism or Pantheism, when he attempts to support it by Metaphysical demonstration. But, though the existence of an Intelligent First Cause cannot, from the very nature of the subject, be evinced with the same certainty as a mathematical truth, or its contrary be proved to involve a metaphysical contradiction, it will be found on examination to rest on evidence so clear and conclusive, as to compel the assent of every candid enquirer, whose understanding has not been entangled in metaphysical subtleties, and whose reason is not inaccessible to the authority of that evidence, of which alone the question is susceptible.'—vol. i. pp. 349—354.

The doctrine of the soul's immortal existence after death, has, in all ages, excited great interest. The utility of the doctrine of future rewards and punishments after death, in regard to legislation, has been differently thought of. Lord Shaftsbury says, that an expectation so miraculous must take off all inferior dependencies, and that all other affections, in comparison of this, will be slightly regarded. The Epicureans were persuaded that the doctrine was hurtful, in so far as it interfered with present pleasure, by inducing an expectation of future pleasure or pain; and Hobbes most daringly asserts that both God and the soul are mere bug-bears, set up to terrify the people, and as destitute of reality as the old hat, doublet, and crooked stick, set up among corn to frighten birds. Bishop Warburton, on the other hand, was so much convinced of the efficacy of the doctrine, as a legislative sanction, that he thought the want of its distinct announcement in the laws of Moses, was an unanswerable proof of their divine origin: and, to establish this opinion, he wrote his "Divine legation of Moses Demonstrated," a work containing more ingenuity, more learning, and more of the hardihood of paradox, and bold assertion, than any other book in the English language. It has served one good purpose; it has brought into a narrow compass the chief opinions held on the subject by the ancients. The sceptical Bayle was of opinion, that the whole doctrine of the soul's immortality was an invention of the magistrates to overawe the people. The absurdity of this opinion, however, is at once evident. But the subject is as mysterious as it is important; and we have the confession of both divines, philosophers, ancient and modern, that it is next to impossible to arrive at any thing like a satisfactory conclusion, from the closest unassisted reasonings or the most extensive induction. It is one of those things of God, says Bishop Horne, in his discourses, which the natural man never can know or discern. It is a thing, says the profound Pascal, which I shall not attempt to prove by

natural reasons, because I think myself unable to produce any such as will convince. Although, however, this is a general sentiment, and we think a correct one, yet it is by no means universal, for the very contrary has been maintained by authors of no mean name. Sherlock, in his Discourses on Death, says, there is so strong a sense of immortality imprinted on our natures, that very few can deliver themselves from the fears of another world; and this he thinks sufficient proof, and makes no farther inquiry. Addison thought it a matter of very easy proof, and has a pretty and poetical argument, drawn from the increasing improvement of the mind, but forgetting the fact—the undeniable fact, that man, the longer he lives after a certain age, becomes the feebler both in mind and body, and lives in a second childishness and mere oblivion,

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing;"

and when an old man does happen to retain his faculties beyond the expected period of their decay, he is talked of as a prodigy—as a miracle: whereas on Addison's view, which, perhaps, his high authority has made very generally believed, we ought to see, not a solitary case, but every individual increasing in strengthening the mind the older he lives; which is notoriously not the fact,—and solitary instances will not do to reason from. It will not do to say, with Prudentius, that when the body becomes enfeebled the mind is purged of sensuality, and grows strong; for it is not so. Our author, however, exerts all his ingenuity to support the argument of Addison, and we shall give the reader an opportunity of judging of the value of his remarks, by quoting them:

'But let it be granted, that the objection urged against Addison's celebrated argument either weakens or destroys its validity, if restricted to mental improvement, or the advancement of intellectual capacity; there is a fact, to which the reasoning may be unexceptionably and forcibly extended. For be it remembered, that man possesses qualities and capacities of a higher order, than those, which are merely perceptive and intellectual, and to which the latter must be regarded as only subservient and secondary. To these the argument appears to be strictly applicable, and to carry with it considerable weight. Our mental energies, it is confessed, are very generally impaired as the body decays; but our moral susceptibilities and powers suffer no declension by age; but, on the contrary, continue in full vigor, to the close of a lengthened existence. Our devotional feelings are improved by years. It is when the fever of passion subsides, the fascinations of pleasure are past, and the vanities of life cease to interest, that the soul, as if emancipated from the dominion of sense, fixes its desires and hopes on sublimer objects, and delights to commune with the adorable Author of its being. It is then, that piety warms the heart, with a purer, if not more ardent, flame. It is then, man feels it to be his highest happiness to contemplate the works and ways of God, to review with gratitude the numerous testimonies of His parental care in a long period of years past, and to repose with humble confidence in His favour and protection, in what remains of years to come. While engaged in the pursuits of active life, the milder affections of our nature are checked by the jealousies, the rivalries, the contentions, and wrongs, to which the best of men are liable;

age withdraws us from the agitations of the world; the turbulent passions are less frequently excited; and our disposition to cherish the peaceable and benevolent affections of our nature is progressively strengthened. Experience, also, has taught us, wherein true enjoyment consists. It is thus we learn, that true knowledge is wisdom, that wisdom is virtue, and virtue happiness. Age may blunt our perceptions, impair our memory, subdue the imagination, and weaken the understanding; but it opposes no bar to our improvement in virtue. To the pious and benevolent affections of our nature, which are the brightest ornaments of human character, and permanent sources of the purest gratification, the decay of our corporeal frame prescribes no limit. We find the love of the husband, the affection of the parent, the sympathy of the friend, gratitude to benefactors, placability to enemies, and charity towards all men, displaying themselves in the extremity of age, as powerfully, as in earlier years.

'Now, it is not knowledge, but piety and virtue, which are the chief ends of man; and in these we seem susceptible of indefinite improvement. And it is a fact, worthy of our attention, and bearing closely on the present argument, that, while animal appetite is palled by indulgence, and ceases entirely, when its end is answered, the pious and benevolent affections are never satiated; the delights accompanying them never cloy; they seem intended to be immortal. If these affections, then, suffer no decay with the corporeal infirmities of years, and the declension of our intellectual powers, but, on the contrary, seem capable of increasing refinement; it would appear a probable conclusion, that they would not have been rendered susceptible of attaining higher perfection, if this were to be the only theatre for their exercise. "Love never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall become unnecessary, whether there be languages, they shall cease, whether there be the knowledge, it shall vanish away."

'The argument then, as applied to our capacity for advancing in piety and virtue, which are man's noblest ornaments, and highest happiness, leads us to hope, that this capacity has not been given to us in vain.'—vol. ii. pp. 483—486.

Though we are clearly of opinion that the Scripture promise is the strongest evidence for the immortality of the soul; yet we must confess that Dr. Crombie has put the conjectural evidence in a clearer point of view than we have ever before met with, and if we could have spared room, we should have willingly gone into the question at some length. We must rest contented with the following extract.

'I perceive in the constitution of nature, the most impressive displays of wisdom and goodness, in the adaptation of causes to effects. I find every thing suited to its purpose: and though my ignorance might, in a few instances, tempt me to conclude differently, I have the strongest reason for believing, that nothing is useless. Mutual aptitudes pervade the whole. In the animal creation, particularly, we observe the same congruities of relation. Every organ is accommodated to its function; every appetite is adapted to its purpose, and provided with its gratification. No desire is created in vain; nothing is superfluous, nothing defective. Can I believe, then, that man, the highest of animated beings on this globe, is to be an exception to this general ordination of his Maker? That he is the only creature on earth, in whom these perfect adjustments do not exist, and in

whose condition they were never intended to exist? That the good and wise Author of his being, has given him a notion of an eternity, in which he is to have no share, an idea of a futurity, which is never to be his, a desire of immortality only to be disappointed, a hope of an hereafter, never to be realized? While I perceive every other animal adapted to its sphere, its desires confined to its present existence, having no notion of any condition higher than its own, satisfied with its lot, its appetites, and its gratifications being mutually adjusted, and at the same time observe the inadequacy of man's enjoyments to his capacities and desires, I find it impossible to account for this extraordinary exception to the general economy, without either impeaching the consistency of the Divine Being, or concluding that the exception is only temporary, and that another destiny awaits us.

'In the constitution also of that mind, which the Deity has given me, and in the ordinary course of His moral government, I find a rule prescribed for the general regulation of my conduct. Can I then believe, that for my conformity to a law, which He wills me to obey, a conformity, which may be opposed to my immediate interest, He will subject me to suffering, without recompence, and without hope? And, if the price of obedience is the deprivation of life, where is the reward? Is he who reveres his Maker, and loves his neighbour, to share the same fate with him, who neither fears God, nor regards man? Is justice an empty name? Or if I regard this attribute as a modification of His benevolence, can I believe, that wisdom can display folly, goodness wantonly inflict suffering, or omnipotence not effect, what benevolence and wisdom may direct? If I can believe this, I may assent to any absurdity. No. If man is doomed to suffer either here, or hereafter, the benevolence of the Deity, gives me reason to believe that he will not suffer in vain. "God is good; and His tender mercies are over all His works." In His adorable attributes, then, I rest my hopes, firmly persuaded, that, however incomprehensible to me may be the means, He, who at first gave me life, is able to restore it, when death shall have dissolved my connection with the present world.

'These, then, are the grounds of my expectation of another state of being, when we shall be delivered from the imperfections and evils inseparable from mortality, and fitted for a more intimate communion with our Maker; when it will be our occupation and delight to contemplate with improving faculties His stupendous works, and to adore with reverence His transcendent perfections: when we shall be re-united to those, whom we loved on earth, and join with them, and every human being, of every nation and every language, whatever sufferings here or hereafter some, for their correction, may previously undergo, in the sublime offices of devotion to our Creator and Benefactor, through the never ending revolutions of eternity. Blessed state, whence every malignant passion is excluded, and where peace, harmony, and felicity for ever dwell! Happy is the man, who can oppose to the pains and sorrows of his present condition the animating hope of a glorious immortality, when this clouded scene shall have for ever closed. But, O happy, happy, thrice happy, is the Christian, who feels the full assurance, that death is only the gate to everlasting life, and to a state of enjoyment, "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."'—vol. ii. pp. 606—610.

We firmly assent to all this; but upon the whole, though we have perused the work with considerable interest, we think Dr. Crombie is a much better philologist than a metaphysician.

ART. IV.—*Principles of Natural Philosophy; or, a New Theory of Physics, founded on Gravitation, and applied in explaining the general Properties of Matter, the Phenomena of Chemistry, Electricity, Galvanism, Magnetism, and Electro-Magnetism.* By Thomas Exley, A.M., Associate of the Bristol Philosophical and Literary Society. pp. 478. 8vo. [with Plates.] London: Longman and Co. 1829.

THIS is an exceedingly ingenious attempt to extend the Newtonian doctrine of attraction and gravitation, to explain several classes of phenomena hitherto considered to depend upon other principles. The author, therefore, though in some instances he appears fanciful and paradoxical, appeals throughout to observation and experiment, from which alone, indeed, we can collect the history of Nature, or describe her phenomena. By the principles of geometry and mechanics, which he manages with much skill, he carries on an analysis from the phenomena to the powers or causes that produce them; and, with laudable caution, satisfies himself that his foundations are well laid, and that the superstructure which he raises upon them is secure.

The first views which philosophers had of nature, were no better (sometimes worse) than those of the vulgar, being nothing more than the immediate suggestions of sense, without extended reasonings or accuracy of research. But, by comparing these together, examining the nature of the senses themselves, correcting and assisting them; and, by a just application of geometrical and mechanical principles, the scheme of nature soon appears very different to a philosopher, from that which is presented to a vulgar eye. At first sight, the surface of the earth appears of an unbounded extent, and of a most irregular form, while all the rest of the universe, the clouds, meteors, moon, sun, and stars, appear in one concave surface bent towards the earth. This was the opinion concerning the system that most commonly prevailed at first, while their imagination, uninfluenced by such prejudices, made men fancy that they saw and heard things impossible. Thus the Roman poet represents their army, when in Portugal, (the western boundary of the great continent) as hearing the sun enter, with a hissing noise, into the ocean.

"Audiit Herculeo stridentem gurgite solem."—LUCAN.

While other travellers have talked of a vast cavity in the most remote parts of the east, from whence the sun was heard to issue, every morning, with an insufferable noise. But philosophers soon discovered that the earth was not of an unbounded extent, but of a globular form; and that the meteors, planets, and stars, were not confined to one concave surface, but dispersed, in *space*, at very different distances; that their real magnitudes and motions are very different from their apparent ones, and are not to be deduced from the appearances in any one place, but from views taken from

divers points of sight, compared together by geometrical principles.

But we have the plainest and most simple proof of the globular figure of the earth, from that of its shadow projected on the moon in a lunar eclipse. For this shadow being always bounded by an arc of a circle, it follows that the earth which projects it, is of a spherical figure. If there was any remarkable angle, or very considerable irregular protuberance on the earth, it would, on some occasion or other, appear by the shadow. The mountains, indeed, are irregularities on the surface of the earth, but they bear so small a proportion to its vast bulk, that they make no appearance upon its shadow. There is, likewise, a gradual rising from the shore towards the inland parts of the great continent, as in Europe, from the shores of the ocean, the Mediterranean, and Euxine sea towards Switzerland; but this gradual rising is small, and has little effect on the figure of the earth. If it was considerable, it would carry the inland parts too high in the atmosphere, but it is sufficient for giving a course to the rivers, and preserving the beautiful circulation of water, so necessary to the good condition of this globe; and the extent of the continents has been probably contrived with a view to this great purpose. Upon the whole then, contrary to vulgar opinion, the earth is evidently globular, though not an exact sphere, and, if seen at a distance, would appear to us as the sun and moon; that is, always terminated by a circular figure, unless this distance was so great as to make it appear like Venus or Mars; when, in consequence of the contraction of the apparent diameter, the whole surface would appear to be crowded in one point, and the Alps, Pyrennees, and even the distant Cordilleras, or Himalayas, would reflect undistinguished rays. At such distances its figure could not be discerned by sense, unless it was assisted by a telescope or some equivalent instrument.

The ocean, which covers a great part of the surface of the earth, is more accurately globular than the solid parts; and it is manifest that this arises from the gravitation of its parts towards the earth, acting in right lines, perpendicular to its surface. For if its direction form an acute angle with the surface, the fluid water would necessarily move towards that side, and could not be in *æquilibrio*, till the direction of gravity became perpendicular to the surface everywhere, so as to give no inclination to the fluid to move towards either side. The perpendiculars to a spherical surface, meet all in the centre of the sphere. Therefore, since the earth is nearly a sphere, the direction of the gravity is nearly towards its centre; not as if there was really any virtue or charm in the point called the centre, by which it attracted bodies, but because this is the result of the gravitation of bodies towards all the parts of which the earth consists. The direction of gravity is not any one fixed or determined one, as the vulgar are apt to imagine; nor is there any occasion for pillars or instruments of any kind, to support the earth; that direction being always downwards, which is towards

the centre, or, (to speak more accurately) which is perpendicular to the fluid surface or level, on the concave side, and that direction being upwards which lies in a perpendicular to the surface, on the convex side. Was the earth all fluid, all the surface would be of one level, and no one part would have a pre-eminence above the rest in this respect, and bodies would be sustained by the earth, equally round all its surface, with equal firmness and security. Thus there is no difficulty in conceiving there are Antipodes; and it appears equally absurd, that bodies should fall off from any other part of the earth, as that they should rise here into the air.

This principle of gravity extends to all bodies around the earth. For the gravity of the air being established beyond all dispute, by the celebrated experiments of Galileo and Torricelli, and many of the same kind, it easily appears that all terrestrial bodies whatsoever, are heavy or gravitate towards the earth; and that the apparent levity of some of them proceeds from the greater gravity of the ambient air, which makes them rise upwards for the same reason that cork rises in water, and lead in quicksilver; or from their being carried off by some medium entangled in its parts. The gravity of terrestrial bodies must the rather be allowed to be universal, because, by the most accurate experiments, it is always found to observe the same proportion as their quantities of matter, and not to depend on the figure or bulk of bodies, or the contexture of their parts, but always to measure their quantity of matter, and to be measured by it; only abstracting from the influence of the medium in which they swim, for gravity always generates the same velocity, in bodies of all sorts, in the same time; therefore, it must act equally on equal proportions of matter, and on a greater portion with a force proportionally greater. The direction of this power is nearly towards the centre of the earth, for, at present, we abstract from the variation of its figure from that of a perfect sphere, arising from its motion on its axis. The force of this power is such, that it carries all bodies downwards about 15½ feet, Paris measure, in a second of time. This is the result of accurate experiments: every body would feel just so much, if it descended freely in the plumb line, or perpendicular to the horizon, and met with no resistance from the air or ambient medium. When a body is projected in a right line that is not perpendicular to the horizon, it moves in a curve, but so as to fall always below the point in the line of projection, which is directly over it, as much as it would have fallen by descending freely in the perpendicular in the same time, provided we suppose gravity to act in parallel lines, as was usual before Sir Isaac Newton found it necessary to consider this subject more accurately, and which may be admitted, without any visible error, in such motions as our enquiries are able to produce.

Such is Sir Isaac Newton's account of the doctrine of gravitation, which we have deemed it expedient to give, before examining the New Theory of Mr. Exley, that cannot be denied to be ex-

exceedingly ingenious, and, besides, possessing in no common degree the rare merit of perspicuity and simplicity. It is concluded, by Sir Isaac Newton and his disciples, that the attraction by which the particles or atoms of bodies adhere together, observes a different law from that which regulates the distant bodies of the universe, and decreases at a greater rate than directly as the quantity of matter, and reciprocally as the square of the distance. (*Newton's Principia*, i. 85, &c.) Our author flatters himself that he detected a mistake in this beautiful theorem, which, it may be remarked, requires the attractive forces to be directed to *every* point of the sphere; for every point of a body, even by Newton's own showing, there are not atoms situated, since he admits that the most dense bodies contain more vacuity than solid parts; hence the proposition will not apply in nature when rigidly considered; and it is surprising that the penetrating genius of our great and distinguished philosopher, did not perceive this discrepancy. If we only admit a small distance to exist between the atoms of bodies, a particle may be placed among them in such a position that it shall be attracted by its contiguous particle, with a force indefinitely greater than it is attracted by all the other particles of the body put together—that is, assuming the Newtonian hypothesis generally, that the forces vary as the square of the distance. According to the seventy-fourth proposition of the Principia, it is not requisite that the forces should be directed to every point of the body, it being sufficient for the several attracting points to be arranged symmetrically; and hence this proposition will hold good in nature. Proceeding upon these ingenious views, Mr. Exley explains them more in detail, thus:—

'It has been said, that the attraction of cohesion, at a small increase of distance, is changed into repulsion; thus when a piece of glass is broken, and we attempt to replace the fragments, there is a repulsion, and the parts cannot be again forced so near together as they were before the fracture, the parts being now removed into the sphere of each other's repulsion. But here, again, we ought to observe, that the surface and pores of glass and other bodies are replete with a fine elastic fluid, which, by attraction, adheres to those parts of the corpuscles to which it can gain access; and as soon as the glass, or other body, is broken, the particles of this elastic fluid diffuse themselves by their mutual repulsion over the surfaces exposed by the fracture, as will be more fully explained in its place; and these atoms of ethereal matter so diffused by their repulsive forces, will prevent the reunion. Various kinds of attraction have been supposed to exist, but every kind, not excepting electrical and magnetical attractions, may be explained without having recourse to any attraction but that of universal gravitation, affecting every atom of matter of every sort after the same manner, and according to the law above mentioned. Many opinions have also been entertained respecting these powers, especially repulsion; some philosophers are persuaded that the atoms of matter have several spheres of repulsion and attraction, succeeding each other alternately; others have supposed that repulsion acts between the

atoms of matter at sensible distances; and others, again, conclude that caloric is the sole cause of repulsion. Caloric has been considered as the only agent in repulsion at minute distances; it has been called "the repulsive power, which constantly acts in opposition to the power of attraction, on chemical affinity."—*Parke's Chem. Catechism*, p. 88.

'Some have considered the law of repulsion as unknown; others state that it varies inversely as the square of the distance; and others, that at the least, in some cases, it varies inversely as the distance. It is now generally admitted, that repulsion is as universal as attraction.

'Without this power, elastic bodies could not recover the figure and state which they had before compression. Its action must be perpetuated between every two atoms of matter, otherwise they would adhere inseparably in complete contact; for so minute are the smallest parts of matter known to be, that the attraction between them, if in contact, would be indefinitely great. It cannot, however, be shown that repulsion varies by any other law than that of the square of the distance inversely. It is, indeed, ascertained by careful experiment, that when dry air and other gases are gradually compressed, their densities vary as the compressing force, and from this it has been inferred, that the repulsive power of the atoms of gases varies inversely in the simple ratio of the distance of the atoms. This inference rests on the supposition that all the repelling atoms continue in the compressed gas, and without this, it cannot be true.'—p. xiv.

The fact is certain, that during the compression, a considerable quantity of gas escapes; and as this is admitted by all to be strongly repulsive, it must follow, Mr. Exley thinks, that the repulsive force of the atoms of gas increases inversely as some higher power than that of the simple distance, probably as that of the square of the distance inversely: in short, according to the same law, which regulates the force of attraction. But, although attraction is known to act, at least to the utmost boundaries of the solar system, and, it may be, to an indefinite distance beyond those boundaries, we have no instance of the repulsion of matter at sensible distances. The electrical and magnetical repulsions might, perhaps, be supposed to furnish instances of the operation of this force at considerable distances; but Mr. Exley thinks that these distant repulsions are only apparent, and may more naturally and clearly be explained by the operation of repulsion at insensible distances; and in the same way he accounts for the apparent repulsion between two balls on the surface of a liquid. The following extract is our author's explanation of the latter in detail:—

'PHENOMENON 22.—When two small balls, or other bodies, float on a liquid which adheres to them both, when placed at a small distance, they will approach each other with an apparent attraction, and with an increasing velocity.

'EXP.—Since the liquid rises on every side of both the balls, there will be more liquid elevated in the part between them, than on either side; hence the liquid, to produce the equilibrium, will flow towards that place from which the most liquid has been raised, and carry the balls with it, making them approach with an increasing velocity. This attraction is

therefore only apparent; the true cause being the action between the bodies and the liquid, in the place of nearest contact.

'PH. 23.—The same apparent attraction takes place, when the liquid does not adhere to either of the bodies.

'EXP.—Here there is a depression of the liquid on all sides, so that it is more depressed between the bodies than on other parts, and the liquid of the vessel, flowing towards the part where most has been removed, will, in this case also, force the balls along with it towards each other with an accelerated motion.

'PH. 24.—When the liquid adheres to one of the bodies, but not to the other, there is an apparent repulsion.

'EXP.—Here the liquid is raised on one ball and depressed on the other. Now, the liquid depressed on the part between them, on the one ball, rises on the interior of the other; hence there is not so much liquid displaced by the depression and elevation between them, as there is on each of the opposite sides; and hence the liquid will flow from the parts between them towards both the opposite sides, and carry the balls from each other, producing an apparent repulsion.

'SCH.—From the three preceding explanations, it follows that the apparent attraction and repulsion of floating bodies, depends on the contiguous attractions and repulsions between the liquid and solid bodies.

'PH. 28.—When the liquid is gently withdrawn, by evaporation, the particles of the solid will generally unite in regular forms, called crystals.

'EXP.—When the solid is a compound body, that is, a body consisting of particles formed by the union of different atoms, the attractions of these particles will be greater on one side than on another, and will therefore possess a kind of polarity, and hence, when at liberty, they will take a symmetrical arrangement, as is shown in the freezing of water; and when the formation of the solid is commenced, a particular manner of increase will be promoted by the extension of ethereal matter more at the angular points than at the edges, and more on the edges than on the flat surfaces; this last will be the chief cause of crystallization in the case of simple bodies; and hence, with these, it is not so common as in compound bodies.'—p. 97.

There are two theories or explanations of the phenomena of electricity, which have long divided the scientific world, one by Dr. Franklin, afterwards improved by Epinus and Cavendish, and another by M. Du Fay, afterwards improved by M. Coulomb.

According to the first theory, there is one distinct electric fluid, of such a nature that its particles mutually repel one another, even at sensible distances; that its particles attract those of all other bodies, and are mutually attracted by them, at sensible distances; that the attraction of one of two electrical bodies, and the fluid of the other, when both are in their natural state, is equal to the mutual repulsion of fluids, meaning of the fluid of one body upon that of the other; that the same attraction of the first body on the fluid of the second, is equal to the attraction of the second body on the fluid of the first; that the particles of the two bodies, imbued with electricity, repel each other, so that, when in their natural state, the sum of the attractions of each body on the fluid of the

other, is equal to the sum of the repulsions of two portions of fluid, and of the particles of the two bodies.

According to the other theory, there are two electric fluids, the vitreous and the resinous, of such a nature, that the particles of the same fluid mutually repel one another, at sensible distances; that the two different fluids attract each other at a considerable distance; that the particles of each fluid are attracted by those of all bodies; that if two bodies be in their natural state, the vitreous fluid of the one attracts the resinous of the other, as much as the resinous fluid of the first repels it; and again, in like manner, the resinous fluid of the first attracts the vitreous fluid of the second as much as the vitreous fluid of the first repels the vitreous of the second.

Mr. Exley thinks, with justice, that there is a great want of simplicity in the supposition of two fluids with such similar and, at the same time, opposite qualities; and urges against Dr. Franklin's the fatal objection, that it requires that the particles of distant bodies should act on each other by repulsion. The author considers the ethereal matter of electricity to be subject to the same law as other matter, and he discards repulsion at sensible distances.

According to the theory of Franklin, the following is a sketch of the nature of galvanism. When two discs of iron and silver are brought into contact, and at the same time held by means of some body which does not conduct electricity, upon separating them, and trying them severally by the electrometer, the iron is found to be in a plus, and the silver in a minus state. The same takes place when two discs of tin and gold, or zinc and copper, are used for the experiment. The fact, indeed, is general, when applied to metals, no two of which can be brought into contact without being brought into different states of electricity. Advantage has been taken of this circumstance to construct an apparatus of great power for promoting chemical decomposition, which according to variations in its construction has been called the voltaic pile, the galvanic trough, or the circle of cups. As the principle upon which they act is the same, if we understand correctly the theory of the action in one of these, we shall understand it in the others.

One form of the trough is to fix in a wooden or porcelain box a number of plates, each composed of two plates cemented, or rather soldered, together. These two plates must be of different metals, such as iron and lead, tin and silver, or what is most common, zinc and copper. As these plates are fixed in the trough at some little distance from one another, cells are formed, bounded by the plates on the one hand, and the sides of the trough on the other. Into these cells a fluid is poured, such as nitric acid in weak solution, or any of the neutral salts dissolved in water. The fluid is for the purpose of promoting the action or the evolution of the electricity of the plates, or, as it is usually termed, galvanism. This it is supposed to do in the following manner:

Say, that into the cell of a trough, constructed with plates of zinc and copper, a quantity of nitric acid, diluted with water, is poured; we know by experience, that the action of the acid on the zinc is more powerful than its action on the copper, the latter of which it will but slightly affect in a state of dilution. In consequence of this, the copper will remain nearly in the state in which it was previous to the pouring in of the acid. But the zinc will be acted upon in a considerable degree. The oxygen of the acid will, in the first place, combine with the particles of the zinc on the surface of contact, and set free the azote in form of gas; the oxygen of the water of solution will also, in a small proportion, combine with the zinc, and set free hydrogen, which will escape in gas. An oxide of zinc will therefore be formed on the inner surface of the plate. Now it is found, that during this change a quantity of electricity is evolved, and retained in the cell. We do not, indeed, conceive that the electricity is actually generated by this chemical action, but that it is merely accumulated and made sensible by means of the electrometer.

The truth is, that the zinc is actually in a plus state by its contact with the copper, previous to the action of the acid altogether. The acid, by evolving the electricity thus accumulated, renders it the more easily transferable to the next cell, and so on through all the cells of the trough. The acid, then, not only evolves the electricity of the zinc, which has become plus by its contact with copper, but serves as the conducting medium of transference. The same action takes place in every individual cell of the whole trough, and the accumulation of the electricity goes on so far as the capacity of the cells will contain it.

When experiments are to be made with the trough, a communication must be made between the end of the trough where the accumulation has been made, and the end where there is a deficiency arising from this very accumulation. The copper end of the trough is thus found to be in a minus state, and the zinc plus, the latter having received its superabundance from the former. When, therefore, a communication between the two ends is made by means of a metallic rod or wire, the accumulated electricity will rush along it, in order to fill up the vacuum, or rather deficiency, and to restore equilibrium. Heat will, of course, be produced, and light will be perceived, as in other electrical discharges.

When a communication is made between two plates or cells equally distant in any part of the trough, the shock will be of the same strength, as in cells of the same dimensions the difference is a simple arithmetical progression, and may be expressed by the series of natural numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., and, in short, is a constant mathematical quantity. Beyond a certain extent, however, this series cannot increase, as the cells can only retain a certain quantity of accumulated electricity, and when this quantity is in excess, it travels back and is distributed through every cell in the arrange-

ment. It follows, that if the cells were increased to a certain number, to be ascertained by experiment, an equilibrium would take place, and no effect could be produced by wires from the several ends of the trough.

Mr. Exley's account of these phenomena is exceedingly perspicuous and correct, and, though somewhat brief, it is the best exposition of the science which could be put into the hands of a student. So far as his theoretical views are concerned, it is impossible to deny that they are no less ingenious than plausible, though we are not quite prepared to coincide with all his statements, without investigating them with more minuteness than we can spare room for in this article.

There is one subject which we cannot well pass over, inasmuch as it is usually looked upon as one of the fundamental postulates in philosophy. We refer to the doctrine of atoms, upon which the author perhaps deals more in conjectural theory than he usually does, but with a cast of originality at the same time, with which we were not a little pleased. It is neither impossible nor improbable, that the solid materials of the universe may be composed of very small bodies, impenetrably hard, and of a certain shape, round, angular, or amorphous; but that such corpuscles, or atoms, really exist, has never been proved, and perhaps never will. Amidst this uncertainty about fact, we may submit the following remarks of the author to the reader's attention:—

"It may be asked, are we absolutely to exclude solid atoms? I confess I can find no use for them. It is true, Sir Isaac Newton thought that the atoms of matter consisted of minute solids; as appears from the following beautiful paragraph, taken from the closing part of his incomparable *Treatise on Optics*:—

"'All these things being considered, it seems probable to me, that God in the beginning formed matter in solid, massy, hard, impenetrable, moveable particles, of such sizes and figures, and with such other properties, and in such proportion to space as most conduced to the end for which he formed them; and that these primitive particles, being solids, are incomparably harder than any porous bodies compounded of them, even so very hard as never to wear or break in pieces: no ordinary power being able to divide what God himself made one in the first creation. While the particles continue entire, they may compose bodies of one and the same nature and texture in all ages; but should they wear away or break in pieces, the nature of things depending on them would be changed.

"'Water and earth composed of old worn particles and fragments of particles, would not be of the same nature and texture now with water and earth composed of entire particles in the beginning.

"'And, therefore that nature may be lasting, the changes of corporeal things are to be placed only in the various separations and new associations and motions of these permanent particles; compounded bodies being apt to break, not in the midst of solid particles, but where those particles are laid together, and only touch in a few points.'

"The atoms of matter constituted, as in the theory now proposed, possess

all the individuality, indivisibility, and indestructibility, which the learned and illustrious Newton ascribes to his small solids, and may answer all the ends he has mentioned; the central points, indeed, will be utterly impenetrable by each other, since the repulsion there is infinite; and, if at those centres we suppose small solids to be placed, they can answer no further end than is accomplished by this immensely great repulsive force; for, from what we know of matter, we must suppose them to be indefinitely small, if we introduce such solids, and hence they will occupy the place where the repulsion is made indefinitely great; such solids would be found only an obstacle, and an incumbrance to the free action of matter: since, however small we imagine them to be, their magnitude will be infinite if compared with a mathematical point, the centre of an atom, which is devoid altogether of magnitude. It may be added, that if any reader wish to retain these solids at the centres of the atoms, it will not materially affect the conclusions, provided he allows us to trace them as small as we please; and so much, if he intend to philosophise, he must grant, whatever course he may determine to pursue.'—p. 21.

As a sequel to these remarks, we add the author's first postulate and the ingenious note which he has appended to it.

'Postulate I.—Let it be granted that an atom of matter consists of an indefinitely small sphere of repulsion, which is the central part of an indefinitely extended concentric sphere of attraction, and that its force on the centres of other atoms everywhere within the compass of its action, varies inversely as the square of its distance from the centre being attractive at all points beyond the sphere of repulsion, and repulsive at all points within that sphere.

'Should an objection to this postulate be raised, on the ground that force cannot act unless it has something to act upon, the objector should notice that no such supposition is here made; a force is supposed to act not against nothing, but against another force. We know nothing of force as acting on matter, more than of its effects in changing the state of that matter. Hence, we only know it in the action of one power against another; now, if equal powers act in all opposite directions from a given point, there will be an equilibrium on all sides. Therefore, the notion which this postulate gives of an atom of matter, is not a force acting against nothing, but a balance of forces on every side of a central point, and this is all we can understand of it, whatever substratum we may imagine to exist, for it is nothing but mere hypothesis, the effect of imagination, and a vulgar notion, to judge that there is a minute, solid, impenetrable mass necessary to constitute an atom of matter on which forces act. I am aware that this notion has been admitted by philosophers of the first rank; but we know nothing of such little solids, we have never seen them, nor felt them, nor perceived them by any one of the senses; if they do exist at all, we have not been affected by them, but only by the forces of repulsion and attraction, directed, in one case, from them, and, in the other, towards them. If any one, however, wish to retain these solids, he has my hearty consent and sanction; this theory will suffer nothing by the concession, only he must necessarily admit, that they are incomprehensibly small, and he must grant, also, as much as the two postulates require, in respect to the existence of attraction and repulsion of every atom of matter; or, if not, he must give up all pretensions to philosophy.

There appears, in fact, to be no use whatever for these infinitely small solids, and it is on this ground that I discard this ideal substratum. The centres of atoms, as described by this postulate, are, strictly, speaking, the solid parts; for the whole force of the atom is at this point concentrated, and is, therefore, infinitely greater than at any point in the surface of an imaginary sphere, described about the same centre of the atom at any finite distance.

'In order to assist the mind in forming a correct idea of this postulate, take two small spheres, as two marbles, or two beads, and imagine, that if the centre of one of these were placed within the surface of the other, it would be repelled by that other atom; but while its centre remains without the surface of the other, it will be attracted; and that, whether it is attracted or repelled, the force is always greater in the ratio of the square of the diminished distance; and by the help of these symbols you may depict in your minds the nature of the atoms of matter. Every Newtonian consents to all that is difficult in this postulate, the only difference is, that here the forces are considered as constituting the essence of matter, while otherwise it may be conceived as only an appendage.

'No one, admitting the first postulate, will withhold his consent from the second. Let the two marbles, used above to illustrate the constitution of atoms, be of unequal magnitude, then they would represent two different kinds of atoms, even if the force of each were the same at a given distance from the centre; but this difference remaining, the force of the smaller, which is the symbol for the atom having the less sphere of repulsion, may be either greater or less than that of the other. Also, two atoms whose spheres of repulsion may be equal, may yet be very unequal in force; hence very great differences will arise, sufficient to account for the great varieties in bodies.

'These differences will authorise the thirty-second definition, which presents a chasm between the common and the more subtile sorts of matter as is indicated in all natural operations. Probably the absolute force of an atom of ethereal matter is millions of times less than that of an atom of tenacious matter, while yet the sphere of repulsion of the former may be either greater or less than that of the latter. Notwithstanding this great difference in the absolute forces of the atoms of these two classes of matter, yet an ethereal atom will adhere to a tenacious one with somewhat more than half the force by which two tenacious ones would adhere. For example, suppose the force of the ethereal atom to be a million times less than that of the tenacious one, which we will suppose is equal to that of one grain at the surface of the sphere of repulsion, then two such tenacious atoms would adhere with the force of two grains, and the ethereal would adhere to the tenacious atom with the force of one grain and the one-millionth part of a grain, that is, with a little more than half the former force. Hence a tenacious atom will, by its constituent forces, retain on its surface an immense number of ethereal atoms, as an atmospherule, if they be presented to its influence; for, because of their small force their centres will, by the action of the central atom on them, be brought exceedingly near together. Hence, if the force of the tenacious atom were annihilated, the ethereal ones, constituting the atmospherule, would separate with amazing rapidity. The rapid propagation of inconceivable quantities of ethereal matter will, in fact, occur on various occasions,

arising from the innumerable changes which bodies frequently undergo.' —p. 475.

We confess that we dislike many of the terms used in discussions on these subjects, from their seeming inappropriateness. We think, for example, that either fluid or ethereal matter, as applied to electricity or magnetism, proceed upon an assumption of qualities which could not be proved, and yet since they have been introduced, it is difficult to avoid using them, even when they are felt to be inappropriate or defective.

It might be asked, if matter has inherently and independently a tendency to matter, is this uniformly rectilinear? We do not question the fact, or Newton's first law of motion, that a body perseveres in a state of rest, or of uniform motion in a right line, unless compelled to change that state by forces impressed upon it; but, we ask, why is it so? If it is answered, that the body must move in a straight line, if there is no force by which it can be deflected, this is only to assert, what is not disputed, that, by a law of its being, its motion is rectilinear. But whence is this law? If it is the ordination of a wise and designing Cause, the phenomenon is explicable. An intelligent being takes the straight line between himself and an object that he wishes speedily to reach, and an intelligent being may have imparted to matter the property of rectilinear motion. But if the result, from fate, or necessity, or chance, we ask, how is it possible, that without the direction of intelligence, the motion of a body towards a central point should uniformly be in a straight line, as if matter knew its shortest path? Epicurus saw no absurdity in the supposition, nay, in order to reconcile existing phenomena with his atomical hypothesis, he scrupled not to maintain, that the particles of matter had a power of moving obliquely, and that this power was inherent in themselves. It was on this principle that he attempted to explain the free agency of man. If we exclude the influence of intelligence, there seems no reason why matter should not move obliquely towards a central point. We repeat, that we are perfectly aware, that a curvilinear motion from one point to another cannot be produced, but by the composition of forces, and that where such forces are absent, the motion must be rectilinear; but to state this, is merely to state the fact, without explaining why, out of a variety of directions, matter should always take the shortest. To ascribe it to chance, would be a violation of all probability; and to refer it to necessity, is to say, that it is so because it must be so; that matter without intelligence must act as if it had intelligence. That mind must be strangely constituted, that can be satisfied with an explanation so paradoxical.

Upon the whole, we think that Mr. Exley's book will well reward the perusal of those who are interested in scientific inquiries.

Art. V.—*Deutschland oder Briefe eines in Deutschland reisenden Deutschen. Erstervierter Band*, 1827-1828. Stuttgart, bei Gebrüder Franckh. London: Black und Young.

Germany; or Letters of a German travelling in Germany. Stuttgart, Franckh Brothers. London: Black und Young.

The witty author of these interesting volumes differs in toto from those accomplished tourists, who inhale a knowledge of the country from a few glances out of their carriage window, and digest intuitively traits of national character at the table d'hôte. He exhibits to us the different towns and inhabitants of Germany, not only at noon, and in full dress, but also in night-gown and slippers; nay, takes occasionally, and more freely than good manners will warrant, a peep behind the curtains, and, as a natural consequence, sometimes falls asleep himself, turns Pythagorean in his dreams, and clothes in new bodies the spirits of many a defunct jest and witticism, confounding the past and present state of things, and describes "twenty years since" *as in præsenti;* but, notwithstanding all his faults, he has offered us the fullest and most correct picture that has yet appeared of a considerable, and not uninteresting, part of the Continent. The writer has given his work to the world in the form of letters, addressed to an English Sir John, in the character of an elderly gentleman, although, if report says true, he is not very far in the twenties, as our German friends would express it; and has lately laid aside the title of Bachelor, both in law and in life, and now writes himself Doctor and bridegroom. Indeed, the faults are such as can only be excused on the score of youth and inexperience; the public have a right to expect that every one who voluntarily presents himself to their notice, should behave with the decorum required in good company; and wit and high spirits form no excuse for ribaldry and obscenity; and these we are sorry to say, disfigure the volumes before us to an extent that prevents us from recommending the perusal of the best account of Germany that has yet appeared, to those among our fair readers, who understand the original. Should a translation be undertaken, the translator will, it is to be hoped, display a better taste than his author, and omit the objectionable passages.

Notwithstanding Germany still exhibits woful instances of the old leaven, yet the gigantic events of which it was the theatre, under Napoleon's dominion, have not passed away without producing a beneficial effect. The country has not been inaptly compared to a monarch, who possesses all the virtues of private, but wants those of *public*, life. And where are we to look for public character in Germany? where many of the sovereigns live more like private persons on their estates—we beg pardon, their

states forming a tolerably sized park. But the improvements have been greater than those who contemplated Germany before the Revolution, could possibly have hoped. The number of reigning princes has been reduced from 300; nay, if we reckon all who played at sovereigns, from 14-1500, to 38. The fewer the shepherds, the better the guard; legislation, police, and roads, too, are infinitely better; and although the crying evil of the country, the constant variation of tolls, money, weights and measures, is a sad drawback to national industry, yet the eyes of the more enlightened are at length opened to a sense of the absolute necessity of reformation. Yet the good work proceeds slowly, although we should be cautious in blaming other nations for their tardiness in abolishing prejudices, when we ourselves have had to struggle for many years, with the same object in view, and from sheer necessity, yield very many obstinate prejudices, which should been long ago conceded from nobler motives.

We believe that most of the places, described by our author, have been visited by other travellers, but, considered as a whole, his book furnishes by far the best account of Germany that has appeared. It does not possess the philosophizing spirit of Mad. de Stael's celebrated volumes, nor the acute, quiet, and masterly view which Mr. Russell takes of his subject, but it brings us more closely into connexion with the people it describes. A native possesses many advantages in tour writing, he is at liberty to notice more than a foreigner can possibly do, from his ignorance of the finer shades and dialects of the language; or the tacit, but inviolable restraints imposed on him by the laws of hospitality; and we, therefore, heartily recommend the present volumes to the attention of our readers.

The Geographical situation of Germany is, in many respects, an emblem of its political condition. Among the fifty rivers which are navigable in that country, the Mouths of the Danube are Russo-Turkish; the Rhine, Netherlandish; the Elbe and the Weser, English. It is the fashion, on the Continent, to twit us with our climates, though, as far as our observation has extended, it is nearly *partout comme chez nous*. Climates have freaks in all countries, and the spring, which should appear in March, gives itself airs, and does not show forth till May.

'In the North of Germany, Nature has acted like a step-mother; the native may be contented, but a South German would hardly journey thither a second time for pleasure. The air is not pure and dark-blue, but troubled, and hardly bluish: the woods grayish-green, or black; the earth brown. Heath and hops take place of the vine. In the upper classes every thing is in a finer tone; the fancy seldom overpowers the understanding, and loaded stomachs less oppress the brain.' Such is the somewhat contradictory judgment of a traveller, whose sentiments proclaim *his* birth-place to be in more southern spheres. The difference be-

tween the inhabitants, too, is striking in the north. We find the lower orders serious and uniform, unfriendly and dissatisfied; we miss the smiling faces and communicative dispositions of the inhabitants of the mountains.

Ever since the days of Joan d'Arc, we have been stigmatised as a swearing nation; and if a characteristic of England be required, oaths and port wine never fail to unravel all the peculiarities of old England's sons, although the former is exploded, and an exquisite of the present day would faint at the idea of being at all acquainted with such horrid stuff as the latter. This is one of those gratuitous traits which have been so liberally engrafted on our island; and have been thoughtlessly repeated by travellers, who, in writing of other countries, forget to look at their own. The plain matter of fact is, that Germany and France surpass us in the number and variety of their oaths, and also in the liberal use which the inhabitants make of them. We may still notice the gradations and difference of expressions with which our Continental neighbours send their fellow-creatures to the devil, which, as our author remarks, is 'at home' in Germany. While some phlegmatically invoke a single demon, the others hurl a thousand devils at once at the unlucky wight who offends them, and thunder out their 'hundred thousand *Donner Wetter*.'

We need not our author's assertion, to be convinced that he is no Prussian; not that he is at all remiss in doing justice to those enlightened efforts at reform and amelioration which have proceeded from the Court of Berlin, and given the spur to other nations, but his jealousy peeps out in the colouring of the anecdotes he relates. It may, perhaps, not be amiss to inform our untravelled readers, who imagine that all who speak the German language, consider themselves as countrymen, that they are woefully mistaken. The Viennese, and perhaps, in some measure, the Dresdeners, look with jealousy on Berlin; whilst the inhabitants of the latter return the feeling with a suitable portion of contempt. The native of *Kaiserstadt* twits the inhabitants of the Prussian metropolis with his comparatively dull life; whilst the subject of Frederic William retorts with a thrust at the good living of the Austrian. We pretend not to decide between such doughty champions, we have found some very agreeable acquaintances among both, and will not spoil our friendship by entering the lists.

The legislation and administration of Austria deserve to be studied, and we might then, it is possible, relax from some of the common opinions entertained against it. The Emperor would have his hands full enough if he would bring into play the representative constitution. Seven systems, at least, would be required; a German, Bohemian, Hungarian, &c. Time alone can produce a reformation, and the government cannot do all at once: thus, in Hungary, 200,000 nobles are constantly appealing to *pacta conventa* and *statuta*; and although their fiery eloquence may not be founded

on real liberty, yet some delicacy of management is required in a nation where the nobility and priesthood are called *populus*, whilst the real people of millions is styled, even in the law, *misera plebs contribuens*. Yet it is to be lamented, that so much physical and moral force as Austria possesses, should be latent for want of a proper direction of its energies. Madame de Staël was not wrong when she said, "Les bases de l'edifice social sont bonnes et respectables, mais il y manque une faîte et des colonnes, pour que la gloire et le genie puissent y avoir un temple."

Instead, therefore, of entering upon such a work of supererogation as would but ill suit with the Austrian love of ease, the amalgamating principle throughout the empire is a spirit of subordination, which passes very well with the people when good nature presides on the throne. The Austrian concerns himself, as well as the Briton, in the affairs of his country, for he is a pure patriot: but his thoughts never wander on internal subjects, for he always assumes as an axiom, that the government is the best possible. The temperament of the Viennese is unpolitical; the shopkeeper calls a haggling about price a *parlament*, and as long as he has his dinner, the Prater, the fire-works and the theatre, he will allow 'five to be an equal number, and assignats gold.' And indeed it must be acknowledged, that there are few places where the mass of the people have so much enjoyment, so many real festivals, Saint Mondays, Maunday Thursdays, and Golden Sundays. Yet the climate has to answer for the destruction of so many millions of capons, turkeys, and other delicacies, biped and quadruped, for your sharp, pure mountain air is a wonderful promoter of appetite. The Austrians, like most people who enjoy the good things of this life, are jovial and compassionate to the wants of their neighbours, on the same principle, perhaps, that Old Poz is always best-humoured after dinner. 'I do not believe that an Areopagus would find it necessary to denounce puuishment against him who should kill a sparrow, that had fled to his bosom for protection, or against boys who prick the eyes of a singing-bird.'

The fair sex on the banks of the Danube are really beautiful, although not always remarkable for the cultivation of their understanding. The simplicity of the Imperial Court is in keeping with the character of the nation:—

'No German Court lives so simply as the Imperial Court, for Franz is a pupil of Joseph the Not-to-be-forgotten. Many a magnate lives in greater splendour, and you may go through the castle for weeks, without noticing that the ruler of a great monarchy dwells there; every thing is silent; no clusters of servants, much less of glittering court cavaliers, rattling officers of the guard, lords of the chamber, &c. The garrison, of ten thousand men, makes far less noise than some hundreds in many a petty residence. Once a man in a grey surtout passed me on the bastion, and was respectfully saluted by the passengers. I learned, in answer to my inquiries, that this was the Emperor Franz. I saw him afterwards

driving his daughters in a two-horse carriage, and I only knew it was the Emperor by the people taking off their hats. The Emperor returns these salutations; and the monarch should, in justice, be spared this eternal torment. Such things attract no great notice in Germany; but, if the King of free Great Britain were to go alone and on foot to the Bank, the whole nation would imagine that a general bankruptcy was at hand.'—vol. ii. p. 208.

'One of the best traits of the Austrians is their true attachment to the Imperial House, which displayed itself in the most fatal, the longest, and most unfortunate of wars; the citizens made great sacrifices, the Viennese armed themselves voluntarily; no vivat, or hurrahs, of the mob received the French, on their entry in 1805 and 1809; no artist perpetuated Napoleon's conquest by pictures and copper-plates; no Viennese bowed the knee to Baal, and begged for mercy, as happened in another great town, that looks down on Vienna, and imagines itself to be Germany's model.

'Of public spirit, in the ordinary sense of the word, the inhabitants of Austria know nothing, and the newest political or literary occurrences are to them a matter of indifference; nay, the very wish for a constitutional administration appears here quite in a comic point of view; but the Austrian public spirit, viz., love to the Imperial House, makes amends for all.'—vol. ii. p. 211.

But the prohibitory laws work sadly to the prejudice of the Austrians, or, at least, contribute unnecessarily to prolong the slumber of their moral powers. The true antidote of bad books, which, nevertheless, find entrance, is the introduction of good ones; and these are forbidden, or difficulties thrown in the way of obtaining them. Whilst Montesquieu is prohibited, the smutty romances of Crebillon are in every body's hands. Full light is better than chiaro scuro:—

'In no town is there so much dust as in Vienna. In the road of life we should raise as little dust as possible, but this, at Vienna, is impossible. The dust finds its way through closed windows, and, if a strong wind blows on the Esplanade, you must stand still, (for nothing is to be seen) dangerous as it is, in so great a multitude of carriages and horsemen. From my favourite place of resort, the coffee-house at the entrance to Mariahelp, near the flour-market, I could often see nothing of all Vienna but the top of Stephen's Tower, and then roamed in dust-clouds as invisible as the Gods of Olympus. Let no one venture abroad in black, black is only fit for London, (whence the fashion for dark colours issued) because there the coals send their blacks on your face, clothes, houses, trees, and lungs: in Vienna, the dress of honour should be white, like the military uniform, for you often get out of your carriage half a miller.'—vol. ii. p. 336.

Our author, like many of his countrymen, likes to have a thrust at us in print, and that we may not be accused of partiality, we shall insert his remarks.

'In these divine regions I stumbled on two Britons, seldom good company, who in spite of my advantage stood firm to their monosyllables and

stiffness, and yet all I wanted to know was, whether the German Königsee were not more beautiful than the king of the British lakes—Lochlomond in Ossian's fatherland?..... the driest yes, or no, would have satisfied me, but matters never came so far as this, for my pride, whether national or not, awoke, and a right English conversation ensued, as the French define it. 'Parler c'est gâter la conversation. Yet which extreme is the worse, the taciturnity of the Briton, or the loquacity of the Frenchman. Qui dispense de penser pourvu qu'on parle.'—vol. ii. p. 486.

In Lausitz, the Wenden, whose number has been estimated at 50,000, deserve the chief attention of the traveller. They have many peculiarities of language, customs, and external appearance, and apply themselves to agriculture, whereas the Germans are more addicted to trade. Their language, which is still the language of the pulpit, in some districts sounds as soft as the Italian. They are superstitious, uncultured, but their Slavonian cheerfulness seems indestructible. They love long and broad clothes, principally black, wear round hats, and have proved themselves good soldiers. The Germans call them thievish, sensual, spiteful, obstinate, and hateful; but are they not bondsmen? But it appears to me that they are as unjustly branded as the Bohemians, and that truly they are not to be blamed if they were spiteful and hateful, and even painted the devil in the form of a German, as the Negro in the form of a European. And whence should they derive their culture, for a generation ago, the schoolmaster's chair was filled by swineherds, and that only in winter, because in summer, the more important charge over the quadruped herd occupied his attention.'—vol. iii. pp. 123, 124.

'We proceed promiscuously with our extracts, as such a proceeding suits best with the miscellaneous character of the work.

'In Freyberg was buried, likewise, the great mineralogist, Werner. His monument is a simple stone, with the inscription, "Here rests A.G. Werner, born 1750, died 1817. Sisterly love created this monument, himself a more durable." And below is the distich—

"Nosse metallifera zenus et discrimina terræ
Hune natura docet, vivere fama jubet."

'As a child, he spoiled many a suit by his passion for stones; as a young man, he studied in the mining academy of Freyberg, which owes its chief improvements to him. Science was his wife, his scholars his children, and his love of business, his collections, and a yearly journey to Carlsbad, indemnified him for the want of domestic joys. He died at Dresden, and left his library of 20,000 volumes, his excellent collections of minerals and coins to his favourite academy, and was honoured with a splendid funeral from Dresden to Freyberg, at the expense of the state. Werner lived forty years at Freyberg, true to his native country.'—vol. iii. p. 142.

The academy at Freyberg is the most interesting to a stranger. Saxony derives great advantages from it, and appears to be sensible of them, as she yearly bestows sums on the mining students, to enable them to travel and compare the systems in use in other countries. The good miners borrow all their ideas from their uniform occupation. They have their own dialect, their own mine parades, mine feasts, mine marches, mine songs, and even mine

sermons. In these Christ is the chief prince of the mines, Christianity the spiritual mining town of God, founded on rocks and favoured with great privileges; the angels and cardinal virtues are designated in equally appropriate metaphors.

At some distance from Freyberg is the celebrated manufacturing town of Chemnitz, the birth-place of Heyne. Under a sound system of political economy, and a more favourable administration of taxes throughout Germany, this town might become a formidable rival to our manufactures.

We merely allude to Zwickan, where the bookseller, Schuman, have published a remarkably cheap edition of Sir Walter Scott's works, to introduce our author.

'I can no longer bear this multifarious author, since he treated Leopold and his Germans so unjustly and unhistorically in his Crusaders.'

Right, or wrong, we honour this feeling, and we are not sorry to see it displaying itself in a German. Let it teach the author to be moderate on foreigners.

Weimar is much frequented by the students from Tenar, and—

'Nothing is more comical than to see one of these sons of the Muses, galloping over the market-place, the Latin River, and still more Latin steed, whose gallop seems to consist in stumbling and getting up again, whilst the Roman lies on its mane, his spurs buried in the flanks of the unhappy, stiff, and marrowless Pegasus, who has not taken oats since the Lord knows when, and who is scarcely stimulated by the whip, to pant to his stall and straw. Most certainly a God watches over the Muses, as over children, otherwise, they would break their necks by dozens. Falk has given a picture of one of these Philistine-steeds, in his well known satirical almanack, which is enough to call forth the whole *Humanity* of the academicians; but a picture of a cavalcade scampering across the Weimar market-place would have been capital, in the droll costume in which these gentlemen think it necessary to distinguish themselves, and to make themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the reasonable world.'—vol. iii. p. 226.

The times are gone by when kings smoked thirty, or thirty-two pipes of an evening.

'The great of our times smoke no more; the snuff box is more elegant than the pipe, and hence have our diplomatists so many boxes. How much good has been founded, how much evil prevented by a pinch. In the English Lower House, in 1811, under the head of Extraordinary Expenses, £22,500 was charged for snuff-boxes; in Germany, we go more frugally to work, and call Mannheim gold to our aid. The snuff-box is in Europe the symbol of alliance and friendship; as in the East, a common cup or meal. Among the *savages* of America, is the pipe.'—vol. iii. p. 361.

Our readers will be inclined, we think, from the above extracts, to agree with us in the opinion we expressed of these volumes at the beginning of the article.

ART. VI.—*The French Librarian, or Literary Guide; pointing out the best Works of the principal Writers of France, with Criticisms, Anecdotes, and Bibliographical Notices: preceded by a Sketch of the Progress of French Literature.* By L. T. Ventouillac. 8vo. pp. 535.

THE French language so abounds in literary history and bibliography, little known in this country except to a few men of letters, that we hailed with pleasure a volume which promises to give vernacular circulation to many of the more remarkable facts in the history of French literature.

The author of this work is, we apprehend, the same person to whom English students are indebted for some neat and ably prefaced editions of the French Classics. An exact and comprehensive knowledge of French literature, may be essential to the good execution of such a work as that we are now reviewing, but we think that an acquaintance with the *deficiencies* in the literature of the foreigners amongst whom it is published, to be nearly as important. We can hardly blame a native of France for not knowing that some of the books in use among ourselves, for the purpose of classical instruction, are not only much below the actual state of the studies themselves, but disgracefully inferior to those which are perused by the educated people on the Continent of Europe. For instance, we find in the index of authors' names, that of A. L. Millin, and on referring to the pages, a correct character of this very able archaiologist, with some account of his books; but the "Galerie Mythologique," in our point of view the most important of them all, is not mentioned. We do not for a moment suppose that Mr. Ventouillac was ignorant of the existence of the work; it is much more probable that he imbibed many years ago the sound information it includes, simultaneously comparing the text and the engravings, and thereby attaining a familiarity with the subject, without suspecting that in the great intellectual country in which he was afterwards to reside, the "Pantheons" taught in its grammar schools would be totally destitute of historic discrimination and graphic fidelity.

It was, perhaps, natural for him to omit all mention of a work containing only matter which ought to be (and he therefore inferred it was) familiar to all who profess to teach or to study classical antiquities. We will now do, though very briefly, what our author has neglected. The chief merit of Millin's mythology may seem not to be literary but artistical, but we consider that, inasmuch as it is the scholar's hand which points out to the artist the objects he is to figure, there is no validity in the distinction. The "Galerie Mythologique," then, contains (to the rigid exclusion of all others) plates of the gods, goddesses, and heroes of the ancient world,

grounded upon the sculptures and other relics of antiquity: thus correct ideas are at once given of forms which the ancients assigned to their deities, and of the art which made them palpable. In no English book of the kind that we have seen (excepting a few specimens in "Spence's Polymetis,") is the same thing even attempted. The delineations vary according to the caprice of the designer of our Junos and Apollos.

In a very modest and well written preface, Mr. Ventouillac states that the work originated in the request of a friend who was collecting a library, to be furnished with a list of the best works written in French in every branch of literature. This list was found to be advantageous to his thankful friend. It then occurred to Mr. Ventouillac, that in this country, where French is much studied, many persons might, like his friend, wish to form a French library, and, like him, be at a loss for information, and desirous of assistance on the subject. With this view, he began to make a list of all the works in the French language, which he thought likely to interest and instruct the generality of English readers.

Soon perceiving that a mere enumeration of titles, without adding a character of the works, was to furnish the reader with little more than he could find in every bookseller's catalogue, he undertook to give a character of each work, and he made some progress in this task. But, on reflecting that as strong prejudices existed against French literature, among the very people to whom his work was to be addressed, and who would ascribe his praises of it, and those which he might quote from French critics, 'to national vanity, influenced by national prejudices,' he determined to seek for critical remarks among English authors; and, as their judgment was more likely to be esteemed by his readers, he resolved never to give the opinion of a French critic, when that of an English one, of equal value, could be obtained.

The materials being drawn from various writers, are in themselves heterogeneous. Mr. Ventouillac has, therefore, very judiciously prefixed a sketch of the progress of French literature, from the earliest periods to the time of Lamartine, Delavigne, and Victor Hugo. This essay deserves considerable praise; though brief, it manifests and communicates much knowledge; it shews a great attachment to the beauties of French literature, without either blindness to its inferiority in some points, or antipathy to those who have surpassed rival French writers. Froissart and Joinville are both highly praised, the first for his *poetry*, as well as his history; Marot, Ronsard, and Malherbe are noticed, the two first with less, the third with more commendation than we expected. Montaigne and Rabelais are well characterised. Corneille and Pascal seem to be placed above their contemporaries: the last name occasions mention of the Port. Royal Society.

Le Sage, or rather the author of 'Gil Blas,' (for it is now a

moot point whether he wrote that tale) is described. Voltaire comes after him, and Rousseau follows; in his character, Voltaire is re-introduced. We shall quote the remarks, they are important and true.

'Next to Voltaire, appears among the writers of this period, the name of one perhaps as celebrated, and by many as much admired and blamed, the fickle, the elegant Rousseau. While acknowledging with regret the evil tendency of some, and, indeed, most of the writings of Rousseau, it would perhaps be unjust to attach to him the same degree of reproach and guilt as to Voltaire; and for this simple reason, that Rousseau seems to have been *honest*, which appears not to have been the case with Voltaire. Both, indeed, were blind, but one was wilfully so. Voltaire shut his eyes to the truth, lest its blessed rays should intercept the dancing phantom (human praise) that occupied and dazzled his sight: poor Rousseau was physically blind, his optic nerves were too weak, too delicate, to bear the full rays of truth, and in his hours of blindness and of agony, he turned his eyes within, and described what he saw, or imagined he saw, as though it had been, what he believed it to be, *true*. If Rousseau erred, it was but error; Voltaire often did what he knew to be wrong, *and asserted what he must have known to be false;* Rousseau was the creature of impulse, Voltaire *that of vanity:* Rousseau wrote to relieve his overburthened heart, Voltaire to obtain empty praise, which to him was the dearest thing on earth; and thus, to sum up their character in one word, while a want of consistency was the fault of Rousseau, *a want of honesty was that of Voltaire.* Both were great men, but both greatly erred, though from different causes, and the names of both will go down to posterity, and shine to the eyes of future generations, rather as beacons to warn, than as luminaries to attract.'—pp. 27, 28.

The assertion respecting Voltaire, which we have put in italics, are quite warrantable; but we think that they should not have been made without adducing some of the numerous instances of mendacious representation with which his reckless writings abound. Larcher, in his "Supplement to the Philosophy of History," has shown that he (Voltaire) cannot be acquitted of wilfully falsifying his professed quotations. The author of the "Letters of certain Jews to Voltaire," has rendered a strong effort of candour necessary to him who *will* think that Voltaire had veracity. Nonnotte's "Erreurs de Voltaire" make two volumes, and they do not consist only of repetitions of his opinions, they also successfully arraign his statements; none of these books are mentioned in this volume. Buffon, St. Pierre, and Madame de Stael, are eloquently praised; but we cannot any longer dwell on this useful 'Sketch,' from the perusal of which, the French student will realize considerable profit.

We must proceed to the Bibliography. The articles on Bossuet, Fenelon, Pascal, Massillon, Gregorie, Coquerel, &c., in the first division, will be read with much interest. Saurin is not praised so much as he deserves to be. Barwel's "History of the

French Clergy" is noticed; the "Lettres Helvienner," generally ascribed to him, are overlooked. The writings of Mr. Charles Butler, supply many of the critical remarks: we do not complain of the choice.

We give our assent to the character in this extract of the remarkable book of Mr. Matter; but this first specimen of Mr. Ventouillac's Bibliography, is hardly an average one.

'*Matter* (Jacques).

'Histoire Critique du Gnosticisme et de son Influence sur les Sectes Religieuses, &c. Paris, 1828. 2 vols. 8vo.

'"One of the most curious works published in Paris, within the last month, and distinguished for its learned research, is the 'Critical History of Gnosticism, &c.,' by M. Matter. His work, which forms two volumes, 8vo, and which has been rewarded by the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, is divided into three sections. In the first, after taking a rapid survey of the writers, ancient and modern, who have treated of the Gnostic Philosophers, the author shews the origin of their brilliant speculations, by bringing to view some of the most celebrated doctrines of antiquity. The second section is devoted to the comparative examination of the divers systems established by the three grand schools of Gnosticism —those of Syria, Egypt, and Asia Minor. In the third section, he inquires into the influence which the Gnostic doctrines, in their conciliatory position, between the other schools of Christianity and Paganism, have exercised over both parties. The work is accompanied by plates, and terminates with a general estimate of the labours of Gnosticism."—*London Magazine*, June, 1828.'

We do not find any notice of "L'Ecole Alexandrienne," by the same author; it is not less curious than the other, and is without adequate parallel in our own literature.

In the historic section, there are many articles which will reward the curiosity of Englishmen. Guizot, Thierry, and Villemain, are particularly meritorious; though their works are little known here, at present, they will eventually make all of us ashamed of the dishonesty which permeates the "History of England," by David Hume.

Two other French works on the same portion of English history, (the Revolution of 1688) have appeared very recently; an account of them may be found in the third volume of the "Foreign Quarterly Review." Had they appeared a little earlier, we should probably have found Mazure in the 'French Librarian,' and Guizot would have supplied three, instead of two articles.

Under Biography, we find—Staal, (Madame de), Memoires de Madame de Staal, (née Launai,) Paris, 1755, 4 vols. 12mo. These are described in the words of Mr. Charles Butler, and also of a writer in the "Edinburgh Review."

This M. de Staal (née Launai) is the one whom that wise, learned, and unpresuming personage, Lady Morgan, confounded with the daughter of Necker! Her Ladyship's name is attached to some of the critical notices here. Nothing but a wrong notion of

her influence on English readers, could have led to these quotations. Mr. Ventouillac cannot but have perceived many indications of gross ignorance of the language and literature of his country, in her misnamed "France."

One of the most delightful and instructive portions of the book, relates to the poet, La Fontaine: it abounds with information and lively remark. We quote the driest part.

Peignot reckons the fables of La Fontaine at two hundred and forty-one; of these, fifty-six are considered master-pieces:—

* The following is a list of the fifty-six, with the primitive sources to as many as could be traced:—*Le chêne et le roseau*, liv. 1, fab. 22, from Æsop, who has the olive instead of the oak. *Les animaux malades de la peste*, liv. 7, fab. 1, from the 14th sermon of Jean Raulin. *Le juge arbitre, l'hospitalier et le solitaire*, liv. 12, fab. 28, source unknown. *Le savetier et le financier*, liv. 8, fab. 2, from Jan. Eric. Erithraeus. (J. Vict. Rossi). De modo scrib. hist. *Le Rat qui s'est retiré du monde*, liv. 7, fab. 3, source unknown. *Le cocher, le chat, et le souriceau*, liv. 6, fab. 5, from Abstemius. *Le lion, et le moucheron*, liv. 2, fab. 9, from Æsop. *Le renard et le bouc*, liv. 3, fab. 5, from Lockman. *La Mouche et le coche*, liv. 7, fab. 9, from Lockman. *L'alouette et ses petits, etc.*, liv. 4, fab. 22, from Æsop. *Le meunier, son fils et l'âne*, liv. 3, fab. 1, from Robert Gobin, (in his *loups ravissans, &c.*) *Les deux pigeons*, liv. 9, fab. 2, from Pilpay. *Le paysan du Danube*, liv. 2, fab. 7, not from Marcus-Aurelius, but of more modern date. *Le corbeau et le renard*, liv. 1, fab. 2, from Æsop. *La grenouille qui veut se faire aussi grosse qu'un bœuf*, liv. 1, fab. 3, from Phœdrus. *La besace*, liv. 1, fab. 7, from the same. *L'hirondelle et les petits oiseaux*, liv. 1, fab. 8, from Æsop. *Le loup et l'agneau*, liv. 1, fab. 19, from Æsop. *Le rat de Ville et le rat des champs*, liv. 1, fab. 9, from Horace. *Le renard et la cigogne*, liv. 1, fab. 18, from Æsop. *L'aigle et l'escarbot*, liv. 2, fab. 8, from Æsop. *La lice et sa compagne*, liv. 2, fab. 7, from Phœdrus. *Le loup et la cigogne*, liv. 3, fab. 9, from Æsop. *Le chat et le vieux rat*, liv. 3, fab. 18, from Æsop. *Le jardinier et son seigneur*, liv. 4, fab. 4, source unknown. *L'âne et le petit chien*, liv. 4, fab. 5, from Æsop. *L'âne du maître*, liv. 4, fab. 21, from Phœdrus. *Le renard qui a la queue coupée*, liv. 4, fab. 5, from Æsop. *La vieille et les deux servantes*, liv. 5, fab. 6, from Æsop. *Le lion s'en allant en guerre*, liv. 5, fab. 19, from Abstemius. *L'ours et les deux compagnons*, liv. 5, fab. 20, from Æsop. *Phébus et Borée*, liv. 6, fab. 3, from Lockman. *Le villageois et le serpent*, liv. 6, fab. 13, from Æsop. *Le charretier embourbé*, liv. 5, fab. 18, from Abstemius. *La discorde*, liv. 6, fab. 20, source unknown. *La jeune veuve*, liv. 6, fab. 21, from Abstemius. *La Laitière et le pot au lait*, liv. 7, fab. 10, from Pilpay, (*le santon et le pot de miel.*) *Les deux coqs*, liv. 7, fab. 13, from Æsop. *Le chat, la belette, et le petit lapin*, liv. 7, fab. 16, from Pilpay, (*le chat et la perdrix.*) *Les femmes et le secret*, liv. 8, fab. 6, from Abstemius. *Les deux amis*, liv. 8, fab. 11, from Pilpay. *L'éducation*, liv. 8, fab. 24, from Æsop. *Le loup et le chasseur*, liv. 8, fab. 27, from Pilpay. *L'huître et les plaideurs*, liv. 9, fab. 9, from Camerarius. *Le singe et le chat*, liv. 9, fab. 17, source unknown. *Le gland et la citrouille*, liv. 9, fab. 4, from Abstemius. *L'homme et la couleuvre*,

liv. 10, fab. 2, from Pilpay. *La tortue et les deux canards*, liv. 10, fab. 3, from Pilpay. *Les lapins*, liv. 10, fab. 15, source unknown. *Le vieillard et les trois jeunes hommes*, liv. 11, fab. 8, imitated from the Greek anthology. *Les deux chèvres*, liv. 12, fab. 4, source unknown. *Le chat et les deux moineaux*, liv. 12, fab. 2, from Furetière. *L'amour et la folie*, liv. 12, fab. 14, from Louis Labe. *Le philosophe Scythe*, liv. 12, fab 20, from Aulus Gellius. These are the fifty-six fables, accounted the best from the pen of La Fontaine.

Diderot's collective works are duly noticed; his "Essay on Dramatic Poetry" deserved distinct mention. Lessing, the acute and determined adversary of French literature, thought this work of Diderot's the best piece of criticism in the language.

Repeated requests are made in the volume we have just been reviewing, for corrective and supplemental information from the periodicals which may notice the work; a second volume is hinted at as likely to appear, if this one is well received. In this case, to complain of deficiencies is only quarrelling with five hundred pages because they are not a thousand. Incomplete as the work is in its present state, we can sincerely recommend it; and to those who are curious about French literature, it will give much information and entertainment, though we class it rather as an agreeable literary miscellany, than as an important addition to the science of Bibliography.

Art. VII.—1. *On the Importance of Educating the Infant Poor, from the age of Eighteen Months to Seven Years. Containing an Account of the Spitalfields Infant School, and the New System of Instruction there adopted. To which is added, a Reply to the Strictures of the "Edinburgh Review," respecting the Author's Mode of Managing the Children.* By S. Wilderspin, Master of the above School. Third Edition. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 225. London. 1828.

2. *A Manual: detailing the System of Instruction pursued at the Infant School, Bristol. Designed to assist Teachers in the organization of similar Schools, and to Explain the Manœuvres of the Children to society at large.* By D. G. Goyder, Superintendant of the Infant School, Bristol. Fourth Edition. 12mo. pp. 59. London. 1828.

Britain has long been famed for the extent and magnificence of her eleemosynary institutions. Her noble hospitals, for the reception of the sick, the maimed, and the needy; her quiet retreats for the maintenance of those, who, nursed in the lap of luxury, or at the least, in that of competence, have experienced those reverses "which flesh is heir to;" and her splendid establishments for the education of those who, but for these advantages, would remain immersed in the gloom of ignorance, are durable proofs of the benevolence, the wealth, and the kindly sympathy of the British people. But of all these charitable establishments, none can claim a larger portion of our attention, than those which have been devoted to the education of the poor, to the training up of the infant

mind, and to the deliverance of the child of poverty from moral want and physical turpitude.

This, indeed, is a serious, extensive, and important subject. "What," says Coleridge, in his 'Friend,' "what may be expected, if the recent discovery of the means of educating nations (freed, however, from the vile sophistications and mutilations of ignorant mountebanks), shall have been applied to its full extent?" What, indeed! "Knowledge," we have been told by one of the first of our philosophers, "is power," not that power which saps the foundation of all wholesome institutions; not that power which puffs up man with vain boasting, and infuses into his breast a feeling of insubordinate, rebellious, proud contumacy; not that power, which renders him troublesome and useless in the state; but that power which invests him with a meek and modest consciousness of his own worth, and which renders him anxious and willing to fulfil the duties of his vocation with promptitude, zeal, respect and utility.

"The child is father of the man;" and no subject can be more interesting than the consideration of the education of infants, more especially when that education is effected by charitable means, and when its objects are selected from amongst that wretched class of the community, the members of which are most exposed to the sharp distress of want on the one hand, and to the urgent, and almost unavoidable, temptations of vice on the other. "The maxim," says an able contemporary,* "that it is politic to keep the people in ignorance, will not be maintained in any country, where the rulers are conscious of upright intentions, and confident likewise in the intrinsic worth of the institutions which it is their duty to uphold, knowing those institutions to be founded on the rock of righteous principles." This, in truth, ought to be the object of the extension of all knowledge—let us make the people wise, that is, properly wise, but let us not make them arrogant and self-sufficient.

We have said, that the education of the infant poor is an important subject. Our present purpose, therefore, is to examine into the mode in which this subject has been prosecuted; and to point out the benefits that have accrued from it.

The first infant school established in Great Britain was at New Lanark, under the careful auspices of one of the most extraordinary of living characters—Robert Owen. Deeply impressed with the approved utility of such an institution, he made arrangements for the foundation of one in London, and one was accordingly established at Westminster, with the assiduous assistance of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr. Brougham, and other distinguished philanthropic individuals. By the benevolent exertions and personal superintendence of these 'illustrious few,' their plan was speedily

* Quarterly Review, No. LXXVII.

brought to bear; and the school which they established was placed under the direction of M. J. Buchanan, who had been previously engaged in the one at New Lanark. So satisfactory and beneficial were the results, that similar institutions were speedily set on foot in the populous districts of Islington, Whitechapel, Blackfriars, Brampton, in Huntingdonshire, Putney, Bristol, Worthing, Liverpool, and Wandsworth. Mr. Wilson was so much impressed with the importance of infant schools, that he established one at his own expense in Spitalfields; whilst his brother, the Rev. William Wilson, pursued a similar course at Walthamstow, of which place he is the vicar. In addition to these, there was another opened in the populous parish of St. Luke's, capable of accommodating seven hundred infants.

Several of these we have inspected; and that which appears to us the best regulated and conducted, is Mr. Wilson's, in Quaker-street, Spitalfields. This was opened for the reception of children from eighteen months to seven years of age, in July, 1820, the year after the establishment of the one in Westminster, and placed under the *surveillance* of Mr. Wilderspin and his wife. Twenty-six children were admitted the first day (24th of July), the next day twenty-one; on the 31st, sixty-five; and on the 7th of August, thirty-eight; making, in a fortnight, a total number of one hundred and fifty, and up to the present time, between two and three thousand children have passed through this school.

'Thus situated,' observes Mr. Wilderspin, alluding to the original admissions, 'we commenced, and soon found that we had a complete desert, as it were, to cultivate; for the children were mostly strangers to each other, and few of them knew their letters. The first thing that appeared necessary, was to form the children into classes; which being done, we endeavoured to select two children out of each class to act as monitors; but finding that there were not more *than six children in the whole school that knew their letters*, it was impossible to derive any assistance from them in the way of teaching the others. The consequence was, we were obliged to take the children by one class at a time, and having supplied each child with a card, on which the alphabet was printed in large letters, we formed them into a square, and commenced by calling out A, and likewise desiring each child to point with his finger to the letter; which being done, the next letter was called, and so on till the whole alphabet was repeated. By pursuing this plan, in course of time we were enabled to find monitors, who knew their letters; and by these means, adopted a regular system of tuition.

Before we proceed, however, to detail the principles of this 'regular system,' it will be well to give the rules of admission into the school. They are four in number, and are as follows:—

'I. Parents are to send their children clean washed, with their hair cut short and combed, and their clothes well mended, by half-past eight o'clock in the morning, to remain till twelve.

'II. If any child be later in attendance than nine o'clock in the morning, that child must be sent back till the afternoon; and in case of being later than two, it will be sent back for the day.

'III. Parents may send their childrens' dinners with them in the morning, so that they may be taken care of the whole day, to enable the mother to go to work.

'IV. If a child be absent without notice being sent to the master or mistress, assigning a satisfactory reason for such absence, that child will not be permitted to return again to the school.'

Children, from the age of eighteen months, to that of seven years, are admitted, every Monday. Those who are admitted early are drafted at the age of six and seven to the national schools; but should their parents object to this, they are at perfect liberty to send them to what school they please, or to employ their services for their own advantage.

In the education of these little children, two prominent and important points are presented to our consideration. *First*, the formation of the infant character; *second*, the cultivation of the infant mind.

If abilities be necessary to manage children from eight to fourteen years of age, they are infinitely more so for the management of infants; and everything must depend upon the conduct and capabilities of those to whom so precious a charge is intrusted. The formation of character, in itself far more important than the mere instruction of the mind—is not to be easily accomplished. It will require, on the part of the master, much patience, perseverance, and forbearance; with mildness and persuasive gentleness on the one hand, and with a due portion of firmness on the other; for it is the object, or ought to be so, of every person invested with the responsibility of instructing and managing children, to ensure to himself the love and obedience—and not the hatred and fear of his pupils; as it is thus only that his precepts will be received and regarded with proper interest and respect. To this end, a master or mistress should be particularly careful never to exhibit any symptoms of violent rage; never to correct a child in anger; never to deprive a child of anything without returning it; never to break a promise, and never to overlook a fault; but, above all things, to set before the children an example worthy of imitation. These qualifications are more especially to be observed in the management of infant schools, for every trifling error will be abundantly magnified by both parents and the children.

'The character of a person who has the charge of children,' observes Mr. Wilderspin, and he has had ample experience on the subject, 'is of so much importance, that very often the designs of the benevolent are frustrated by appointing improper persons to fill such situations.* Patience is absolutely indispensable, as it will frequently take the master and mis-

* 'We witnessed an instance of this at Bristol, not long since. In an infant school in the city, established by some humane ladies, but entirely unconnected with *the* school in Meadow-street, the management is entrusted to an old woman, who, we are quite certain, does a vast deal more harm than good to the poor children under her care. When we were

trem a full hour to investigate a subject apparently of no consequence. The complainant and defendant will expect justice, however trifling may be their cases; and to satisfy them much time and trouble will often be necessary. Should a hasty conclusion be formed, and the accused be punished for an offence of which he is innocent, in such case the child will be sensible that an injury has been done to him and will feel dissatisfied with his tutors, and will not, consequently, entertain towards them a proper degree of respect.'

Children cannot be properly governed in terror, or by actual compulsion: they ought rather to be gently excited by persuasive mildness, and above all, with a perfect conviction of the benefits which are conveyed to them. The heart of a child is naturally affectionate, and capable of being influenced very much by kindness. 'I have seen my pupils,' says Mr. Wilderspin, 'clasp a disgraced child round the neck, take him by the hand, lead him about the playground, comfort him in every possible way, wipe his eyes with their pinafores, and ask him if he was not sorry for what he had done: the answer has been 'yes,' and they have flown to me, saying, 'master, he says he is sorry for it, and will not do it again;' and so obtained the contrition of the offender and his pardon.' What a sweet and encouraging picture is this! Well, indeed, might the Saviour of mankind exclaim, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for such is the kingdom of Heaven." For such pleasing traits as these—typifying as they do, the divine mercy of the Creator—are a thousand times more allied to the goodness of 'the kingdom of Heaven,' than all the outward and pharasaical sanctity of the interested *soi-disant* devotee.

A very important point, as connected with the formation of character in children, is the due and skilful regulation of rewards and punishments. We all know that 'the hope of reward is the sweetener of labour;' and we all know, likewise, how galling it is to toil without commendation. In the formation of the school at Spitalfields, Mr. Wilderspin found it necessary to institute a tangible reward for the duties of the monitors, to whom he allowed one penny *per* week. This reward, trifling as it is, has a wonderful influence upon the little scholars, and to be monitor is now considered a distinction of the highest rank. Before the reward was instituted, Mr. Wilderspin could never succeed in persuading the children to continue in office a sufficient time to be become useful. But to dispense rewards is no difficult matter—it is far easier to do so than to inflict punishment; although, for obvious reasons, rewards should not be lavishly administered. As to punishment, it is actually necessary in some shape or other. Corporal punishments, except in very particular instances, we decidedly deprecate, as altogether unnecessary to the subjection of infants, and as being particularly

there she honoured us with a specimen of her matronly skill and sagacity, by cuffing, with wonderful energy, a poor timid little girl, who could not answer some questions.'

calculated to deaden and outrage their natural sensibilities; but we can easily see the necessity of some mild coercive measures, or, what is usually more effective, some impressive mark of disgrace, by which the young offender may be stigmatized with shame and obloquy. We are told in the "Edinburgh Review," that the best mode of managing a refractory child, is to take him on your knee and reason with him. This is very fine in theory, and must ensure the blessings and prayers of all tender-hearted parents; but the trifling difference which exists between theory and practice, renders this mode perfectly useless, and indeed worse than useless. We have paid no inconsiderable attention to this subject, and have found, as we have already observed, that some kind of punishment is actually requisite. In some instances, where the disposition of the child has been extremely stubborn and contumacious, a slight corporal infliction has been necessary and effectual; but in the majority of cases, the child has been reformed by milder means; such as being obliged to carry a small broom on his back, a paper cap on his head, or some similar mark of disgrace; or by a short confinement after school hours. The usual method adopted at the Bristol school, cannot surely be in accordance with sound judgment or good feeling; for there the children are placed in the stocks, and handcuffed like felons. In dispensing rewards and inflicting punishments, due attention must be paid to the disposition of the individual; and this is a rule which should, in every individual instance, be the diligent study of the preceptor. He must not go mechanically and empirically to work, and use all alike; he must study their tempers; adapt his mode of treatment to the peculiar bias of those tempers, and he will find that by so doing, success must crown his efforts.

Upon the plan of instruction adopted at infant schools, our limits will not, we fear, permit us at present to expatiate at any great length. Indeed, our object in this article is not so much to enter into an examination of the different systems of tuition, as to present our readers with a comprehensive view of the paramount utility of infant schools in general. We will endeavour, however, to convey to them some idea of the plan generally pursued, referring them for further information to the works which have been published on the subject, especially to those of Mr. Wilderspin of London, and Mr. Goyder of Bristol.

The predominant plan of education, is the adoption of the interrogatory system, and tuition by means of picture lessons.

In the Bristol school, under the guidance of Mr. Goyder, which is one of the best that we have seen, the children are divided into classes of from eight in the higher parts to sixteen in the lower. For these lower, which are also called alphabet classes, the alphabet is cut out in very large letters, which are pasted on card-paper, and placed promiscuously on a board. Sixteen or more children stand in a semi-circle in front of this board: the monitor, with a long wooden pointer, standing in the centre, points to any letter he

pleases, and asks, "What letter is this?" Whoever knows the letter immediately names it; the monitor then gives the pointer to the next child in the class, who points to the same letter and names it. This is observed all through the class, so that the whole sixteen successively point to the letter; and, consequently, it ensues that the greater the number of children in an alphabet class, the sooner will they be enabled to know their letters.

As soon as a child has learnt its letters, it is removed to a higher class, that, namely, which is termed the two-letter class. This class contains several divisions, each consisting of eight children; and the plan of teaching varies from that last mentioned, as the children read the lesson altogether. Having accomplished this, the child is removed to the three-letter-class. Here the plan is again varied: six or eight children are placed in a semi-circle in front of the lesson-board; the first child spells the first word; the second, the second; the third, the third; *et sic deinceps.*

It is quite unnecessary to enlarge upon the merits and tendency of this method; it is extremely well calculated to fix their attention; and this being effected, they must profit by the plan thus adopted.

As soon as a child is enabled to put a word of three letters together, and spell it by heart, he is passed to another class, which consists of those who can spell easy words of four or five letters. Here the same plan is pursued as in the three-letter class, with this addition, that the children are now put to reading; and the lesson, which consists of easy sentences from the scriptures, is read by the whole class collectively. After the lesson is read, they are catechised as to its contents; and it is easy to imagine how great a fund of information may be thus acquired. The questions may be varied at pleasure, but the answers are to be given in the identical words of scripture.

The next class, which is the highest, is formed of children who can spell words of two syllables, and read easy lessons out of the Old or New Testaments. This class is conducted precisely in the same manner as the last, and the lessons are selected from the scriptures, and printed on foolscap sheets. In addition to the catechising of the scripture lessons, every monitor hears his class spell extemporarily the same lesson that they have spelt from the card; and much good has been found to result from this practice. After all the reading and spelling lessons have been gone through, the monitors of the different classes repeat a hymn, which, being ended, they await the signal for returning to their seats: the utmost care and precision being observed in every transaction.

One error in this system we must pause to point out. It must be obvious to our readers that this instruction is chiefly of a religious character. A partiality to such a plan may be carried too far. At school, for instance, there is an absurd, not to say profane, winding up of the day's labour. "Upon the ringing of the bell, the children return to their places, clapping their hands and stamping their feet

in regular order; and the whole is concluded *by singing the rules of the school to the tune of the Evening Hymn!*" To the due and diligent inculcation of sound religious principles, God forbid that we should even object: but to *this* we *do* object—strenuously and decidedly object. Religion should never be divested of its awful sanctity; and the youthful mind should be taught to regard it with reverence and solemnity. And how can this be done if, wrapped up in the garb of a hymn, the 'rules of the school,' the combing and cutting of hair, the washing of hands and faces, the provision of dinners! and the due necessity of strict punctuality and order, are placed upon a par with their duty and obedience to God? The custom, carried to this extent, is impious, absurd, and highly reprehensible; and much "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

Picture lessons have been found abundantly useful and instructive. By means of them children have obtained a knowledge of many interesting facts in history, in natural history, and in mechanics and so delighted are they with this mode of tuition, that they consider it a very pleasing amusement. At Bristol they are used only twice in the week, and even then their employment is conditional, and rendered entirely dependent upon the good conduct of the little scholars. Mr. Goyder has found it necessary to impress upon the mind of the children, that the pictures are only representations of what actually occured, as many of his pupils have considered the figures to be the *real* objects.

The pictures, again, are made subservient chiefly to the elucidation of scriptural subjects, which is carrying the matter rather too far. Let us repeat, that we do not, by any means, wish to infer, that children should *not* be instructed in religion—far from it! But we do think, in addition to the objections which we just expressed, that one half of the time which is occupied, shall we say, mis-spent? in puzzling their young minds on the chapter and verse of particular events, might be more usefully, and therefore, more profitably, employed in teaching them the more common facts of every-day utility. The following is a specimen of these lessons; and we give the description in Mr. Wilderspin's own words.

'THE NATIVITY OF JESUS CHRIST.

'The pictures being suspended, and a whole class being in the class-room, put the pointer in one of the children's hands, and desire the child to find out the Nativity of Jesus Christ. The other children will be on the tip-toe of expectation to see whether the child makes a mistake; for should this be the case, they know that one of them will have the same privilege of trying to find it: should the child happen to touch the wrong picture, the teacher will have, at least, a dozen applicants; saying, "Please, sir, may I; please, sir, may I?" The teacher, having selected the child to make the next trial, say one of the youngest of the applicants, that child walks round the room with the pointer, and places it on the right picture; which will be always indicated by the other children calling out, "that is

right; that is right." To view the sparkling eyes of the child, who has found the picture, and to see the pleasure beaming forth in his countenance, you might imagine that he conceived he had performed one of the greatest wonders of the age. The children will then proceed to read what is printed on the picture, which is as follows: "The Nativity of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ;" which is printed at the top of the picture, and at the bottom are the following words: "And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger: because there was no room for him in the inn."'

These exhibitions are followed by questions, arising from the subject comprised by the picture; and it is easy to see what a pleasant and profitable mode of tuition this may be rendered; at present, it is certainly too exclusively confined to scriptural subjects.

Of the method in which children are taught to write, little need be said. Thick slates, without frames, on which is engraved the whole of the alphabet, are used for this purpose; and the children amuse themselves for an hour daily, with imitating these letters, till they can form them without a copy. In this way, many of the little scholars have been taught to write a very fair hand.*

Arithmetic is taught by means of inch cubes: as for example. A class, composed of eight children, is placed semicircularly in front of a table, on which are placed a certain number of cubes, according to the knowledge and capacity of the children. The tutor then desires one of them to count a certain number of the cubes. This number serves as a basis, or root, for exercising the pupils in the first rules of arithmetic, as they can numerate, add to, subtract from, multiply and divide it, according to the dictation of the master. The usual tables are taught, as are the most useful rules, by the same system of interrogation. So that, by the end of their term, the children have opportunities of obtaining a very excellent foundation for the acquirement of rational, useful, and befitting knowledge.

We have now entered into a consideration of this portion of our subject, as minutely as the limits of a mere article will permit. With regard to the recreations of the children, and their *physical* education generally; or, as Mr. Goyder terms it,—'their manœuvres,'—every thing is so arranged as to accord with their health and happiness. A strict adherence to the rules of the school is of course insisted on; but the grand and guiding plan of government is mildness and persuasion, so as to secure the love and respect, and not the fear and trembling, of the infant scholars.

A good deal has been said about the impropriety of educating

* The utility of writing, even to a child, is unquestionable. It is curious to remark, how very few of the lower orders can even sign their own names. A lady, who is in the habit of visiting the Savings' Bank at Bristol, informed Mr. Goyder, that out of the vast number of persons who attended there, scarcely one in twenty could write his own name; and the deficiency is much greater as regards females.

children at so early an age, as that which entitles them to admission into infant schools: but, we must confess, that we cannot perceive the validity of the objections. On the contrary, we are inclined to believe that the greatest benefits must and do result from the plan which we have thus cursorily described. When we consider how incomprehensible, restless, and illimitable the human mind is, we must be well convinced, without entering even on the threshold of metaphysics, that much care and ability are requisite in the management of even the blank mind of an untutored child, which mind, blank though it may be, cannot long remain unimpressed or inactive. It is fitted for the reception of impressions long before its capabilities or particular bias can be discovered; and, like a parched and arid desert, it is ever ready to imbibe either the dew and the rain from the gracious skies, or the condensed and noxious effluvia from some stagnant and putrid marsh. It is the infirmity of our nature,—strengthened, perhaps, by the force of example,—to be prone to evil rather than good;—to seek, and receive, and devour the forbidden fruit, which is fair and beautiful to look at, but within, bitterness and ashes, rather than the less captivating but more enduring homeliness of stern and rugged virtue. Much, therefore, must of necessity depend upon the effect of early impressions; and as "different minds incline to different objects," great care, circumspection, and vigilance are necessary towards their cultivation. All soils are not calculated for the production of the same fruits; but the most rich and fertile, if neglected, will give birth to nothing but useless weeds, or, at the furthest, unprofitable tares. So is it with the human mind. It must be tilled and cultivated, and that early, otherwise, however abundantly it may be endowed by nature, its high and noble attributes will only "run to waste, and water but the desert."

We have already intimated that much has been said about the impropriety and impolicy of beginning to educate children too soon, and without entering at all into the discussion, we may say that the arguments adduced by those who condemn the system, can only apply in those instances where the pupils are the offspring of wealthy parents; or, at all events, of those parents who are not poor. Where a child is fostered under the wings of well-informed parents: where he is placed far above the bitter want which the offspring of the poor is doomed to endure; where the dawnings of his infant mind are watched, and almost imperceptibly drawn forth and regulated by the intuitive impulses of tenderness and affection; then, indeed, the objections to early education may be well and valid enough: but not so are they where these blessings do not exist. In the wretched hovels of the poor, where the parents, even if they had the desire, have neither the means nor the time to instil into their children's hearts the rude and disjointed germs of ordinary knowledge;—*Here*, in truth, the blessings of early education cannot be too strongly advocated, or too speedily carried into

effect; for we have already seen that if the infant heart be not trained up to virtue, it will, of its own accord, fall swiftly into vice. Besides, among the poor, the services of children are so valuable to parents, that the sooner those children are rendered capable of assisting in the general labour of the family, so much the sooner do they become tangibly useful and profitable to their parents.

'The time for the children of the poor to receive instruction' says Mr. Wilderspin, 'and to imbibe good principles, is between the ages of two and eight; for, after that period many are sent out to work, or detained at home to assist their parents. There are many little girls, who, after they have left the infant schools, go out to work for one shilling a-week, and the mothers have declared to me, when I have endeavoured to persuade them to send their children to the National School for at least one year, that they could not do it, as they were so poor, that every shilling was a great help.'

We cannot conclude our article without offering a few observations on the often-disputed question, as to the utility of educating the poor at all?—a question now nearly set at rest, but still possessing a sufficient degree of interest to serve as a corollary to the preceding remarks: and it will at the same time serve to shew us that not only is their education useful, but that it is imperatively requisite to preserve them from falling into irretrievable moral pollution.

When we consider how much the ignorance of a people contributes to their moral debasement and misery;—how completely it excludes them from the enjoyment of rational delight—confining their pastimes and pleasures to mere feats of physical strength, or of inebriating hilarity; and how effectually it prevents their minds from expanding for the reception of virtue and true religion, we must rejoice at the success of every plan which can be set on foot for the dissipation of this darkness, and for extending to the poor and ignorant a portion at least of those blessings which wealth alone has hitherto been enabled to obtain.

Let us hear what Adam Smith—an old-fashioned philosopher it is true, but still a philosopher—says on the subject.

"The gross ignorance and stupidity which, in a civilized society, seem so frequently to benumb the understandings of the inferior ranks of the people, deserve the most serious attention of government. A man without the proper use of the intellectual faculties of a man, is, if possible, more contemptible than even a coward. Though the state were to derive no advantage from the instruction of the inferior ranks of people, it would still deserve its attention, that they should not be altogether uninstructed. The state, however, derives no inconsiderable advantage from their instruction. The more they are instructed, the less liable they are to the delusions of enthusiasm and superstition, which, among ignorant nations, frequently occasion the most dreadful disorders. An instructed and intelligent people, besides, are always more decent and orderly than an ignorant and stupid one. They feel themselves, each individually, more respectable, and more likely to obtain the respect of their lawful superiors, and they are, therefore, more disposed to respect those superiors. They are more dis-

posed to examine, and more capable of seeing through the interested complaints of faction and sedition, and they are, upon that account, less apt to be misled into any wanton or unnecessary opposition to the measures of government. In free countries, where the safety of government depends very much upon the favourable judgment which the people may form of its conduct, it must surely be of the highest importance, that they should not be disposed to judge rashly or capriciously concerning it.'

To such of our readers as have bestowed any attention upon this interesting subject, it will be sufficiently obvious, that the districts in which ignorance and depravity abound most, are those in which our manufacturing and mining operations are carried on: such districts being precisely those where the education of the people has been sorely neglected, or, indeed, wholly excluded. We may instance in illustration of this, the towns of Paisley, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Birmingham, some of the towns in Leicestershire; the manufacturing districts in London, and the mining districts of Cornwall and the north of England. The following Table, shows at one view the proportion which the number of persons committed to prison in each county of England and Wales, bears to the whole population: thus forcibly illustrating the point which we have been asserting—the influence, namely, of local circumstances upon the morals of the people. The average of the commitments is taken for thirteen years; namely, from 1805 to 1817, inclusive; and the population, as stated in the census of 1811.

Counties.	*one in*	*Counties.*	*one in*	*Counties.*	*one in*
Anglesey	18,522	Flint	8,399	Northumberland	3,037
Bedford	2,638	Glamorgan	4,551	Nottingham	1,694
Berks	1,618	Gloucester	1,834	Oxford	2,161
Brecon	3,384	Hants	1,230	Pembroke	5,669
Bucks	2,562	Hereford	1,438	Radnor	3,672
Cambridge	2,386	Herts	1,636	Rutland	2,696
Cardigan	13,612	Huntingdon	1,431	Salop	2,268
Carmarthen	7,348	Kent	1,385	Somerset	1,369
Caernarvon	9,867	Lancaster	1,083	Stafford	1,988
Chester	1,688	Leicester	2,161	Suffolk	1,731
Cornwall	4,287	Lincoln	2,164	Surrey	1,261
Denbigh	7,077	Merioneth	13,377	Sussex	2,122
Derby	3,435	Middlesex	588	Warwick	989
Devon	1,996	Monmouth	2,469	Westmoreland	5,642
Dorset	2,292	Montgomery	3,534	Wilts	1,960
Durham	4,337	Norfolk	1,809	Worcester	1,662
Essex	1,435	Northampton	2,405	York	3,000

The causes, physical as well as moral, which operate upon the manufacturing classes, are sufficiently intelligible. With regard to the first, excessive labour; scanty, and (often) unwholesome food; exposure to cold; deficiency of clothing and of pure air; with, too frequently, a free indulgence in the abuse of fermented liquors, speedily undermine the constitution, inducing a premature old age, and rendering the body incapable of resisting the attacks and inroads of disease. Of all the complicated evils to which the manufacturing population of this country is exposed, there is not

one more productive of both moral and physical suffering, than an indulgence in the abuse of spirituous liquors. Hogarth, in his "*Gin Lane,*" has not over-coloured the squalid misery which this pernicious indulgence produces. Deceived by the idea of their strengthening effect, following the example of others, and delighted by the temporary exhiliration which they cause, too often is the Saturday evening and the Sabbath morning spent in sottish idleness, and enervating potations. But what are we to expect from those whose minds are unfortified by religion, and hardened by the absence of education? Is it not natural, that a man thus deplorably situated, should seek that relaxation from labour, which is necessary to his existence, and which *he* can only find in gratifying, no matter how, those senses, whose powers are not directed or enlarged by human acquirements, but which appertain, alike, to all the higher classes of animals? What, we ask, *can* that man do, whose mind has never been illumined by the light of knowledge; or whose heart has never been softened by moral or religious instruction? He must have *some* recreation, *some* amusement, as a relief after his daily labour; and he seeks it, as we all do, from among his equals, and from the partners of his occupation. They spend the surplus of their wages in inebriating drinks, and so does he: for, possessing likewise no capability to enjoy any rational recreation, he can only gratify those senses which impart to him a direct, tangible, palpable pleasure. Were we to follow out in detail the moral and physical effects of all this, the picture would be sufficiently appalling, and, at the same time, painfully instructive. In the first place, the *strength* of man is continually impaired by an immoderate use of fermented liquors. In the full career of his hilarity, he will not discover that the energy of his frame is sapped and debilitated; but no sooner is he visited by sickness, no sooner does disease fasten upon him, than he finds, to his sorrow, that his constitution does not possess that healthy power of resistance,—that *vis medicatrix naturæ*—which is necessary to counteract the baneful influence of disease. "I maintain," says Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, "that spirituous liquors do not lighten the effect of hard labour upon the body. Look at the horse, with every muscle of his body swelled from morning till night, in the plough or the team—does he make signs for spirits to enable him to cleave the earth, or climb the hill? No; he requires nothing but cool water and substantial food. There is neither strength nor nourishment in spirituous liquors; if they produce vigour in labour, it is of a transient nature, and is always succeeded by a sense of weakness and fatigue. These facts are founded on observations, for I have repeatedly seen those men perform the greatest exploits in work, both as to their degrees and duration, who never tasted spirituous liquors.*"

* "Rush's Enquiries into the Effect of Spirituous Liquors, &c."

We have always regarded Dr. Franklin as one of the most useful and enlightened of men; and as a striking example of the paramount benefit to be derived from the proper education of the working classes. Let us look at his conduct among his fellow-labourers, at the printing-house, in Lincoln's-inn-fields; and then observe, not the advantages which he himself obtained, but the practical good which he was enabled to impart to others, by the possession of that information, which taught him the proper use of his physical powers, and stimulated him to still higher pursuits in the fertile and accessible realms of knowledge. "On my entrance," he says, "I worked at first as pressman, conceiving that I had need of bodily exercise, to which I had been accustomed in America, where the printers work alternately as compositors and at the press. *I drank nothing but water.* The other workmen, to the number of about fifty, were great drinkers of beer. I carried occasionally, a large form of letters, in each hand, up and down stairs, while the rest employed both hands to carry one. They were surprised to see by this and many other examples, that the 'American Aquatic,' as they used to call me, was stronger than those who drank porter. The beer-boy had sufficient employment during the whole day in serving that house alone. My fellow-pressmen drank every day a pint of beer before breakfast; a pint with bread and cheese, for breakfast; one between breakfast and dinner; one at dinner; one again about six o'clock in the afternoon, and another after they had finished the day's work. This custom appeared to me abominable; but they had need, they said, of all this beer, in order to acquire strength to work. I endeavoured to convince them that the bodily strength furnished by the beer, could only be in proportion to the solid part of the barley dissolved in the water of which the beer was composed; that there was a larger portion of flour in a penny-loaf, and, that, consequently, if they ate this loaf, and drank a pint of water with it, they would derive more strength from it than from a pint of beer.* This reasoning, however, did not prevent them from drinking their accustomed quantity of beer, and paying every Saturday night a score of more than four or five shillings (porter was then only three halfpence the pint), a week for this cursed beverage: an expense from which I was wholly exempt. Thus did these poor devils continue all their lives in a state of voluntary wretchedness and poverty."

But Franklin was not a man to be discouraged by trivial ob-

* We have already expressed our good opinion of Dr. Franklin; but this must not prevent us from exposing his ignorance on this particular point. "It is the *stimulus* of the beer," says Paris, "that proves so serviceable to the poor man, enabling his stomach to extract more aliment from his innutritive diet." Still Franklin is right as to the main question of the *abuse* of fermented liquors. Paris agrees as to the beneficial effects of the *use* of beer—Franklin, as to its *abuse*.

studies. By his superior information, his strict rectitude of conduct, and the most steady perseverance, he soon acquired considerable influence over his companions, and prevailed upon many of them to abstain, like himself, from the immoderate use of liquor. "Those who continued to gorge themselves with beer," he remarks, "often lost their credit with the publican, from neglecting to pay their score. They had then recourse to me to become security for them, their light, as they used to call it, being out. I attended at the pay-table every Saturday evening, to take up the little sums which I had made myself answerable for, and which sometimes amounted to nearly thirty shillings. I had recommended myself to the esteem of my master by my assiduous application to business, never observing *Saint Monday*. My extraordinary quickness in composing always procured me such work as was most urgent, and which is commonly best paid: and thus my time passed away in a very pleasant manner."

By this we see, at one view, the decided benefit of an active, enterprising, prepared *educated* mind, and the moral disadvantages of an indulgence in one of the evils, which we consider almost unavoidable to those whose capacities unfit them for any but sensual pastimes. But we can prosecute our argument farther than this, and shew that this intemperance leads to the commission of the most atrocious crimes. "It is well-known," says Mr. Poynder, in his examination before the committee of the House of Commons, "that the direct effects of drams is to inflame and excite the passions, and it is frequently found as a practical fact, that he whose mind is abandoned to their influence, fears not God, neither regards man. The criminal is rendered insensible to the milder feelings of his nature, and, regardless of all consequences, whether as affecting this world or another: his reason is, for a time, departed from him, and he is rendered ripe for the most sanguinary and ferocious acts. Nearly all the convicts for murder, with whom I have conversed, have admitted themselves to have been under the influence of spirits at the time of the act: many of those who are tried throughout the country, are proved on their trials to have been under the same influence; and I am fully persuaded that, in all the trials for murder that take place, with very few, if any, exceptions, it would appear on investigation, that the criminal had, in the first instance, delivered up his mind to the brutalizing effects of spirituous liquors."

Mr. Poynder goes on to say, that this was particularly the case in the instance of Mr. Bonar's murder, and of that in Ratcliffe Highway, by Williamson. Another dreadful case of profligacy, fresh in the memory of many of our readers, and referable to the same source, occurred in the case of Smith, who was tried for setting fire to his house in Newgate-Street. There was no doubt but that the wife was the agent of the crime; but, as both she and her husband was addicted to drinking, it was suggested that the

fire might have been caused by an accident of the wife, when in a state of intoxication, she having died soon after it. Upon this doubt Smith was acquitted; but not long after he confessed, on his death-bed, that he had prevailed upon his wife to set fire to the house, and that he had poisoned her as soon as suspicion had fallen upon him, for fear she should betray the secret; he confessed further, that they were both intoxicated at the time. Cashman, the rioter, was under the influence of liquor when he joined the mob, and the majority of the rioters had been freely drinking beer and spirits in Spa-Fields, and on their way into the City. Young Watson was also intoxicated when he entered Mr. Beckwith's shop, and shot Mr. Pratt. The murderers of Mr. Horsfall, at Huddersfield, had all been drinking spirits before they went out, and afterwards on the road, while waiting for their victim. The frame-breakers in Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire are proved to have almost invariably maddened themselves with liquor before they perpetrated each outrage. Those who attacked Mr. Cartwright's mill, when so resolute and successful a defence was made by the proprietor and his men, were all under the influence of liquor, and were even supplied with it during the progress of the attack by their comrades.

These, and we could multiply our examples, are all matters of serious evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons. They are, in fact, matters of history—of the moral history of our species. But what have they to do with the education of the poor? To this question, should it be asked, it will be sufficient to reply, that these dreadful effects are principally caused by the want of that education for which we are contending. The habitual, unenlightened, and uneducated drunkard, will think no more of his moral duty than the merest savage; and his feelings are still further blunted against the impression of all virtuous emotions, by the deep humiliation consequent upon his receiving parochial relief, (the unavoidable result to a drunkard's family,) which, although it may barely help to preserve their degraded existence, extinguishes all those feelings of honest and manly independence, which it is of so much importance to cherish in the poor.

Among our agricultural population, a brighter prospect opens before us; for *their* ignorance is not so depraved and debasing, neither does it foster habits which tend to undermine their health, or harden their hearts. To them, indeed, may be truly applied the hacknied saying of the poet,

> " ——— Where ignorance is bliss
> 'Tis folly to be wise;" ———

for their ignorance exists of little more than an abstinence from enervating luxuries, and still more enervating vices. The healthful occupation of the tiller of the soil, and the wielder of the sickle, while it strengthens the body, leaves the mind but little opportunity or desire of imbibing the pernicious principles of the more profligate

classes of society. His daily labour concluded, he seeks his homely dwelling in peace, and leaves in content; and the Sabbath-day beholds him in the house of God, bending before his Creator, in unaffected piety and praise. His wants are few, and easily supplied; and scanty as his wages undoubtedly are, they are sufficient to procure for him the necessaries of existence. In the retired parts of the kingdom, we mean, of course, in the pastoral districts, a family of five or six members will subsist for a whole year upon a sum which would scarcely furnish a modern man-of-fashion with mere amusements for a single week. In Wales, especially in North Wales, the condition of the peasantry is, in truth, poor and lowly enough; but, in a moral point of view, at least, few people are so advantageously situated. The small landholders, answering in description to the Scotch "laird," have each their dependants, or tenants, who receive employment from their patron, for which they are paid either in kind or in money. It is nearly the same in all remote pastoral districts. The children of the peasantry are employed about the farms or estates of the proprietor; and, although their wages are but small, idleness, the prolific source of so much sin and misery, is prevented; and they succeed by degrees to such occupations as their powers are capable of filling. The children, moreover, or at least many of them, receive some degree of education, which renders their condition infinitely better than that of the manufacturers and miners. In all considerable agricultural towns and villages, Sunday schools are established, and great good has resulted from their proper and vigilant management. Under all these circumstances, then, we may regard the agricultural labouring population as exempted from the pollution and misery which characterise the two other classes; they are precisely those

> "For whom light labour spreads her wholesome store,
> Just gives what life requires, but gives no more:
> Their best companions innocence and health,
> And their best riches ignorance of wealth."

From this cursory view it will be seen, that the classes most in need of instruction and reformation are those, the members of which constitute the majority of our working-population; and we have already shown, in a slight degree, how this reformation may be effected by means of infant-schools. In those districts, indeed, where they have been established, a great and marked benefit has been produced. Some, we know, are inclined to condemn the poor as the wilful perpetrators of unavoidable crime, and as the rash creators of their own misery and wretchedness. But how great, how overpowering, are their temptations! We are well aware that crime has dreadfully increased of late years, and so, likewise, have its causes. Those who, like ourselves, have had opportunities of witnessing the mode of life pursued by the lower orders, have seen that affectionate solicitude, in many instances, forms but a slender ingredient in the composition of the parental

character. That much of this arises from ignorance, from deep and deplorable ignorance—added, indeed, to actual want, we have had ample means of ascertaining. Poverty, even to the best and wisest of us, is a withering affliction; but when it is combined with all the debasing evils of ignorance, it requires no extraordinary stretch of intellect to calculate the consequences which it must inevitably entail upon its miserable victims. Besides, how can a parent, whose scanty morsel is indeed obtained by "the sweat of his brow," devote his time to the training up and guardianship of his children? His wife, the partaker of his poverty, has her own occupations to follow; for, in the very lowest orders, the constant toil of man and wife, even when they are both sober and industrious, is not more than sufficient to supply them and their infants with the tantalising morsel, which barely keeps them from starving; and she cannot afford to lose her pittance, humble and hardly-earned as it is, by an exclusive and proper attendance upon her family. Again, what is a poor woman to do, if left a widow with four or five children, the eldest of whom may not be so old as nine years of age? She is obliged to go to her daily labour, and the children are left to shift for themselves, and to imbibe all the pestiferous habits and propensities of a degraded and corrupting neighbourhood. She cannot send them to school, because they are too young for the free-schools; and thus they acquire principles and habits which lead them to the commission of crimes in all its various branches, and which neither parents, tutors, nor even the law itself, can subsequently eradicate. Thus a constant supply of criminals is provided for the exercise of judicial sagacity, and for the population of our flourishing colonies; and, if these infantile adepts are not cut short at the commencement of their career, they rise successively through all the gradations of crime, till they expiate their offences either at the hulks or on the scaffold.

In sad truth, the extensive existence of youthful depravity, even in this metropolis alone, is a subject of serious and painful reflection. We see instances every day of the well-planned and systematic manner in which these childish depredators perform their operations; and it is well known to the conductors of our police, that there is in London a number of thriving nurseries, where the young and tender-minded of both sexes are carefully initiated into all the abominable secrets of crime. Dr. Pole, in his observations on infant schools, mentions, that in the year 1819, in London only, the number of *boys* who procured a considerable part of their subsistence by pocket-picking and thieving, in every possible form, was estimated at from eleven to fifteen hundred. He informs us, also, that one man in Wentworth-Street, Spital-Fields, had forty boys in training to steal and pick pockets, who were paid by a proportion of the proceeds of their plunder.* This man was fortu-

* This circumstance, with others of a similar nature, led to the establishment of a Sunday-school in that neighbourhood. The teachers and

nately convicted of theft, and transported, but his juvenile disciples were left to carry on their depredations unmolested. Another instance is known to us, where a woman had entrapped eight or ten children from their parents, and had diligently trained them up to steal and pilfer for her especial benefit.

One of these children, however, was taken in the act of shop-lifting, when the whole affair became revealed to the magistrates. It would be no difficult matter to multiply these instances of youthful depravity; * but we have already said quite enough respecting a subject that must be bitterly painful to every humane and compassionate bosom. We could prove that young children—the maternal milk scarcely dry upon their lips—have been made the able instruments of vice, in some of its most atrocious and dangerous forms; that the infant mind, plastic, and anxious to receive impressions, has been perverted to the worst of purposes, and that even parents have not been wanting—hideous and monstrous as it may appear—to infuse into the tender hearts of their children the seeds of vice and crime, even to the abundant production of bad and fatal fruit. But it is needless. Every person capable of reflection will know at once that such a state of moral misery is frightfully prevalent amidst the lower orders of every crowded town and district.

How, then, is this horrible and withering depravity, this consuming leprosy of the soul, to be eradicated and cleansed? *By educating the children of the poor*; and by training up their young minds "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."—"Go, preach the Gospel to the poor!" By its simplicity it will meet their comprehension; by its benevolence it will soften their affections; by its precepts it will direct their conduct; and by the vastness of its motives ensure their obedience. The situation of the poor is, indeed, perilous; they are truly both—

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superintendents, when seeking for scholars, found many parents living together unmarried; and, by persuasion and encouragements, they succeeded in getting three couple married during the first quarter. Had the forty children, mentioned in the text, been placed under the management of an infant school, would they not have become a solace and a support to their parents, instead of a burden and a curse?

* There is a mode of very common theft among young children, and which is carried on to a very great extent; it is that of stealing the brass-work which surrounds the key-holes of the street-doors. Three or four go out together, and, with an old knife, wrench it off, and sell it at the marine-store shops. These children often receive as much as three or four shillings a-day by this practice. When they have become proficient in this introductory art, the next step (for they graduate regularly) is to take the handles and brass-knockers from the doors by means of a small screw-driver; these are disposed of in the same manner, and the children thus become progressively qualified for more lofty exploits.

"—— From within and from without
Unarmed to all temptations."

Prudential reasoning will, in general, be powerless with them; for the incitements of this world are weak in proportion as we are wretched.

"The world is not *my* friend, nor the world's law;
The world has got no law to make *me* rich."

They, too, who live "from hand to mouth," will most frequently become improvident. Possessing no stock of happiness, they eagerly seize the gratifications of the moment, and snatch the froth from the wave as it passes by them! Nor is the desolate state of their families a restraining motive, unsoftened as they are by the want of education, and benumbed into selfishness by the torpedo-touch of extreme want. Domestic affections depend upon association. We love an object, when, as we see or recollect it, an agreeable sensation arises in our minds. But, alas! how should *he* glow with the charities of father and husband, who gaining scarcely more than his own necessities demand, must have been accustomed to regard his wife and children—not as the soothers of finished labour—but as rivals for the insufficient meal! In a man so circumstanced, the tyranny of the *present* can be overpowered only by the ten-fold mightiness of the *future*. Religion will cheer his gloom with her promises; and, by habituating his mind to anticipate an infinitely great revolution hereafter, may prepare it even for the sudden reception of a less degree of amelioration in this world.*

ART. VIII.—*Gabrielle: a Tale of the Swiss Mountains.* By C. Redding. London: Ebers. 1829.

THERE are certain styles of poetry which affect the mind with a sense of physical pleasure, or at least, with a pleasure so nearly resembling that derived from beautiful sights and sounds, that the impression left on the feelings is with difficulty traced to the indulgence of the imagination, or the gratification in some luxurious manner of the eye or ear. That vagueness, of which modern criticism is fond of speaking, and which is, in fact, at present a strong characteristic of all poetical impressions, is nothing more than this conversion of thought into feeling, produced by the peculiar style of the writer—by a train of thinking which never suffers the images of things to lose the dim outline of their spirit-like beauty, and which passes through the mind like a stream that is fresh and flowing, but haunted by a hundred shadows.

The poetry of modern times is, however, in this respect strikingly different from that of antiquity. Whatever the muse created in her old, heroic days, she created palpable in form and substance.

* "Coleridge's Friend," vol. ii., p. 257—8. Where the reader will find some splendid observations in behalf of General Education.

At present, the great aim is to give as much idealism as is possible to material fictions; formerly, the highest powers of language were employed to render the ideas of the poet as nearly copies as they could be of the things felt by and visible to his readers. We may, perhaps, venture to remark, that that mystic shadowing of unearthly beauty, that experimenting with every form of expression to convey the feeling of its presence, in which modern poets delight, was anciently much more conspicuous in the muse of sculpture, than in that of verse. The poet never grew enamoured enough of his mistress to represent her but as veritably flesh and blood. The ornaments he gave her, were those which heightened her blushes, poured more voluptuousness into her eye, or rounded her form, according to his epicurean tastes. But the sculptor, in the flourishing times of his art, laboured with the intensity of a soul-filling thought of beauty, the idea of which, if derived from any created thing, was an abstraction of every grace which the human form possesses, and to which he strove, with all the powers of his intellect, to give the pure and ethereal brightness of an ideal conception.

We can only barely allude to this interesting subject. Whether poetry have gained or lost by the substitution of a certain mystical splendour, for the bright and distinct forms which figured in its early pages, is not to be at once decided. Putting aside the instances, such as many of the Greek tragedies, in which the same spirit is visible as in modern compositions, there yet remains a number of majestic creations of the mind, which we should with difficulty regard as inferior to any which the human intellect can produce. Yet the deep impression, the thrilling and subduing feeling which belongs to the passionate and imaginative poetry of modern, and especially of later times; the glimpses which it seems to give us of a kind of esoterical creation—of a region into which the poet has passed through a wondrous labyrinth only known to himself—of beings so strangely beautiful or so awful in their strength, that the very imagining of them makes us think we are in the presence of spirits—there is a pleasure attendant on all this, so akin to the sublimest emotions of which the heart is susceptible, that when it is full and perfect, the highest gratification received in the perusal of the classics, is in comparison, an inferior delight—inferior in respect to its power upon the feelings, though more vivid as it affects the imagination, with its clear pictures of present pomp and earthly glory.

The sensations with which we have risen from the perusal of the beautiful poem which have called forth these remarks, is like that produced by a sense of entire solitude, broken only by the wail of some melancholy bird, or even only by the fitful sigh of a night wind. It leads us over mountains and through wild glens, where the flowers have a new life given them, and draws away the film from the blue eye of heaven, till it seems to look upon us with deeper love. Or it leads us, like a voice of the air, to look on mournful spectacles, dim, visionary sights, such as are seen in stormy

clouds, or in the early and dim moonlight morning; and we listen when the dream has passed away for the voice or echo, or whatever it might be, which threw us into such a strangely melancholy reverie.

The scene of this delightful little piece of poetical witchery, is laid in Switzerland, that father-land of brave and gentle hearts; and every valley of which, it is easy to imagine, contains some type of the author's heroine. The story is as simple a one as invention can frame, but it has the rare merit of being, simple as it is, strikingly original; the interest being made to rest not on the desertion of a heart-broken girl by her lover, but on sufferings of a different order, and springing from a different cause. Gabrielle is the child of a peasant's home—of a home that she loves in the very depths of her being; and where the joy of her heart is constantly mingled with that of her father, and her mother, and loving brothers, and sisters. There is no spot like the hearth of her home in the wide world; and even her lover's passion is only hearkened to because he is of the same mountains, and she can return his love without breaking a thought of home. But in one of those fearful storms, which almost shake the rooted hills from their base, this home of love and peace was buried under the thunder-flung avalanche, and Gabrielle returned from her walk, amid the green dells, to see herself left 'The last lorn remnant of her race,' to be, for ever more, a brain-struck and troubled dweller of the rocks. All this is conceived in the best style of poetical feeling. The brightness of the morning, as she set forth on her journey—the gladness that revelled in the heart of nature, but could not reach her own, are sweet and delicate touches. Nothing also can be more exquisitely tender than the picture given of her lover, whom she forgot in her insanity, but who kept faithful to her, watching over her in her woe and destitution, and bearing every thing but her forgetfulness. A happier circumstance could not have been invented, for giving additional pathos to the melancholy of Gabrielle; and the particularity with which every phase of her sad mood is described—her love of flowers; her rejoicing in the elements, with all the yearning sympathy of her ruined heart; her care of her small and solitary hut; her dreams, and hopes, and fears while passing the long night, are admirable specimens of the author's power to follow the wildest workings of fancy. A more perfect picture, indeed, of a pure and gentle being, afflicted like Gabrielle, no where exists; and it has the quality, which is never possessed in such cases but by productions of the highest merit, namely, that of preserving, throughout, the ethereal character of the design. No attempt of the poet's is more difficult to manage, than a delineation of the workings of disturbed reason. Not to be offensive, which it may most easily be, it must have none of the grossness of colouring, which may give the feeling of its being the delineation of a bodily disease—it must realize, in fact, the possible conception of a disembodied spirit's losing its strength,

and being borne to and fro by wild impulses and unravelled mysteries.

The character of Gabrielle, considered in combination with the circumstances by which it was formed, is altogether new; and it is consistently sustained to the end of the poem. The absence of any other passion but that which springs from the first simple incident of the story, rendered it necessary for the author to vary the recital of its effects upon the mind of the sufferer, in every possible manner; and it is difficult to say in which his ingenuity is most displayed; whether in the preservation of that perfect simplicity, which is essential to the character of the poem, or in the variety which he has employed in developing the ruling idea, and which is essential to its interest. But we proceed to the selection of a few passages, which will serve to illustrate what we have said. The following describes poor Gabrielle in the first day of her wretchedness :—

'Nigh to the church, where dust on dust heaped high
Ignoble earth unwrit in memory,
Congenial with her woe the maiden came,
And fixed her home, and long had lived the same.
Her mild insanity scarce knew a change,
Nor would her senses from one object range,
For weeks or months, until the first impression
Had worn away itself by long possession.
A flower or colour was a lasting theme,
Though she would sometimes harp upon a dream
Of strange import;—but she would always dwell
On her bereavements, intermixed as well
With slight allusions to her own mild madness,
Told touchingly, and with a moving sadness.—
But love was her's no more, the dream had fled,
He whom she loved she knew not from the dead.
Unhappy Luis! day by day he came,
To find her ruined heart was still the same,
To gaze on her pale brow and vacant air,
And find that Love bequeathed him but despair.
He loved her still, and cherished her the more
For her misfortune in his true heart's core—
"'Twould argue base unkindness, desperate sin,
To slight her now." Thus reasoned he within.
"Oh, I will watch her, nurse her, be her friend,
Her lover, brother, parent, to the end:
Heaven's will be done! 'tis mine the stricken deer
To tend and heal, and guard through life's career,
And though unbroken still be her despair
I'll love, in memory of what we *were!*"
It was a noble feeling, but a vain;
She never seemed to know his face again
From others round her;—she would weep and sing,
And childlike talk, amid her suffering,

To him as to a stranger all the day,
Till night drew his heart-broken steps away,
Then in the freshness of the morning dew,
He went again his watchings to renew.
In vain, no sweet caresses met him now,
Impassive was her chill and marble brow,
Cold as a moonbeam on a tomb the light
Of her deep eye fell on him, for delight
Smiting with wild aversion. He had borne
The evil bravely, all but this mad scorn.
It was too much that those dark eyes whose glance
So late shone sweetly on him in love's trance,
Shone thus no longer—'twas a thought to kill;
It mastered reason, resolution, will,
Crushed down his spirit, every nerve unmanned,
Sapped by grief's torrent, power and self-command,
Till for a medicine to his ill at last,
A day arrived that saw his torturings past,
For ere eve's worship-fires to nature burned,
He sought the shores whence traveller ne'er returned!'—pp. 10—13.

There is great beauty in the description of Gabrielle's fondness for the violet, and in the fiction itself, which represents her as passionately delighting in it. There is a language, a character in flowers, which is interpreted and felt with exquisite delight, by a mind strongly excited either by passion or imagination. We may almost believe their meaning loveliness was given them, that passion, in its wild moods, might seek them as ministers of gentler thought. Violets! what could the heart-broken girl find so beautified by solitude and meekness, as the blue violets.

'Next, on a sudden, turning quickly round,
And pleased, she reckons every church-yard mound
Upon her fingers, laughs, then weeps anew,
Scattering her violets, whose colour blue
She praises as the tint of Paradise,
The verge of which she points at in the skies;
Calling them couches, where the fays at night
Cradle their young in fragrance infinite.
Fond fancies of her own, that show how weak
And wandering is her mind: now will she speak
Part of her mournful tale in manner rude,
As though she were not in a solitude.
Sometimes her violet wreath will she address,
As once alive, and to her bosom press;
Declaring it a girl whom once she knew,
Who died and took the violet's form and hue,
Because she loved her—saying "O, sweet flower!
I'll prize thee ever, while the sparkling shower
That hangs in these transparent drops on thee,
Tells me that thou canst feel and weep for me.

Has God a spirit of wild madness sent,
Thou art sent too with odour of content.
I'll cherish thee upon my burning breast,
Where thou more cool shalt find a grateful rest.
Sweet flower! this is thy young and blooming day;
Yet thou shalt droop, and fade like me away,
Nor see the cheerless, saddening, autumn sky,
In winter's black embraces change and die—
Hadst ever parents—friends?—well, not long hence,
When this torn heart is cold and lost to sense—
When all is gone of that which now remains—
Of that I am, and my hot feverish veins
Can bear no more the vital stream along,
I shall fade too! Oh, will it not be wrong,
When wanderers see the enamelled turf which heaves
Some favourite flower, like thee, with perfumed leaves
That does its odorous birth-place beautify,
Over the spot where in decay I lie;—
To pluck and steal it, from its lovebright hue
Coming in luckless moment on their view,
They little heeding where that flower may wave,
They rob a treasure from a stranger's grave;
Yes! flowers like thee, perchance will flourish fair
Above where my forgotten ashes are,
Blown to be plucked while basking in the day,
And flung in scorn or wanton sport away,
Withered and bruised and torn, ere from the light
Their eyes of tranquil blue collapse in night!
But I shall know it not;—ere that can be,
I shall have greeted my lost family,
Where my own violets unfading lie,
And bloom in light, but never bloom to die!"'—pp. 16—18.

In our review of Doctor Southey's 'All for Love,' in our July number, we observed that one of the principal causes which renders poetry so little popular in the present day, is its unimaginative character; the want it exhibits of that living and nervous energy inspired by invention. We may add to this, its want of simplicity, in the character of its passionateness and sentiment. It is on the latter that the poetry of our own day and country has expended almost all its strength, but the effect has not been that human nature is depicted with more truth than in periods of much less poetical celebrity, nor that the heart of man turns to poetry as the noblest channel of communion with his kind—as the deep fountain in which the spirit of humanity gathers all its waters. But this is what poetry, certainly poetry, which places its excellence in passion and sentiment, should be, but which that of the present age is only partially—so partially, that we look in vain for images or sentiments which can be said to have any Shakspearean freshness or liveliness. Our author, from the character of his short preface, has, we doubt not, felt this circumstance, and we shall be greatly

pleased if he still farther employ the ability displayed in the present poem, for moving the heart by true and natural pathos. There is great sweetness in the following lines :—

> 'Poor GABRIELLE,—as people often show
> Who feel they have small business more below,
> By giving earthly things to friends and kind,
> Things valued once which they must leave behind,
> The favourite trinket or the robe they wore
> At festive moments in their days of yore,
> When to hope was to enjoy, the new world smiled
> And duped them with its playthings like a child—
> Poor Gabrielle, as they, forgot her flowers,
> And the delights of healthier, happier hours,
> Or held them cheaply, as not worth the care
> Of one that soon in different scenes must share.'—pp. 37, 38.

We must not extend our notice any farther than by giving the catastrophe of the simple story. Gabrielle had left her home, and, climbing the awful precipices which hung around it, now stood upon the topmost crag of the icy wilderness :—

> 'Upon that plane, upward inclined, so vast,
> The eye confused on its perspective cast,
> Lost all habitual distance, compass, bound,
> In the illimitable space around,
> Was Gabrielle seen last from far below,
> Treading the glittering realm of ice and snow,
> Upon her frantic course it was too late
> To chase and pluck her from the door of fate.
> She was where few would dare to go, and then
> She had a league the start, and to the ken
> Looked but a speck when parting from their view,
> By those who watched her and the mountains knew.
> And now the empire of the clouds she past,
> Into the realm of sunshine bright and vast;
> The mustering thunders far beneath her feet,
> Launch their red fires earth's answering fires to meet;
> And there she walked a traveller in the skies,
> Where cold eternal the sun's heat defies;
> Moving minute upon that ocean hoar,
> A lonely ship seen from a mountain shore—
> A single star o'er heaven's vast field careering—
> A little moment on Time's desert steering,
> And dying on the vision, the mind's eye
> Straining its orb in vain the point to espy.
> 'Twas thus from man she vanished : few there be
> Who dwell upon her story—peacefully
> She passed, and with her perished fathers slept,
> As all shall one day sleep, unmourned, unwept.'—pp. 48, 49.

The character of this beautiful and original little poem may be sufficiently understood from these extracts. It is sweet and melan-

choly as Gabrielle's violets, and, like them, we think, will be laid to the heart of many a gentle and loving being. We must not, however, forget to caution the author against the carelessness which his generally musical versification sometimes exhibits, and which is occasionally evident in the prosaic, close to a very noble passage. What could have induced him, for example, to write such a couplet as this :—

> 'Hoping that God, who every good dispenses,
> And every evil, may restore her senses!'

Or this :—

> 'He is above them all—he is a king,
> And with that thought feels he has every thing!'

Or why did he spoil the excellent comparison in the first of the following lines, by the comparison of the second, which adds nothing to the sense, and is very bungling in its construction :—

> 'A compassless existence, steered by chance,
> Unsettled as the *ignis fatuus*' dance!'

But these are pebbles in the brook ;—we, however, wish them away. Gabrielle is followed by some minor poems, which exhibit the same beauty and originality of thought, making the volume, small as it is, a very cornucopia of sweet poetry.

Art. IX.—*Skizzen aus Spanien.* Von V. A. Huber. Göttingen: Vandenhöck and Ruprecht. London: Black und Young. 1828.

Sketches from Spain. By V. A. Huber. Gottingen: Vanderhöck and Ruprecht. London: Black and Young. 1828.

These Sketches present many interesting features in the national life and peculiarities of the Spaniards, and are evidently the production of a man well acquainted, both with the highways and byways of the country which he describes. It is true, that in the preface and introduction he writes of Spain and Spaniards *con amore*, and indulges a little more than is necessary in side-blows at more civilized countries; but we are not always disposed to quarrel with the feeling which induces a traveller to describe, in favourable colours, a land in which he has been well received and hospitably treated. A social meal, with smiling faces, doing their utmost to render your stay agreeable, does certainly diffuse a brighter colouring over the whole scenery; and company and a good digestion have undoubtedly had more influence on travellers and tours than sentimental dandyism or stubborn Cockneyism will allow. Yet the love of praising may be carried too far, and it is unquestionably necessary to pay attention to the humour and disposition of the writer, before we can say at what value we are to rate his eulogy. If our unfortunate countryman, who figures in Mr. Huber's work, and is unmercifully laughed at by the author, and fleeced by the host, for imagining that in an inn he could possibly get anything to eat, or a bed to sleep on, be a living per-

sonage, and not introduced (as our continental neighbours dearly love to do) to enliven their work, were to publish an account of *his* peregrinations through the Peninsula, we would recommend the two volumes to be bound up together, for we have no doubt that one would prove an exact *counter*part to the other, although we are ready to admit that a travelling-clerk of a mercantile house, is not exactly the antagonist that we should choose for Mr. Huber.

The object of the author was to describe reality. The persons, characters, manners, views, and passions, countries and buildings, described, he assures us, were really seen and known by him in Spain. The occurrences (viz. those in the struggle for the Constitution before the death of Riego) were such as he either beheld, or was informed of by eye-witnesses. He has attempted to connect these incidents into a whole by a kind of narrative which hangs together by very slender threads. He is, however, by these means, enabled to give us more incidents illustrative of the Spanish character than he could have done in a mere traveller's journal, whilst he assures us, and the book bears internal evidence of the fact, that the fidelity of his descriptions has not suffered in consequence.

'That no deep developments of character are found in these Sketches, is not only justified by the title, but it appears to me that they would be less suited to the theatre and subject than if it were question of another country, for example, Germany. In Spain, and, if I am not mistaken, in the South in general, the subjective life preponderates. Religion, custom, power, in short the positive decides many questions, the solution of which belongs to the territory of the romance writer. . . . . The number of romances and novels, the scene of which is laid in Spain, is great in all languages, but all of them, with very few exceptions, betray such a ridiculous ignorance, as well of the physical as of the moral localities of this country and its inhabitants, that in this respect they are not worthy of notice, whatever merit they may possess inasmuch as regards invention. . . . . The author of Don Esteban and Sandoval is a Spaniard, who, for his political opinions, lives in exile in London. His works are disfigured partly by party hatred (in which, indeed, he is fully justified), and partly by a fondness for communicating only what is extraordinary. In the description of the Spaniard, the foreign reader misses exactly what is necessary to form a living picture, and the author seeks to excite the interest of the reader more by adventurous occurrences, dangers, and crimes, than by unforced descriptions of real common life.'—pp. x—xiii.

The national peculiarities of the Spaniards are less discernible in their civil institutions than in their social life. The character of this last is in many respects different from that of their religious and civil institutions, and form, in some instances, a complete contrast with it. Whilst, in political affairs, the effects of an artificial system are but too manifest in the slowness, formality, and perplexity, that are the natural consequences of a multiplicity of conflicting impulses, the social and domestic life of the Spaniards displays a freshness, simplicity, and freedom, that is hardly to be found in the degree in any other nation of Europe. The public

pleasures and enjoyments are simple, but general. Every town, and almost every village, has here its Alameda, or Pasea, a miniature of Prado, in which the inhabitants love to walk up and down, and drink a glass of cool water. A favourite occupation of the Spaniards is, to meet every morning, between ten and eleven, in a public place.

'Here private affairs are transacted, and the public interests of the day, from the most insipid town chat to the most important occurrences of the town or country, discussed among numerous and varying groups, with a zeal, talent, and, incredible as it may appear, with a freedom of speech, that in this manner and form is seldom found in any other country. This moment in the daily life of the Spaniards has for them such charms, that I have heard men, who had lived in the greatest capitals of Europe, and were rather inclined to eulogize foreign lands, confess that all the enjoyments and pleasures of Paris, Vienna, London, and Berlin, could not indemnify them for the little hour they daily passed in the Puerto del Sol, in Madrid.'—pp. 27, 28.

The Tertullas of the Spaniards correspond to the Conversaziones in Italy. A foreigner who is introduced into a family is seldom or never invited. The common phrase, "This house is yours," authorizes him to come as often as he pleases, with the supposition that it places neither on him, nor on the inhabitants, the slightest constraint. At dinner he is welcome; if he comes during the siesta, nobody is at home, afterwards he is welcome to chat, sing, dance, and (principally, however, in the higher families) play.

'I can affirm, that an unspoiled open foreigner can soon find a lasting pleasure in the social life and conversation, in short, in the Spanish Tertullas. The causes are easily explained. The Spaniards, limited as is the circle of their ideas and knowledge, bring to the conversation on things that lie within their sphere, a certain seriousness, a well-meant zeal, which is necessarily the soul of conversation. They display, on the other hand, an open strong sense for mirth, a free understanding, giving and taking, and generally a natural wit, a stout humour, which our over-culture excludes. The Spanish language is the only one, except the English, which contains humour in rich streams. The Spaniard possesses an open sense for all that is beautiful and noble, a sound, if not a very flexible, understanding, a lively imagination, a practical sense in his circle of wants and wishes, frequently an ardent desire of knowledge, which yields only to conviction, and which prefers the living word to the letter; lastly, and which is most to be esteemed, a natural decorum and dignity of behaviour, which excludes vulgarity, and the greatest vivacity of expression in a language, the power and rules of which can only be appreciated by him who has heard it in the country.'—pp. 31—33.

Our author fights the battles of the Spaniards manfully; but is reduced to hard shifts when he comes to discuss the present state of learning in Spain; the visionary nature of the studies of some of his countrymen affords him, however, a hole to creep out at, and he does not fail to enlarge it as much as possible.

'The Spaniard does not learn so much in his youth from books, but

he does not forget so much, and the powers of his mind remain more fresh. His character and judgment are formed more and earlier in real life; and as a man he is, indeed, much poorer in knowledge, but also, on the whole, much richer in experience, in sound understanding, in lively interest for what he knows, and in desire after what he does not know, than is generally the case with us, for exceptions, although numerous, prove nothing.

'The knowledge of the Spaniards is, on the whole, of a kind that gives a lighter and fresher support to social amusement than our comprehensive book-learning, book-fancy, and book-sensibility. In every society, in every little town, one or more persons are found who occupy themselves with the history, art, antiquities, or natural curiosities, of their district or town; after their own fashion, indeed, and without a survey, perhaps also without any idea of the connection of the appearances immediately surrounding them, to the entire whole of the science. But their interest is animated; what they know they have seen themselves, seen laboriously collected and discovered, wherever else it may have been long known. Their neighbours take a lively interest therein; their knowledge is a common good that is among them for the honour and edification of the province, town, or company, and shown to foreigners with a certain patriotic pride.'—pp. 34—36.

Mr. Huber, as a man of gallantry, defends the Spanish women from all assaults of their enemies, and adds, what we were not before acquainted with, that the English and French beauties do not please in Spain, whilst the German are considered as a kind of ideal of softness, blond hair, blue eyes, roses and lilies. *Han de ser muy dulces las Alemanas*, say the Spaniards.

We will not follow our enthusiastic champion through the field; we are convinced that humble and degraded as is the rank which Spaniards at present occupy among European nations, there is in some of them a sense of dignity and independence, an innate nobility of thought nearly allied to the chivalrous, but at the same time a state of society partaking of the faults and vices, as well as of the virtues of more unsophiscated ages. As far as individual happiness is considered, we are not sure that Spain would be a gainer by change; at all events, we hope that this noble country will not suffer again the dreadful consequences of sudden innovation, but gradually advance in those views which the social and commercial interests of Europe and the world require should be entertained by all nations.

The work itself (for the observations to which we have confined our attention form merely the introduction, in which Mr. Huber has given us the results of his observations in Spain) consists of a series of incidents in the revolution in which the unfortunate Riego lost his life. They are loosely connected into a kind of tale, in which the state of the country is well described in characteristic anecdotes, and the national spirit illustrated by characteristic traits. We shall select one or two passages that pleased us.

'The word *Majo*, as a substantive, denotes, among the lower classes,

what we call, in the higher, a *petit maitre*, a dandy. He is a young man, who has a desire to cut a figure in society. This is attained partly by his dress, which is of Andalusian origin. But dress, and a handsome exterior alone, are not sufficient to complete a Majo. He must support his claims by a union of mental, as well as of bodily accomplishments, which can procure him influence among his equals, and the favour of the fair sex. He must be an excellent rider, and good shot, above all, must understand the navaja and punal, and if not a toreros (a bull-fighter) himself, yet able to show himself on the *Plaza de Toros* with honour. He must dance, with elegance, the fandango, the matraco, and all other dances that are common in his part of the country, play well on the guitar, and not only sing the most favourite songs, but be able to improvise in the Segurdillas, &c. But one of his most important duties is, gallantry towards the fair sex, and the women must find him as obliging as he is bold and fearless to the men, although he must never lose sight of the laws of politeness which one cavellero should observe towards another. But even in this respect he must preserve a species of negligent dignity, as nothing would become him so badly as sentimental foppery. . . . Generosity, even to extravagance, particularly to gratify his mistress, is an indispensable quality of the Majo, but likewise temperance in eating and drinking, in every thing but love and dress. Covetousness, called by the Spaniards *miseria*, would dishonour him as much as drunkenness or effeminacy. The Majo always undertakes the office of avenging offences or insults, because he is generally on a suspicious footing with the law and its ministers, so that the term has also the bye-meaning of a bully. Some murders, particularly if they are not assassinations contribute to increase his consequence considerably. . . . . Taken altogether, such a Majo is a peculiar active, lively fellow, for besides the qualities we have enumerated, he possesses a quick wit, and all the assuming *nonchalance* of Andalusians in general. His female counterpart, the Maja, is distinguished for similar qualities among her sex, and he often finds her his superior; nay, she often knows how to use the dagger against her treacherous lover or her rivals.—pp. 34—37.'

The appearance of such characters, which remind one very forcibly of some of the Highland clansmen, so excellently described by Sir Walter Scott, although brightened with some splendid qualities, indicate a state of society to be deplored, and we could have wished that Mr. Huber had occasionally lowered the tone of approbation in which he speaks of his southern friends. Such is the Majo, who plays a principal part in the following characteristic scene, which we believe will be sufficiently intelligible to the reader without previous explanation.

'The Marquis required some moments to compose himself, and at last exclaimed, with threatening looks, " in my presence no one shall dare to insult the Constitution and the *Hero de las Cabezas.*" He was interrupted by a hollow voice—" Down with the Constitution—to the seventh hell with Riego!" and a man advanced, enveloped in his cloak, with his hat pressed upon his face. The officer not knowing what to think of this unexpected antagonist, drew his sabre and called to him, " Who art thou? What wilt thou? Surrender in the name of the King and the Constitution!" At the first words of the disguised man, Dolores was about to spring for-

wards, exclaiming, "Jesus Maria! it is Christoval," but her brother and the young gypsey, Paquita, who had now joined her, held her back. Christoval hastily throwing his hat on the ground, and wrapping his mantle round his left arm, stood in a moment with his knife drawn, ready for the contest. Remarking the emotion of Dolores, he called to her: "For God's sake, maiden, back Esteban—hold her back"; then looking around, "And you, Cavalleras, keep quiet. I have an account to settle with the young nobleman. Do you know me," he continued, turning to the officer; "but I know you—you are one who has brought me to the ground: think on the Venta de Gualdiero. You are the murderer of the brave Pedro Gomez; his blood yet stains your sabre, and blood will have blood." With these words he sprung towards his antagonist. This last could not conceal the danger of his situation: around him he saw, by the uncertain light of some torches, faces either inquisitive or indifferent; whilst some Embozados* cast dark and hostile looks towards him. He knew very well that he was hated by the lower classes in this country; and by the serviles, for the zeal with which he had distinguished himself in the apprehension of smugglers, robbers, and the like. He hesitated awhile, whether he should risk a duel with such an opponent, or call the arm of the law to his assistance; but partly the love of adventure, natural in so young a man, for he was ashamed to call for help against a single antagonist, and partly the fear that this would be of no service to him, as none of the bystanders appeared disposed to take his part, induced him to persevere. Some, indeed, wished to interfere, but the majority exclaimed, "Let them alone, let them alone;" others, "hold yourself bravely Majo. Show what you can do, Cavallerito." But Esteban advanced, and, with threatening look and voice, cried, "He who interferes has to do with me. Let them settle the affair as becomes brave fellows. Don't be disturbed, Christoval".....

Dolores remained in fearful expectation of the issue, whilst Paquita, with the tenderest care, whispered courage to her. "Only be quiet, my angel, only be quiet, my Rose; not a hair of Christoval's will be touched. Weep not so, my life; believe me, I know how it will end: with his knife Christoval needs not fear the long sabre. The young officer may pray his last Ave Maria, if he knows it, the impious freemason; and yet it is a pity too, for he's a pretty youth." The strange contest had meanwhile begun. Not unacquainted with the fearful weapon of his adversary, and with the only means to escape its effects, the officer remained quietly in his posture of defence, with his right arm drawn back, ready to cut or to thrust. He knew that he was lost without remedy, if he did not lay his adversary low at the first blow, and followed all his motions with his eye and body in strained attention. Christoval bending, almost cowering forward, with his long tapering knife in his right hand, stole round his opponent in circles, constantly lessening, and with glowing eyes watched every movement. It was evident that the officer's patience was at last exhausted; and his fiery courage induced him to attempt putting an end to the affair at once. "He is lost," said an old bull-fighter quietly, who stood among the crowd and observed the fight with the eyes of a connoisseur. The mantle seemed to slip from Christoval's arm, and while he strove to collect it again, he exposed himself a little to his enemy. The latter thinking the favourable moment was at length arrived, sprung forward with a violent thrust at the head of his

* 'Men who advance the mantle over their face, and, pressing the hat down on the forehead, remain completely unknown.'

adversary, but sank at the same moment to the earth with a hollow cry. The apparent dropping of the mantle was merely a trick to decoy him to an incautious movement. Catching the thrust in his mantle, Christoval darted upon the Marquis quick as lightning, as the tiger on his prey, and had driven his knife into his left side, below the ribs; and so great was the force of the blow, combined with that of the spring, that he tore completely round the whole body..... The numerous folds of his thick mantle had effectually protected him from all injury. "God be merciful to his poor soul!" said he, with difficultly suppressed emotion, while the by-standers looked in silence for a moment on the fearful wound. "Well driven, Christoval," said Esteban, giving his cousin his hand; "but now away—I hear the guard. There stands my horse: give Dolores a kiss, and away." "With this bloody hand," said Christoval,—"never!" and, uttering a painful adieu to Dolores, who had been, with horror, a witness of his victory, he sprang upon the horse, and was soon at a distance.'

The conduct and observations of Dolores, the mistress of Christoval, are illustrative of the effects which the constant exhibition of bull-fights has upon the minds of the Spaniards. A comparative disregard of human life, a looseness of ideas, and a revengeful disposition, which prompts the death of the offender for the slightest offence, are invariable accompaniments of such a state of society. Mr. Huber has unquestionably presented to us an interesting collection of facts illustrative of the Spanish character in some of its most indirect, and therefore more valuable traits; had he done this without forcing himself personally on the notice of his readers, we might have bestowed unqualified approbation on his work, except, perhaps, that the long description of Alhambra might have been curtailed without injury; but when, in his liberality, he becomes the defender of practices which can only be excused by the excitement attending the change from an uncivilized to civilized society, and are perhaps necessary to prevent the terrible re-action that always ensues from sudden and total innovation, we can only say in his defence, that in the striking and isolated features of simple life, he has forgotten the complicated form which society assumes in its advancement, and that it is impossible in any state of affairs to possess superior advantages without being exposed to corresponding disadvantages. But the time is gone by when it was necessary to defend the extension of human intellect against the visionary consequences of the school of Rousseau; and all Mr. Huber's laboured eulogium on Spain and Spaniards proves, that he was well received in that country, and that in the laudable motive of speaking well of those to whom he has been indebted, he has forgotten to regulate his observations according to the common standard of humanity as at present existing, but it proves nothing more. The tenor of our remarks will prove, that they are made in no hostile spirit, and that while we appreciate, and highly too, the capabilities which exist in the Spanish character, we are by no means disposed to consider them, in their present state of development, as the *ne plus ultra* of human perfection.

ART. X.—*An Inquiry into the Truth of History.* By the Author of "Remarks upon the supposed Dionysius Longinus." Part I. London: 1829.

THERE are authors who appear to write in order to conceal what they think from the public, and among this number is Mr. Nebuchadnezzar Kelsall, who, we believe, is the author of the singular little work before us. The *apparent* design of the publication is, to prove the identity of Bellerophon and Nebuchadnezzar; and, moreover, to show that Homer was not Herodotus; a fact which Mr. Kelsall appears to imagine is very much disputed. We confess we do not understand the joke of all this. The author may, perhaps, have some esoteric meaning, excellent for those who are initiated; but extremely difficult to be conjectured by the profane vulgar, among whom, to our sorrow, we must be content to rank ourselves on the present occasion. As riddles, however, have always possessed a certain charm for mankind, from the days of the Theban Sphinx down to the present times, we are tempted to bestow a moment or two upon those of Mr. Kelsall, which have at least the merit of appearing as obscure and absurd as those which puzzled the contemporaries of Œdipus.

After a few preliminary remarks on the woollen trade, and the revocation of the edict of Nantes, our author comes at once to Bellerophon, and Mr. Mitford, the latter of whom, it seems, was wrong in not being able to find a place in history for such heroes as Sisyphus, Glaucus, and Bellerophon, or Nebuchadnezzar. With regard to Sisyphus, our author entertains, or seems to entertain, a very singular opinion; we speak doubtingly for reasons given above. He takes him to have been the patriarch Jacob first, because Jacob complains in the Scriptures, that his sons had made him to stink among his neighbours; while the poets, who were not the sons of Sisyphus, represent him as a thief and a robber; secondly, when Jacob had completed his seven years' service, 'he was forced to begin his service anew;' and 'does not this,' Mr. Kelsall triumphantly inquires, 'resemble the doom of Sisyphus?' Thirdly, Jacob and Sisyphus are the same person, because the name of Sisyphus greatly resembles—that of Jacob? not at all, but that of Jacob's brother! 'In the name Sisyphus,' says our luculent author, 'we may trace an allusion to Zuph, or Edom; *i.e.* Esau, Jacob's brother.' Voltaire's derivation of *alphana* from *equus* was nothing to this.

As a specimen of Mr. Kelsall's logic, we may adduce his exquisite reason for passing over 'all smaller matters in the story of Bellerophon:' Mr. Mitford considers Glaucus, Bellerophon, &c. as poetical, not historical personages; Mr. Kelsall believes exactly the reverse; 'we may, *therefore*, says he, allow ourselves to pass over all smaller matters,' &c. But to proceed:—Homer, according to every scheme of chronology with which we are acquainted

lived about 900 years before Christ; Bellerophon preceded him by at least 100 years; Nebuchadnezzar reigned about 600 years before Christ; *therefore* Nebuchadnezzar and Bellerophon are the same person.

Let the reader, who, of course, must be learned and ingenious, try his hand at making sense out of the following explanation of the fable of Bellerophon:

'We may collect from Homer, that Bellerophon came from a distant country; that he brought letters or tokens, the meaning of which was concealed from him, and which contained an order for his destruction; that he subdued a monster, which breathed fire, and had a lion's head, a goat's body, and a serpent's tail; that he conquered the Solymi and the Amazons, and that in the latter part of his life he experienced very great misery. To this account other authors added, that he caught the winged horse Pegasus; that he attempted to fly up to heaven, and was cast down. Let us begin by attempting to discover what this monster or chimera really was.

'A burning mountain is still to be found in Lycia; and if we suppose that lions lived at the top of it, and goats in the middle, and serpents at the bottom, we shall have the usual explanation of the Chimæra. As for Bellerophon's conquering it, that is quite another matter. If the volcano still exists, we may infer that Bellerophon did not put it out; and if all the heroes of the present day were to try, they would probably do nothing more than burn their own fingers. On the other hand, if goats are put between lions and serpents, we shall not want any hero at all to deliver us from the goats. Let us then consider this monster * as the fabulous emblem of three kingdoms. If we put the lion for Judah, we shall have the support of Scripture. Jupiter was nursed by a goat; Minerva's shield, or ægis, was covered with a goat's skin; Pan's lower half was that of a goat; and Egypt is represented as the mother of idolatry. If we infer from these circumstances that Egypt was represented by the goat, our inference will derive some support from etymology; for in Ægis and Egypt, or, to use the Greek characters, in Αἴγις and Αἴγυπτος, we may trace a similarity. The dragon, or fiery serpent, may in like manner be made to allude to Ethiopia; which we may derive from two Greek words, the one signifying fiery, and the other a serpent; so that the Chimæra may stand for the three kingdoms of Judah, Egypt, and Ethiopia. The reader may startle at such an explanation; and his surprise will be increased by his being told, that in bad puns and in mistakes he must be *content* to find an explanation of many fables, which are thought to contain very elegant and tasteful allegories.'—pp. 6—8.

We now come to Mr. Kelsall's namesake, Nebuchadnezzar, and observe with grief, that notwithstanding his great veneration for this illustrious personage, he has taken but little trouble to make himself acquainted with his real history. 'If we seek,' says he, 'for a notice of this mighty conqueror in classical history, we are told that he is the same as the Labynetus of Herodotus; that is to say, the same as he who is commemorated for having assisted to make peace between Cynxares and Alyattes.'

* 'The Sphinx, Griffin, &c. (but not the Minotaur) will be found to allude to Nebuchadnezzar's punishment.'

Indeed! In what classical history do we learn this? If we turn to the "Canon Ptolemarcus," we shall find that Labynetus is there called Nabanadius: Berosus calls him Nabonnedus; Megasthenes, Nabaunidochos; Josephus, Naboandelos; and he is placed by Sir John Marsham the fourth among the successors of Nebuchadnezzar. And it is the father of this Nabonadius, not Nebuchadnezzar, who is represented as having assisted the Cilician Syennesis in making peace between Cyaxares and Alyattes. So much for the classical accuracy of this inquirer into the truth of history. It should be remarked, that in a note the author informs us that 'Nebuchadnezzar is in fact the *Cambysis* of Herodotus;' and, in order the more effectually to make a chaos of history, he adds that the flood of Ogyges, the tradition of which is older than the period referred to by at least five hundred years, 'also refers to his invasions.'

Having now reduced things to the necessary degree of obscurity and confusion, he appears to experience a degree of secret exultation, and remarks:—

'Perhaps the reader may now be prepared for assertions which would have shocked him if they had been made sooner; namely, that the Bellerophon of fable is the Nebuchadnezzar of Scripture; and that the travels of the gods, the emigration of Inachus, Phoroneus, Ægialeus, Cecrops, Cadmus, Danaus, Ion, Dorus, Xuthus, Camber, Brutus, &c.; the wanderings of Hercules and Æneas, of the Pelasgi, and of the Tyrrheni, must all be dated from the conquests of Nebuchadnezzar; and that the Iliad and the Odyssey are two of the harlot songs of Tyre, of Phœnician Tyre, the real and only Phœnix.'—pp. 15, 16.

But if we would reap the full harvest of our author's absurdities we must not be precipitate; both text and notes abound with them; and if the reader be desirous of enjoying a feast of laughter which Democritus might envy, we counsel him to go over this exquisite book, paragraph by paragraph, and he will enjoy it. What will the reader say to Japetus and old Kronos, travelling, the one *by sea*, and the other, we presume, *by land*, from Corinth to Ireland, and enjoy a *pas de deux* in a potatoe-field near Cork. By the bones of Tristram Shandy, we admire this; as also what follows respecting King Ith, and the Halls of Tara. As, however, the reader may likewise desire to see the Tyrians with their "long iron trumpets," "traced by Cor, from Corinth to Cork," we copy the admirably learned note in which all this is to be found:

'Iapetus or Elam seems to have travelled north-west, and may be traced by the Gaelic traditions to the north of Ireland; Kronos went south-west by sea, and may be traced by Cor—from Corinth to Cork: the pillars of the Tyrian Hercules are still to be found in Ireland.

——νέλατα πείρατα—
Γαίης καὶ πόντοιο, ἵν', Ἰαπετός τε Κρονός τε, &c.

Iliad, θ. 478.

——— " earth's remotest bound,
* * * *
Where curst Iapetus and Saturn dwell."

Bryant was very fond of building castles in the air, and made little scruple of turning a hero into a tower, but I believe he has not noticed the round towers of Ireland nor our Mam Tor, &c. The Danes, who destroyed whatever fell in their way, are supposed by some to have taken the trouble of building the round towers; but as we allow that the Phœnicians visited Cornwall, why should we discredit their having gone to Ireland? A long trumpet of Iron is said to have been dug up from the bottom of one of these towers, and several such are said to have been found in Ireland, near these buildings. I hope to shew that these iron trumpets, and pillar towers, and King Ith, and the Halls of Tara, are not unconnected with Tyre.'

Every person, we suppose, has already made the discovery that that which is heavy, awkward, and ungainly, bears a remarkably strong resemblance to that which is airy, graceful, and rapid in its movements. No one, therefore, will be surprised to find the huge unwieldy hippopotamus proved to have been the winged horse of Bellerophon. There is, however, a singular similarity in the habits of the two animals, and in the deeds for which they are celebrated: for example, the hippopotamus wallows in the mud of the Nile, and Pegasus flew up towards heaven; the hippopotamus sticks to the earth, and therefore can fall no lower, and Pegasus was thrown down headlong from the clouds; no one ever rides or ever rode the hippopotamus, and Pegasus is renowned for bearing a hero even to the skies; &c. Who does not see at once that the ancients must have borrowed their ideas of Pegasus from the hippopotamus? In one trifling circumstance the story of Bellerophon differs, it will be observed, from the history of Nebuchadnezzar; for the Grecian hero is said to have ridden his winged steed; and neither history nor tradition, as far as we have been able to discover, represents Nebuchadnezzar mounted on a hippopotamus. But, as the critics say, let the author speak for himself:—

'Had Homer spoken the plain truth, the veneration in which that very great poet, though very false historian, was held, would have prevented their additions and perversions from obtaining currency: I conclude, therefore, that Pegasus, and the flying up to heaven, and the being cast down, and the wandering in solitude and misery, form parts of the same fable, and that they are all to be explained by the history of Nebuchadnezzar. For the light and fiery Pegasus, I take the liberty of substituting the river-horse or hippopotamus of the Nile, until another substantial substitute is provided. The plunder of Egypt was decreed to Nebuchadnezzar, in recompense of his toil in besieging Tyre. In his great service against that city, every head was made bald, and every shoulder was peeled; yet he had no wages, and therefore he was to take the multitude, and the spoil, and the prey of Egypt, and it was to be the wages of his army. Riches generally produce presumption; so we may reasonably suppose that the conquest of Egypt, or of Pegasus, was one cause of that proud speech, for which his kingdom was taken from him, and he was

driven from men; and so far the Bellerophon of fable and the Nebuchadnezzar will be found to be one and the same hero. They who chose to omit Nebuchadnezzar, could not give Bellerophon a place in history, lest the confession of one imposture should lead to the discovery of others: for a lie, whether poetical or not, is often upheld by the framer, not so much for its own sake, as for the sake of others, which must stand and fall with it.'—pp. 20—22.

When the author has thus despatched the *history* of his Græco-Babylonian hero, and proved, at least to his own satisfaction, that Bellerophon is the same as Nebuchadnezzar, or Belshazzar, for he does not greatly care which, he comes to the *names* of these illustrious personages. Upon this rock we feared, however, that his whole system would split, for neither our eyes nor our ears could discover the slightest resemblance between Bellerophon and Nebuchadnezzar. Our fears were entirely groundless. The author's ignorance triumphs over every thing. He first gets rid of the termination of the name by observing that "*eser* and *assar* signify destroyer," &c.

'*Eser* and *Assar* signify destroyer; so that Nabol-pol-assar, the name of the father of Nebuchadnezzar, was, like Genghis Khan, and Pharaoh, and Abimelech, a title rather than a proper name. Ad or Adad, or Hadad, or Ader, will be found to allude to Syria; and the reader may have observed that the rough aspirate in many words is first softened and then omitted, though the omission of it may be thought vulgar.'—p. 23.

We have seldom seen so many proofs of ignorance crowded into one brief passage: *Genghis Khan*, he says, is a title, like Pharaoh, &c. This is not the case. Genghis was the proper name of the great Mogul conqueror; *Khan* means *King*; Genghis Khan, therefore, means "King Genghis;" and it would be as proper to say that "King George the Fourth" is the title of the king of England, as that Genghis Khan is that of the sovereign of Tartary. If we suppose Abimelek to have been one of the Arab rulers of Egypt, his name may be resolved into two Arabic words—"abou," *father*; and "melek" *king*—signifying "the father of the king." But let the reader, whether courteous or uncourteous, cast his eye upon the author's note on this egregious passage: 'the English words *razor*, or *to raze*, may serve to show why the great conqueror was called Nebuchad*razzar*.' Had the "Great Conqueror" been a celebrated barber of Babylon, *a razor* might have been very properly associated with his memory; and his name might have been supposed to signify "Nebuchad, the shaver;" as it is, we do not see the connexion.

But to come to the names:—

'If we take the Greek name as we find it in Homer, it is Bellerophontes: *phontes* is allowed to signify a slaughterer; and we are told that Bellerophontes got his name from killing his uncle Bellerus. Unluckily, Homer knows nothing of this Bellerus, and no one else can make any thing of him. Bellerus is in fact one of those convenient suppositions by which the river is

so often turned to meet the bridge. "Bel boweth down: Nebo stoopeth." Do not Bel and Nebo correspond? and in Aram and Arabia, and Ar and Er, may we not find a correspondent for Kad or Chad? If so, Bellerophontes and Nebuchadnezzar, notwithstanding the difference of their sound, are similar in sense.'—pp. 24—25.

The reasoning in this passage appears to be conducted thus—Bellerophon got his name for killing his uncle Bellerus, having, we suppose, been nameless previous to that event; Nebuchadnezzar did not kill his uncle, but *Bel* and *Nebo* 'correspond,' 'and in Aram and Arabia,' we 'may find a correspondent for Kad or Chad;' *ergo*, Bellerophon and Nebuchadnezzar are the same!

In the following passage, the author puts forward another argument in support of his hypothesis, which he justly suspects to be 'too obscure for the general reader,' if the 'general reader' is not gifted with higher powers of divination than we are:—

'But the Chaldeans of Scripture were very gay in their dress; very uncouth or unintelligible in their speech; and after the fall of Babylon they were held in little repute by other nations. These are remarkable facts; what have they to do with the Lycians? If Glaucus wore golden armour, he was as gay as he needs be, and a little gayer too; but we must also bear in mind that although the Leleges are not mentioned in the second book of the Iliad, they are mentioned in three other books, and moreover that the Carians were close neighbours and apparently on very good terms with them. Nastes, a chief of the Carians, seems to have been gayer than Glaucus, for he is mentioned as wearing gold like a girl; and although there was a variety of languages among the forces of Priam, and we are told that by "Barbarians" we may understand all who were not Greeks, it is very clear that the Carians are the only people whom Homer calls barbarous in their speech.

'Here then are some circumstances which may deserve notice. The Leleges are not mentioned in the Catalogue, though a Speech of Æneas shows that they had been actively engaged in the war. Nastes the Carian, wore gold like a girl, and the Carians alone are characterised as being of barbarous speech. We are told by Herodotus that the Carians invented crests for the helmets, and devices or ornaments for the shields; and we may learn that the Carian of the Greeks and the Cardax of the Persians, though fond of fighting, were not much honoured by those who used their services. Car, Kars, the Carchi, Cardax, Carduchus, Koordistan and Chaldea, will be easily connected by those who have compared modern and ancient geography; and they will find that the Lyges of Herodotus came from the same quarter: so that a connexion, though too obscure perhaps for the general reader, and not accurately traced in this place, will be found to exist between the Bellerophon of fable and the Nebuchadnezzar of Scripture in etymology, geography, and history; and they who think the inference too extraordinary to be true, who cannot believe that fable is a perversion of scriptural truth, ought to be as scrupulous in other matters, and not swallow a camel by believing that so great a conqueror as Nebuchadnezzar, and so great a dispersion as he effected, interested the Greeks so little, that they went on very merrily with their shows, and, as it seems, took no notice at all of what was going on abroad!'—pp. 27—31.

If the reader is at all familiar with the heroes of the "Tale of a Tub," he will remember Lord Peter's asseveration that a slice of brown bread was at once beef, and mutton, and venison, and veal, and bacon, and plum-pudding, and custard. Mr. Kelsall is exactly of the same opinion respecting Nebuchadnezzar, who is at once Bellerophon, and Sesostris, and Ogyges, and Cambyses, and Lycaon, and Midas, and the serpent of Cadmus, and the Python, and Typhon, and the Sphinx. These opinions are, however, too extraordinary to be fastened upon any man without proof positive of the accuracy of the charge; let the reader, therefore, peruse with a grave face, if he can, the following oracular passage:—

'Moses, David, Solomon, and Nebuchadnezzar will be found to have acted many parts in the heathen drama. Nebuchadnezzar may be recognized not only in the Bellerophon, who attempted to fly up to heaven, and the Sesostris, who became blind and destroyed himself; but also in Lycaon, Midas, and Cambyses, and in the serpent who destroyed the companions of Cadmus; in the serpent Python, whose death caused so much rejoicing; and in the monster Typhon, who murdered Osiris and dispersed his limbs; *i.e.* who ravaged Egypt, and scattered the Egyptians. Perhaps the wildest, and at the same time the truest story, is that of the Argonauts: the wildest, because the Prophet Elijah is turned into the sorceress Medea; the truest, because the Argonauts may really be said to have *fetched back* the golden fleece, when by plundering Jehoram they repaid themselves for the bond-service which Laomedon, *i.e.* Solomon, had laid on them, when he probably regained what David had taken from them; when he flayed Marsyas and hung up his skin. Should the reader wish to trace the original of the war of Thebes, he has only to put the alliance with Egypt for the deliverance from the Sphinx; (or if he is not startled too much, let him put Nebuchadnezzar for the Sphinx;) Zedekiah for Œdipus; and Jehoiakim, who had the burial of an ass, for Polynices; the prophetic and weeping Jeremiah will explain the story of that Teiresias who was turned into a woman, and whose daughter dissolved into a flood of tears. The Harpies are said to have been locusts; but the locusts are so far from polluting what they leave, that they leave nothing eatable, and so far from being filthy, that afterwards they are eaten themselves. The original Harpies, the sons of Eli, did pollute what they touched; and the famine, which Virgil's Celæno is made to predict, was fulfilled literally in those who begged for a morsel of bread. My explanations may have seemed strange; it will be stranger still to believe what we read of the Argonauts, the Sphinx, &c. &c.'—pp. 35, 36.

Wolf got celebrity on the continent by posing the eruditi with his wild paradoxes on Homer; and Mr. Kelsall hopes, we presume, to acquire equal renown among his countrymen by bringing the Tyrians to Cork, and by proving that Aristides the Just, was a cruel man.

But we cannot afford space for exposing the one hundredth part of the jargon which this author parades, and hopes to pass off for learning; but we copy one more exquisite specimen for the amusement of the reader:—

'Both Homer and Herodotus had a lurking fondness for Egypt; but is not Herodotus rather too bold in making the Egyptians distinguish themselves at sea? From the overthrow of Pharoah and his host the Egyptians seem to have had a very great dislike to the sea. Should the reader wish to trace the overthrow of Pharaoh in classical history, he will not find much difficulty in identifying it with the fall of Phaeton, the rape of Proserpine, and the deaths of Adonis and Thammuz. Baal-Zephon and Persephone are apparently the same title. Zeb, Zebal, Sibylla, Œbalus—the Sabines, (who probably changed Chemosh or Shems into Semo, by corrupting the sound *sh*, in this, as in every other word,) Zeus, Phœbus, Guebre, Febris, seem in like manner connected with the prevailing idolatries of light and fire. The classical reader may apply the following lines of Virgil to the Israelites, entering the promised land, or Elysium, after their passage of the Red Sea, or the Styx, and their wandering in the desert.

"Quin et supremo cùm lumine vita reliquit,
Non tamen omne malum miseris, nec funditus omnes
Corporeæ excedunt pestes, penitùsque necesse est
Multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris," &c.
—"exinde per amplum
Mittimur Elysium, et pauci læta arva tenemus."

VIRG. ÆN. VI.—p. 86.

Of all the theories which have been put forward respecting St. Patrick, we consider the following to be the most singularly original extant:

'Is not St. Patrick said to have cleared Ireland of serpents? If the history of St. Patrick is like the other histories of that day, I would venture to refer him and his achievements to the arrival of the Phœnicians. The Παραῤῥοι, according to Herodotus, were represented on the figure heads of the Phœnician ships, and perhaps both the Patricii of Rome and the St. Patrick of Ireland derived theirs not from Pater, but from Παραῤῥοι,

"Mercuri, nam te docilis magistro
Movit Amphion lapides canendo,"

says Horace. When we call to mind that Hiram of Tyre was Solomon's architect, and that neither hammer, nor axe, or any tool of iron was heard in the temple while it was in building, we may conclude that Horace alludes to Solomon; but if we consider Amphion as a compounded word, signifying *one who went or sent round*, and recollect how the walls of Jericho were thrown down, we may be inclined to think that Joshua is meant by Amphion. I mention this in hopes of shewing how curiously truth has been perverted by fables and legends; but the meaning of -ion in Orion, Ixion, Amphion, &c. requires further examination.—p. 104.

Here we close the 'Inquiry into the Truth of History,' but we recommend it to the reader. It is amusing as a piece of serious fooling, and may, perhaps, be intended to be understood as a joke. But we profess to be utterly ignorant of the design of the author.

ART. XI.—*History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France, from the year* 1807, *to the year* 1814. By W. F. P. Napier, C. B. Lt-Colonel H. P. Forty-third Regiment. 2 vols. 8vo. London: T. and W. Boone, Strand. 1829.

THE History of the Peninsular War has at all events the advantage of being an old acquaintance of the public; though like many other old friends, it very frequently appears with a new face. This war, in fact, is one of the most brilliant episodes in modern story, and although it will of course appear of somewhat less importance to posterity than it does to us, there can, we think, be but little doubt that it will always be regarded as one of the most interesting chapters in the history of mankind. Of the various pictures of this singular war, which have hitherto been taken, we doubt whether any one can be regarded as an exact likeness; indeed it is probable that we are not yet arrived at that point of view from whence alone its true features and dimensions can be discerned. The historians who have hitherto described it, have for the most part been military men, who were engaged in the struggle, and who, besides a knowledge more or less intimate of the practice and principles of war, possessed the advantage of being tolerably well acquainted with the institutions and manners of the contending nations. It must, in general, be allowed, that professional men are the best to describe what belongs to their calling; and that others, who undertake the task, frequently display considerable technical ignorance. But if soldiership be a profession, so also is authorship; and there have been extremely few who have distinguished themselves in both these modes of developing genius. Xenophon, Cæsar, Polybius, with perhaps one or two more, form the whole catalogue of great military historians; while there have been many who never distinguished themselves in the field, who were yet capable of describing intelligibly the operations of war, which is all that should be demanded of an historian.

It is natural that men should delight to dwell upon topics with which they are familiar; and that they should moreover be apt to attribute more importance to their favourite studies or pursuits than to any others. For this reason the histories written by soldiers generally smell a little too strongly of gunpowder, though they are far more agreeable when this is the case than when the authors, without being either philosophers or politicians, affect to philosophize and play the statesman.

Colonel Napier, the author of the history now before us, has many qualities which befit a man to excel in history. He has a strong, clear head, extensive knowledge, and a style of considerable flexibility and power. In judging of events he does not affect that depth and acuteness which nothing in human nature can escape; a failing to which several modern French historians, as well as many

among ourselves, are continually leaning. Neither does he fall into that still more pernicious and disgusting fault of tracing all glorious actions, all sacrifices of self to patriotism, to mean or unworthy motives; being persuaded, we imagine, that those detractors of human nature, to whom this practice is familiar, having sought in vain in their own breasts for the roots of great virtues, only reveal the state of their own souls, when they thus calumniate and misrepresent their species. Some readers may, perhaps, suspect him of a slight propensity to this criminal habit, when they observe with what contempt he frequently speaks of the pretensions of the Spaniards to heroic courage, and pure patriotism; but it should be remembered that the government of Spain had for centuries been a mere despotism; that her religion had never been other than a debasing superstition; and that to expect many examples of virtue or patriotism in such a country, would be just as rational as to look for the fruits of temperate climates among the snows of the polar regions. Virtue is not the fruit of arbitrary governments; and Spain, whatever may have been the original character of her inhabitants, or the energy and enthusiasm infused into them by their intermarriages with the Moors, could not be expected to offer an exception to the general rule. Colonel Napier, however, is not backward to acknowledge those rare examples of patriotism which occurred in the course of the war, and which, bursting forth as they did in spite of the worst of all human institutions, and an accumulation of unfavourable circumstances, shew what the Spaniards might become under a good government.

There, nevertheless, appear to be extraordinary inherent defects in the Spanish character, among which cruelty, revengefulness, and the most adsurd self-confidence, are not the least striking. Being too ignorant to comprehend his own inferiority, the Spaniard looks with disdain upon the nations around him. Enlightened neither by victory nor defeat, and vain even in the midst of disgrace and humiliation, he muffles his head, as it were, in the cloak of ignorance, and refuses to perceive what a despicable figure he makes among mankind. The civilized few, who do not come under this description, are not to be regarded as specimens of their race, but as fortunate exceptions, whom the spirit of other nations has snatched out of their original sphere, and animated with desires and aspirations not natural to them as Spaniards. Upon these, of course, the reproaches justly cast upon their nation, should not fall. They must regard with anguish and abhorrence the abominations and atrocities perpetrated by their countrymen, and must be but too happy to cast upon their tyrannical and despicable government the blame which should partly fall on their national character. But be this as it may, we feel, while perusing the history of the war in Spain, a loathing and disgust similar to what is generated in the mind by wading through the sanguinary struggles of cannibals and savages; and lament to discover in the contests of Christian nations,

examples of demoniacal cruelty and ferocity, not to be exceeded by any which are to be found in the annals of those nations whom we are accustomed to regard as our inferiors in civilization and refinement. In one word, if we are to form our notions of a people from their conduct in times of war, we must conclude, that the Spaniards and Portuguese, are at this moment less civilized than the Greeks and Trojans at the Æra of the taking of Troy.

As an example of the ignorance of these barbarians, we shall merely adduce the fact, that during the whole war they were perpetually endeavouring to seduce the French Marshals from their allegiance to the Emperor, by offers of rank and honours in the Spanish army; which was exactly as if the Burman Emperor were to tempt the Governor-General of India to desert his Majesty's service, by the offer of raising him to the rank of a *Wungyi* in the kingdom of Ava!

'The Catalans had before made proposals to general Lecchi to deliver up the citadel of that place, nor is there any thing that more strongly marks the absurd self-sufficiency of the Spaniards, during this war, than the repeated attempts they made to corrupt the French commanders. As late as the year 1810, Martin Carrera, being at the head of about two thousand ragged peasants, half-armed, and only existing under the protection of the English out-posts, offered to marshal Ney, then investing Ciudad Rodrigo, rank and honours in the Spanish army if he would desert.'—vol. ii. p. 84.

Of perfidy and cruelty, which would disgrace cannibals, the instances are innumerable. When a general had the misfortune to lose a battle, the soldiers, never thinking of attributing their defeat to their own cowardice or want of discipline, immediately suspected the faith of their commander, fell like demons upon the unfortunate man, and stained with his blood the weapons which were generally innocent of the blood of the enemy. On other occasions, when some small fragments, or straggling individuals, of those armies which in the field had made their chivalry to skip, fell into their hands, the feast of vengeance was complete; their hearts dilated with joy at the glorious opportunity; and mangling, mutilating, and torturing the unhappy wretches with all the ingenuity of inquisitors, they wiped out, in their own opinion, the disgrace attending upon defeat. Even that confidence, which Colonel Napier so justly terms 'the impulse of victory,' led, among the Spaniards, to nothing but insubordination. 'These circumstances,' says the historian, (p. 79,) 'restored the confidence of the Catalonians, but their system remained unchanged; *for confidence among the Spaniards always led to insubordination, but never to victory.*'

In proof of the charges of barbarity which we have made against both Spaniards and Portuguese, we shall select two or three examples from the volume before us; premising, that they might be increased a hundred-fold. When Reding, one of the most humane

honest, and courageous of the Spanish generals, had been defeated by St. Cyr, at Valls, he retired, mortally wounded, to Tarragona, unable, of course, to make further exertions against the enemy. The French neglected, after the victory, to push their advantages, and retired towards their former position :—

'During these proceedings, Reding died in Tarragona of his wounds. He had been received there with great dissatisfaction after the battle of Valls, and the interference of the British consul was necessary to save him from the first fury of the populace, who were always ready to attribute a defeat to the treachery of the general. His military conduct was by his own officers, generally and justly condemned; but although his skill in war was slight, his courage and honesty were unquestionable; and he was of distinguished humanity; for, at this unhappy period, when the French prisoners in every part of Spain were tortured with the most savage cruelty, when to refrain from such deeds was to incur suspicion, Reding had the manliness, not only to repress all barbarities within the range of his command, but even to conclude a convention with St. Cyr, under which the wounded men on both sides were to receive decent treatment, and to be exchanged as soon as their hurts were cured.'—vol. ii. p. 95.

Of the ferocity and stupidity of the Portuguese, who wanted the sense to discover their friends from their enemies, the following extract affords a striking example :—

'The population of Lisbon, alarmed by the reverses in Spain, and yet, like all the people in the Peninsula, confident in their own prowess and resolution until the very moment of attack, became extremely exasperated; and the regency, partly from their natural folly and insincerity, but more from the dread of the lower orders, countenanced, if they did not instigate, the latter to commit excesses, and to interrupt the proceedings of the British naval and military authorities.

'Although the measures of precaution relative to the forts had originated with the regency, they now formally protested against them; and, with a view to hamper the general, encouraged their subalterns to make many false and even ridiculous charges against the British executive officers; and it would appear that the remonstrances of the admiral and generals were but imperfectly supported by Mr. Villiers.

'In this manner the people's violence was nourished until the city was filled with tumult; mobs, armed with English pikes and muskets, collected night and day in the streets and on the high roads, and, under the pretext of seeking for, and killing, Frenchmen, attacked, indiscriminately, all foreigners, even those in the British service and wearing the British uniform. The guards, who endeavoured to protect the victims of this ferocity, were insulted. Couriers, passing with despatches, were intercepted and deprived of their papers; English officers were outraged in the streets; and such was the audacity of the people that the artillery was placed in the squares, in expectation of an affray. In fine, the state of Lisbon was similar to what it had been at the period of Junot's convention; and if the British had abandoned the country at this time, they would have been assailed with as much obloquy by the Portuguese, for, such has been, and will be, the fate of all unsuccessful auxiliaries; a reflection that should render historians cautious of adopting accusations upon the authority of native writers on the like occasions.'—vol. ii. pp. 145, 146.

The reader will discover, in the following passage, an indication of the manner in which the Portuguese endeavoured to defend their country :—

'Marshal Soult endeavoured to soften the people's feelings by kindness and soothing proclamations; and as he enforced a strict discipline among his troops, his humane and politic demeanour joined to the activity of his moveable columns, soon abated the fierceness of the peasantry. The inhabitants of Ribidavia returned to their houses; those of Orense had never been very violent, and now became even friendly, and lent assistance to procure provisions. It was, not, however, an easy task to restrain the soldiers within the bounds of humanity; the frequent combats, the assassination and torturing of isolated men, and the privations endured, had so exasperated the French troops, that the utmost exertions of their general's authority could not always control their revenge.'

'Don Bernadin Freire was legal commander-in-chief of the Entre Minho e Douro, but all the generals claimed an equal and independent authority each over his own force; and this was, perhaps, a matter of self-preservation, for general and traitor were, at that period, almost synonymous; and to obey the orders of a superior against the momentary wishes of the multitude was to incur instant death; nor were there wanting men who found it profitable to inflame the passions of the mob, and to direct their blind vengeance against innocent persons; for the prelate's faction, although the most powerful, was not without opponents even in Oporto.' —vol ii. pp. 177—179.

The narrative of the murder of General Freire, compiled from Eben's manuscript report, and the papers of Sir John Cradock, will at once enable the reader to appreciate the spirit displayed by the Portuguese during this war, and to perceive the sort of interest which belongs to Colonel Napier's History. This narrative, however, must be preceded by the historian's account of theconflict which ushered in the murder. To enter properly into the spirit of these horrible transactions, the reader must represent to himself the Portuguese driven like wild beasts before the disciplined, brave troops of France; now turning round, and offering a ferocious but momentary resistance, and again hurrying on before the war-storm, raging against their leaders, stung with shame, and reeking with the blood of their unhappy victims :—

'Soult now expected to reach Braga without further opposition, and caused his artillery, guarded by Laborde's division, to enter the pass of Venda Nova; but the *ordenanza*, reinforced by some men from the side of Guimaraens, immediately re-assembled, and, clustering on the mountains to the left of the column of march, attacked it with great fierceness and subtlety.

'The peasants of the northern provinces of Portugal, unlike the squalid miserable population of Lisbon and Oporto, are robust, handsome, and exceedingly brave. Their natural disposition is open and obliging; and they are, when rightly handled as soldiers, docile, intelligent, and hardy. They are, however, vehement in their anger; and being now excited by the exhortations and personal example of their priests, they came rushing down the sides of the hills; and many of them, like men deprived

of reason, broke furiously into the French battalions, and were there killed. The others, finding their efforts unavailing, fled, and were pursued a league up the mountain by some battalions, sent out against them, but they were not yet abashed; for, making a circuit behind the hills, they fell upon the rear of the line of march, killed fifty of the stragglers, and plundered the baggage; and, thus galled, the French slowly, and with much trouble, passing the long defiles of Venda Nova, Ruivaens, and Salamonde, gathered by degrees in front of Freire's position.

'That general was no more; and his troops, reeking from the slaughter of their commander, were raging, like savage beasts, at one moment congregating near the prisons to murder some wretch within, at another rushing tumultuously to the outposts, with a design to engage the enemy. The *ordenanzas* of the distant districts also came pouring into the camp, dragging with them suspected persons, and adding to the general distraction.

'It appears that the unfortunate Freire, unable to establish order in his army, had resolved to retreat; and, in pursuance of that design, recalled Eben on the 14th, and gave directions to the officers at the different outposts in front of Braga, to retire at the approach of the enemy. This, and his endeavour to prevent the waste of ammunition, gave effect to a plan which had been long prepared by the bishop's faction for his destruction. In passing through Braga he was openly reviled in the streets by some of the *ordenanzas*, and as the latter plainly discovered their murderous intention, he left the army; but he was seized on the 17th, at a village behind Braga, and brought back; what followed is thus described by baron Eben, in his official report to Sir John Cradock:—

'"I did not reach Braga until nine o'clock in the morning of the 17th. I found every thing in the greatest disorder; the houses shut, the people flying in all directions, and part of the populace armed with guns and pikes. Passing through the streets, I was greeted with loud *vivas*. Though the people knew me, I could not guess the meaning of this: at the market-place, I was detained by the rapidly increasing populace, who took the reins of my horse, crying out loudly, that they were ready to do any thing to defend the city; requesting me to assist them, and speaking in the lowest terms of their general. I promised them to do all in my power to aid their patriotic zeal; but said that I must first speak to him. Upon this, they suffered me to proceed, accompanied by about a hundred of them; but I had not got far on my way to his quarters, when I saw him on foot, conducted by a great armed multitude, who suffered no one to pass, and, on my attempting it, threatened to fire. I was, therefore, obliged to turn my horse; and this the people applauded. Two men had hold of the general's arms, his sword was taken from him, and the people abused him most vehemently. On my way back to the market-place they wanted to shoot me, taking me for general Friere; but I was saved by a soldier of the legion, who explained the mistake. When I reached the market-place, I found about a thousand men drawn up; I communicated to them my determination to assist them in their laudable endeavours to defend themselves, provided they would first permit me to speak to the general, for whose actions I promised to be answerable as long as I should be with him. I had ordered a house to be got ready for my reception, where the general arrived, accompanied as before: I saluted him with respect, at which they plainly discovered their disapprobation. I repeated my proposal, but they would not listen to it. I perceived the danger of the

general, and proposed to take him to my quarters. My adjutant offered him his arm; when I spoke to him, he only replied, "save me!"

'At the entrance of my house, I was surrounded by thousands, and heard the loud cry of "kill! kill!" I now took hold of him, and attempted to force my way into the house, and a gentleman slightly wounded him with the point of his sword, under my arm. He collected all his strength, and rushed through them, and hid himself behind the door of the house. The people surrounded me and forced me from the house. To draw the attention of the people from the general, I ordered the drummers to beat the alarm, and formed the *ordenanzas* in ranks; but they kept a constant fire upon my house, where the general still was. As a last attempt to save him, I now proposed that he should be conducted to prison, in order to take a legal trial; this was agreed to, and he was conducted there in safety. I now hoped that I had succeeded, as the people demanded to be led against the enemy, now rapidly advancing, in number about two thousand. I again formed them, and advanced with them; but soon after, I heard the firing again, and was informed that the people had put the general to death with pikes and guns. I was now proclaimed general.

'When this murder was perpetrated, the people seemed satisfied, and Eben announcing the approach of a British force from Oporto, sent orders to the outposts to stand fast, as he intended to fight; but another tumult arose, when it was discovered that an officer of Friere's staff, one Villaboas, was in Eben's quarters. Several thousand *ordenanzas* instantly gathered about the house, and the unhappy man was haled forth and stabbed to death at the door, the mob all the time shouting and firing volleys in at the windows. Yet, when their fury was somewhat abated, they obliged their new general to come out and show that he had not been wounded, and expressed great affection for him.'—vol. ii. pp. 190—194.

These barbarians very quickly discovered, however, that the murder of a general is not always succeeded by victory over the enemy. They again faced the French, and were again defeated; but, to show that nothing could allay their thirst for murder, the historian adds:—

'The French followed hard, and in the pursuit, discovering one of their *voltigeurs*, who had been a prisoner, still alive, but mutilated in the most horrid manner, they gave little or no quarter. Braga was abandoned, and the victorious infantry passing through, took post on the other side; but the cavalry continued the havoc for some distance on the road to Oporto; yet, so savage was the temper of the fugitives that, in passing through Braga, they stopped to murder the corregidor and other prisoners in the jail, then, casting the mangled bodies into the street, continued the flight.' —vol. ii. p. 197.

The siege of Zaragoza has been a thousand times celebrated, both in prose and verse; but we question whether it has ever been so ably and so intelligibly described as by Colonel Napier. To his account of this siege we return, sickened with the atrocities of the Portuguese, and the fearful and unjustifiable retaliation of the French. The military transactions which preceded the siege, we shall not now pause to explain; it will be sufficient to observe, that when the Spaniards had been defeated at Tudela, the fugitive

soldiers hastened with such incredible speed to Zaragoza, that even Fame itself was not able to outstrip them. They carried the first news of their own defeat :—

'The citizens and the neighbouring peasantry were astounded at this quick and unexpected calamity. They had, with a natural credulity, relied on the vain and boasting promises of their chiefs, and, being necessarily ignorant of the true state of affairs, never doubted that their vengeance would be sated by a speedy and complete destruction of the French. When their hopes were thus suddenly blasted ; when they beheld troops, from whom they expected nothing but victory, come pouring into the town with all the tumult of panic ; when the peasants of all the villages through which the fugitives passed came rushing into the city along with the scared multitude of flying soldiers and camp followers ; every heart was filled with consternation, and the date of Zaragoza's glory would have ended with the first siege, if the success at Tudela had been followed up by the French with that celerity and vigour which the occasion required.

'Napoleon, foreseeing that this moment of confusion and terror would arrive, had, with his usual prudence, provided the means and given directions for such an instantaneous and powerful attack as would inevitably have overthrown the bulwark of the eastern provinces. But the sickness of Marshal Lasnes, the difficulty of communication, the consequent false movements of Moncey and Ney, in fine, the intervention of fortune, omnipotent as she is in war, baffled the Emperor's long-sighted calculations, and permitted the leaders in the city to introduce order among the multitude, to complete the defensive works, to provide stores, and finally, by a ferocious exercise of power, to insure implicit obedience to their minutest orders. The danger of resisting the enemy appeared light, when a suspicious word, or even a discontented gesture, was instantaneously punished by a cruel death.'—pp. 18, 19.

The French, from various causes, neglected to follow up their advantages, by suddenly attacking the city, and were by far too few to invest the place in form. They, however, remained in observation in the neighbourhood, and actively employed themselves in bringing up their battering-train, which consisted of sixty guns, with well-furnished ammunition. At the same time, the inhabitants of Zaragoza were equally industrious in providing for the siege. In the interval between the first and second siege, the city had been strongly fortified by the genius of a native engineer, and every house had been transformed into a citadel. The description of the 'external defences' we pass over, as less interesting ; but the author's picture of the interior of the city at the commencement of the second siege is so ably executed, and so necessary to the proper understanding of what follows, that we cannot resist the temptation to transfer it to our pages :—

'These were the regular external defences of Zaragoza, most of which were constructed at the time, according to the skill and means of the engineers ; but the experience of the former siege had taught the people not to trust to the ordinary resources of art, and, with equal genius and reso-

lution, they had prepared an internal system of defence infinitely more efficacious.

'It has been already observed, that the houses of Zaragoza were fire-proof, and, generally, of only two stories, and that, in all the quarters of the city, the numerous massive convents and churches rose like castles above the low buildings, and that the greater streets, running into the broad-way called the Cosso, divided the town into a variety of districts, unequal in size, but each containing one or more large structures. Now, the citizens, sacrificing all personal convenience, and resigning all idea of private property, gave up their goods, their bodies, and their houses, to the war, and, being promiscuously mingled with the peasantry and the regular soldiers, the whole formed one mighty garrison, well suited to the vast fortress into which Zaragoza was transformed: for, the doors and windows of the houses were built up, and their fronts loop-holed; internal communications were broken through the party-walls, and the streets were trenched and crossed by earthen ramparts, mounted with cannon, and every strong building was turned into a separate fortification. There was no weak point, because there could be none in a town which was all fortress, and where the space covered by the city was the measurement for the thickness of the ramparts.'—pp. 22, 23.

Such were the material obstacles which the inhabitants of Zaragoza opposed to their enemies; but their leaders had recourse to other expedients, and the account which the author gives us of these, is not the least curious passage in his work:—

'The people were cheered by a constant reference to the former successful resistance; their confidence was raised by the contemplation of the vast works that had been executed, and it was recalled to their recollection that the wet, usual at that season of the year, would spread disease among the enemy's ranks, and would impair, if not entirely frustrate, his efforts. Neither was the aid of superstition neglected: processions imposed upon the sight, false miracles bewildered the imagination, and terrible denunciations of the divine wrath shook the minds of men, whose former habits and present situation rendered them peculiarly susceptible of such impressions. Finally, the leaders were themselves so prompt and terrible in their punishments, that the greatest cowards were likely to show the boldest bearing in their wish to escape suspicion.

'To avoid the danger of any great explosion, the powder was made as occasion required; and this was the more easily effected because Zaragoza contained a royal depot and refinery for salt-petre, and there were powder-mills in the neighbourhood, which furnished workmen familiar with the process of manufacturing that article. The houses and trees beyond the walls were all demolished and cut down, and the materials carried into the town. The public magazines contained six months' provisions; the convents were well stocked, and the inhabitants had, likewise, laid up their own stores for several months. General Doyle also sent a convoy into the town from the side of Catalonia, and there was abundance of money, because, in addition to the resources of the town, the military-chest of Castanos' army, which had been supplied only the night before the battle of Tudela, was, in the flight, carried to Zaragoza.

'Companies of women, enrolled to attend the hospitals, and to carry provisions and ammunition to the combatants, were commanded by the

Countess of Burita, a lady of an heroic disposition, who is said to have displayed the greatest intelligence and the noblest character during both sieges. There were thirteen engineer officers, and eight hundred sappers and miners, composed of excavators formerly employed on the canal, and there were from fifteen hundred to two thousand cannoneers.

'The regular troops that fled from Tudela, being joined by two small divisions, which retreated, at the same time, from Sanguessa and Caparosa, formed a garrison of thirty thousand men, and, together with the inhabitants and peasantry, presented a mass of fifty thousand combatants, who, with passions excited almost to phrensy, awaited an assault amidst those mighty entrenchments, where each man's home was a fortress, and his family a garrison. To besiege, with only thirty-five thousand men, a city so prepared, was truly a gigantic undertaking!'—pp. 23—25.

Active operations commenced on the 20th of December, when the two French Marshals, Moncey and Mortier, having established their hospitals and magazines at Alagon, on the Xalon river, advanced in three columns against Zaragoza. The skirmishes which took place in the vicinity and suburbs of the city, not differing in any respect from the ordinary operations of war, we shall pass over, in order to come the more rapidly to the principal events of the siege. When the success of the French, however, became too evident to be overlooked, the Spanish commanders had recourse to flattering fictions to restrain the hopes of the people.

'Unshaken by this aspect of affairs, the Spanish leaders, with great readiness of mind, immediately forged intelligence of the defeat of the emperor, and, with the sound of music, and amidst the shouts of the populace, proclaimed the names of the marshals who had been killed; asserting, also, that Palafox's brother, the marquis of Lazan, was already wasting France. This intelligence, extravagant as it was, met with implicit credence, for such was the disposition of the Spaniards throughout this war, that the imaginations of the chiefs were taxed to produce absurdities proportionable to the credulity of their followers; hence the boasting of the leaders and the confidence of the besieged augmented as the danger increased, and their anticipations of victory seemed realized when the night-fires of a succouring force were discerned blazing on the hills behind Gazan's troops.'—vol. ii. pp. 31, 32.

When the siege had now been protracted for thirty-three days, without any decisive result, Marshal Lasnes, who had hitherto been prevented by severe illness from conducting the operations in person, arrived before Zaragoza, and instantly gave a new colour to the state of affairs. Previously the soldiers, emboldened by the dissensions of the Generals, were in a state almost bordering upon mutiny; but Lasnes, says the historian, repressing all disputes, restored discipline in the army, and pressed the siege with infinite resolution. After numerous heroic efforts, the French succeeded in driving the Spaniards from their ramparts, and rendered these formidable works the front line of their entrenchments.

'The walls of Zaragoza thus went to the ground, but Zaragoza herself remained erect; and, as the broken girdle fell from the heroic city, the

besiegers started at the view of her naked strength. The regular defences had, indeed, crumbled before the skill of the assailants; but the popular resistance was immediately called, with all its terrors, into action; and, as if Fortune had resolved to mark the exact moment when the ordinary calculations of science should cease, the chief engineers on both sides were simultaneously slain. The French general, La Caste, a young man, intrepid, skilful, and endowed with genius, perished like a brave soldier; but the Spanish colonel, San Genis, died not only with the honour of a soldier, but the glory of a patriot; falling in the noblest cause, his blood stained the ramparts which he had himself raised for the protection of his native place.'—vol. ii. p. 37.

The fortifications of the city having been thus destroyed, or taken possession of by the enemy, the struggle assumed a new character.

'The war being now carried into the streets of Zaragoza, the sound of the alarm-bell was heard over all the quarters of the city; and the people, assembling in crowds, filled the houses nearest to the lodgements made by the French. Additional traverses and barricadoes were constructed across the principal streets; mines were prepared in the more open spaces; and the communications from house to house were multiplied, until they formed a vast labyrinth, of which the intricate windings were only to be traced by the weapons and the dead bodies of the defenders. The members of the junta, become more powerful from the cessation of regular warfare, with redoubled activity and energy urged the defence, but increased the horrors of the siege by a ferocity pushed to the very verge of phrenzy. Every person, without regard to rank or age, who excited the suspicions of these furious men, or of those immediately about them, was instantly put to death; and amidst the noble bulwarks of war, a horrid array of gibbets was to be seen, on which crowds of wretches were suspended each night, because their courage had sunk beneath the accumulating dangers of their situation, or because some doubtful expression or gesture of distress had been misconstrued by their barbarous chiefs.

'From the heights of the walls which he had conquered, Marshal Lasnes contemplated this terrific scene; and, judging that men so passionate, and so prepared, could not be prudently encountered in open battle, he resolved to proceed by the slow, but certain process of the mattock and the mine: and this was also in unison with the emperor's instructions.'—vol. ii. pp. 38, 39.

The historian goes on to observe, that from the 29th of January to the 2d of February, the French were solely occupied in enlarging their lodgments upon the walls, and in forcing their way through the walls of the houses, and the ranks and bodies of the Spaniards, who gallantly opposed them with counter-assaults.

'It has been already observed that the crossing of the large streets divided the town into certain small districts, or islands of houses. To gain possession of these, it was necessary not only to mine but to fight for each house. To cross the large intersecting streets, it was indispensable to construct traverses above or to work by underground galleries; because a battery raked each street, and each house was defended by a garrison that

generally speaking, had only the option of repelling the enemy in front, or dying on the gibbet erected behind. But, as long as the convents and churches remained in possession of the Spaniards, the progress of the French among the islands of small houses was of little advantage to them, because the large garrisons in the greater buildings enabled the defenders not only to make continual and successful sallies, but also to countermine their enemies, whose superior skill in that kind of warfare was often frustrated by the numbers and persevering energy of the besieged.'—vol. ii. p. 39.

The more rapidly to overcome these obstacles, several breaching-batteries were fixed upon two of the principal convents, one of which was assaulted on the 31st of January; while a part of the wall was at the same time thrown down by a petard, and a body of the besiegers poured in, and took possession of the convent and several houses in its vicinity. This, however, was not effected without opposition, the Spaniards opening a mine from one convent to the other; but the miners were discovered and stifled.

'The 1st of February the breach in Saint Augustin, also, became practicable, and the attention of the besieged being drawn to that side, the French sprung a mine which they had carried under the wall from the side of Saint Monica, and immediately entered by the opening. The Spaniards thus unexpectedly taken in the rear, were thrown into confusion and driven out with little difficulty. They, however, rallied in a few hours after, and attempted to retake the structure, but without success, and the besiegers animated by this advantage broke into the neighbouring houses, and, at one push, carried so many as to arrive at the point where the street called the Quemada joined the Cosso, or public walk. The besieged rallied, however, at the last house of the Quemada, and renewed the combat with so much fury that the French were beaten from the greatest part of the houses they had taken, and suffered a loss of above a hundred men.'—vol. ii. p. 40.

The bold resistance made by the Spaniards in another quarter, almost overcame the resolution of the Polish troops, notwithstanding that two tremendous explosions had taken place, and blown up a number of the besieged.

'The experience of these attacks induced a change in the mode of fighting on both sides. Hitherto the play of the French mines had reduced the houses to ruins, and thus the soldiers were exposed completely to the fire from the next Spanish posts. The engineers, therefore, diminished the quantity of powder that the interior only might fall and the outward walls stand, and this method was found successful. Hereupon the Spaniards, with ready ingenuity, saturated the timbers and planks of the houses with rosin and pitch, and setting fire to those which could no longer be maintained, interposed a burning barrier which often delayed the assailants for two days, and always prevented them from pushing their successes during the confusion that necessarily followed the bursting of the mines. The fighting was, however, incessant, a constant bombardment, the explosion of mines, the crash of falling buildings, clamorous shouts, and the continued echo of musquetry deafened the ear, while volumes of smoke and dust clouded the atmosphere and lowered continually over the heads

of the combatants, as hour by hour, the French with a terrible perseverance pushed forward their approaches to the heart of the miserable, but glorious city.'—vol. ii. pp. 41.

But the perseverance of the French was at least equalled by the firmness of the Spaniards, who continued, in the midst of blood and desolation, to oppose force to force, and stratagem to stratagem, as long as the ruins of their city afforded them a footing. The French, however, had the advantage of superior genius, knowledge, and discipline; and they seem at length to have regarded the inhabitants of Zaragoza rather as a nest of wild beasts, which it was their duty to exterminate, than as a band of glorious patriots contending for the independence of their country, and the inviolability of their native hearths. They could not, however, conceal from themselves the fact that no men ever fought more desperately in defence of their homes; and though they might despise them as soldiers, they must frequently have respected them as men. Be this as it may, the besiegers, having carried on their operations until the 17th of February, until the foundations of Zaragoza were pierced by mines and counter-mines like a burrow of rabbits, and until the whole site of the city appeared to be nothing but one mass of smoking and sanguine ruins, began to flag in spirit, if not to relax in action.

'At the left attack also, a number of houses, bordering on the Cosso being gained, a battery was established that raked that great thoroughfare above ground, while under it six galleries were carried, and six mines loaded to explode at the same moment; but the spirit of the French army was now exhausted; they had laboured and fought without intermission for fifty days; they had crumbled the walls with their bullets, burst the convents with their mines, and carried the breaches with their bayonets,—fighting above and beneath the surface of the earth, they had spared neither fire nor the sword, their bravest men were falling in the obscurity of a subterranean warfare; famine pinched them, and Zaragoza was still unconquered!

'"Before this siege," they exclaimed, "was it ever heard of, that twenty thousand men should besiege fifty thousand?" Scarcely a fourth of the town was won, and they, themselves, were already exhausted. "We must wait," they said, "for reinforcements or we shall all perish among their cursed ruins, which will become our own tombs, before we can force the last of these fanatics from the last of their dens."

'Marshal Lasnes, unshaken by these murmurs and obstinate to conquer, endeavoured to raise the soldiers' hopes. He pointed out to them that the losses of the besieged so far exceeded their own, that the Spaniards' strength would soon be wasted and their courage must sink, and that the fierceness of their defence was already abated,—but if contrary to expectation they should renew the example of Numantia, their utter destruction must quickly ensue from the united effects of battle, misery, and pestilence.—vol. ii. pp. 43, 44.

These reasonings had their proper weight with the army, and on the 18th of February a general assault took place. The French,

collecting all their energies, as it were, for a last and terrible blow, rushed through the burning and falling ruins, carried the island of houses leading down to the quay, and forced the Spaniards to abandon all the external fortifications between Saint Augustin and the Ebro. At the same moment the mines under the university, containing three thousand pounds of powder, were sprung, the walls tumbled down, and the French entered through the crumbling ruins. Fifty pieces of artillery were at the same moment thundering upon the suburbs; and Marshal Lasnes, observing that the firmness of the Spaniards appeared to be shaken by these multiplied disasters, immediately ordered an assault, which was attended with considerable success.

'This important success being followed on the 19th by another fortunate attack on the right bank of the Ebro, and by the devastating explosion of sixteen hundred pounds of powder, the constancy of the besieged was at last shaken. An aid-de-camp of Palafox came forth to demand certain terms, before offered by the Marshal, adding thereto that the garrison should be allowed to join the Spanish armies, and that a certain number of covered carriages should follow them. Lasnes rejected these proposals, and the fire continued, but the hour of surrender was come! Fifty pieces of artillery on the left bank of the Ebro, laid the houses on the quay in ruins. The church of Our Lady of the Pillar, under whose especial protection the city was supposed to exist, was nearly effaced by the bombardment, and the six mines under the Cosso, loaded with many thousand pounds of powder, were ready for a simultaneous explosion, which would have laid a quarter of the remaining houses in the dust. In fine, war had done its work, and the misery of Zaragoza could no longer be endured.

'The bombardment which had never ceased since the 10th of January, had forced the women and children to take refuge in the vaults, with which the city abounded. There the constant combustion of oil, the closeness of the atmosphere, unusual diet, and fear and restlessness of mind, had combined to produce a pestilence which soon spread to the garrison. The strong and the weak, the daring soldier and the shrinking child fell before it alike, and such was the state of the atmosphere and the predisposition to disease, that the slightest wound gangrened and became incurable. In the beginning of February the deaths were from four to five hundred daily; the living were unable to bury the dead, and thousands of carcases, scattered about the streets and court yards, or piled in heaps at the doors of the churches, were left to dissolve in their own corruption, or to be licked up by the flames of the burning houses as the defence became contracted.

'The suburb, the greatest part of the walls, and one-fourth of the houses were in the hands of the French, sixteen thousand shells thrown during the bombardment, and the explosion of forty-five thousand pounds of powder in the mines had shaken the city to its foundations, and the bones of more than forty thousand persons of every age and sex, bore dreadful testimony to the constancy of the besieged."—pp. 45, 46.

Palafox being now sick, and the popular leaders, who had principally contributed to keep up the resolution of the besieged, having fallen in battle, a new junta was formed, by which it was determined that a deputation should wait upon Marshal Lasnes,

and negotiate a capitulation. The deputation accordingly waited upon the Marshal, and, after some little discussion, agreed, according to the French writers, to surrender up the place at discretion; though the Spanish historians assert that certain terms were granted by the French. The instrument, however, has never been produced, and appears to have had no existence, except in the partial writers of Spain. The deputation was no doubt assured that the laws of humanity would be respected.

'With this understanding the deputies returned to the city; but fresh commotions had arisen during their absence. The party for protracting the defence, although the least numerous, were the most energetic; they had before seized all the boats on the Ebro, fearing that Palafox and others, of whom they entertained suspicions, would endeavour to quit the town; and they were still so menacing and so powerful, that the deputies durst not pass through the streets, but retired outside the walls to the castle of Aljaferia, and from thence sent notice to the junta of their proceedings. The dissentient party would, however, have fallen upon the others the next day, if the junta had not taken prompt measures to enforce the surrender. The officer in command of the walls near the castle, by their orders, gave up his post to the French during the night, and on the 21st of February, from twelve to fifteen thousand sickly beings laid down those arms which they were scarcely able to support; and this cruel and memorable siege was finished.'—pp. 47, 48.

The interesting nature of this most extraordinary siege has carried us farther than we expected; but assuredly we could not have selected a series of passages better calculated to amuse the reader, or do honour to the writer.

ART. XII.—*The Library of Entertaining Knowledge.* Vol. I. *The Menageries.* Vol. II. *Vegetable Substances.* Vol. III. *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties.* London: Knight. 1829.

WE feel inclined to apply to this undertaking the remark which has been often employed in reference to many important discoveries; namely, that it is very strange nobody thought of it till now. To the excellent editor, however, as to other discoverers, belongs the praise of having brought an idea into actual, bodily existence, which, while it remained an idea, whoever before possessed it, was as useless to the world as the shadow of a stream to a traveller. We cannot too highly commend a design, which is calculated to effect the good which we already see in the rear of the extending circulation of this work. To render knowledge popular, not to popularize knowledge, is, we apprehend, the object which should be constantly aimed at. Whatever power there is in man or nature—so long as any quantity of it lies undiscovered or unemployed—so long is there a running away, a loss and waste, of the noble stream of humanity. We have not, in the present day, so much reason to lament any profound ignorance respecting the capacity of men, as the still great masses in which the power of thought lies useless

and inactive. No exertions can be too great, no undertaking too noble or extensive, no sacrifice, which the thinking part of mankind could make, too rich or expensive, to rouse into life and thought the great multitude of the human species. The diffusion of knowledge itself is inferior to this; for neither is the gift of knowledge sure to bestow thought, nor has knowledge a greater value, in relation to thought, than one year's produce of a field has to the field itself. So long as men are left uninstructed as to the great value of thought, or of the fruits which it is as natural for the mind to produce as for any tree to be fruitful, they will remain inactive and sensual. None of the results of other men's thinking, in whatever form they be produced, will be sufficient to rouse them; and if a momentary excitement be effected, by repeated applications to their feelings or self-interest, it will almost as instantly subside and be forgotten. But let the value of thought be once clearly demonstrated to a people: let there be a means discovered to make men look within themselves—to compare their powers with those of others whom they are taught to admire, or even simply to think on the subjects around them, and the mightiest changes will be produced on society that the world ever saw. Not a change from religion to scepticism, for this is not the effect of simple, unsophisticated thought, but of an overcharged or troubled reason; not from content to a factious, unsettled ambition, for this is the result of activity of mind, without the habit of thought; not from patience in mechanical labour, to disgust at the employment, because every operation presents some reason for enquiry, and interest being excited, is a new impulse to industry: the change would not be of this kind, unless some radical mistake were made in the undertaking, so that, by offering an excitement not purely mental, the result would not be a pure activity of intellect.

We would not be understood, by these observations, to undervalue the worth of knowledge spread universally through society, but to express our conviction, that it is by being a thinking people only, we can arrive at the benefits which sometimes seem to be expected from the bare diffusion of knowledge; which, we are firmly convinced, may be carried on to a very large extent, without producing any important or permanent alteration in the intellectual habits of the people. Strange, therefore, as it may seem, we earnestly wish the 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge' had existed some years previous to any attempt of the same kind to awaken the popular mind. There is, in this work, all those attractions of variety and anecdotal interest which are so admirably adapted to rouse reflection; and they, at the same time, afford that quantity of positive and really sound knowledge, which prevents the ideas thus awakened, from falling loosely from, or lying unconnectedly in, the mind. A great good also is obtained, even by the demonstration which this publication affords, of that character of knowledge which renders it most valuable in the eyes of the multitude—its

fruitfulness in materials of entertainment; its fitness for the mind in all seasons, either of leisure or occupation, and in every circumstance in which a human being can be placed. It matters little by what propelling motive men are originally excited to the acquisition of intellectual riches, whether it be by motives of interest or for the sake of pleasurable occupation. The object which those who would excite them have to consider, is the comparative ease and sureness of the method; and as it is less difficult to make men love pleasure than labour, it is easier to persuade them to the pursuit of knowledge by way of entertainment than by that of necessity. The knowledge itself, either in its nature or value, is not altered by the reasons for which it is sought, no more than a diamond is changed by being bartered for by a calculating tradesman, or bought as an article of luxury.

But to turn to the publication itself. The 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge' is commenced by a work which is equally creditable to the author, and calculated to give the public the best assurance of the general character of the series. The account given of Menageries, and of their various tenants, is admirably written, abounding in that species of illustration which clothes the anatomies of science with flesh and blood, and forces the most indolent mind into attention. The introduction on the nature of zoology, and on the formation and uses of menageries, deserves to be reckoned with those excellent essays, in which a hundred years back, men of ability and reading loved to pour out the stores of their memory, and mix them up with useful observations. Had nothing else appeared to give us the best opinion of what the 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge' will be, we should have argued the best things from the manner in which this introduction is written, and which is kept up in the remaining part of the treatise. It may have been supposed from the title of the work, that it would be composed from materials gathered together in a hasty and flimsy manner, and that entertainment being its object, this would be a sufficient guarantee for any matter which would serve to amuse. But we are happy to see that both the descriptions and anecdotes are selected from the very best sources, and that without professing to be what is properly termed a scientific work, it is replete with details of the most interesting and valuable results of scientific inquiry. As a specimen of the manner in which this excellent book is composed, we take the following passage from the introduction, regretting we cannot continue it farther.

'The travelling menageries, which form the chief attraction of country fairs, and which divide the popular applause with tumblers and conjurers, are amongst the most rational gratifications of the curiosity of the multitude. All classes of persons go to see these exhibitions; and it is not too much to assert that many come away with their understandings enlarged, and their stores of useful knowledge increased. The animals may be confined in miserable dens, where their natural movements are painfully

restrained; the keepers may be lamentably ignorant, and impose upon the credulous a great number of false stories, full of wonderment and absurdity; but still the people see the real things about which they have heard and read, (though they are not always pointed out to them by their right names) and they thus acquire a body of facts which make a striking impression upon their memories and understandings. The sagacity of the elephant, and the lofty port of the lion, can never be forgotten. The actual inspection of such collections of animals, too, gradually obliterates the impressions of those false accounts which the early naturalists multiplied with a fond credulity, and which, like all other mysterious stories, took the firmest hold of the popular mind. The people see in these menageries a great number of rare animals, brought together from distant parts of the earth, whose habits are very curious and surprising: but they never see the Griffin, which is represented as half beast and half bird; nor the Centaur, which the poets have described as half horse and half man; nor the Phœnix, which is drawn as a bird, and is stated to perish by fire at the end of a hundred years and then rise again from its own ashes. The people thus gradually learn to disbelieve the existence of these things, because the fables to which they have trusted never receive a confirmation from any living specimen; whilst, on the other hand, the statements of intelligent travellers and naturalists, which they may have also heard of, are abundantly proved by the evidence of their own senses. To acquire the habit of discriminating between what is true and what is false—to learn to separate fable from fact—to perceive what parts of literature belong to the freaks of the imagination, and what to diligent inquiry and sober reasoning—this is the very foundation of all valuable knowledge; and to obtain this habit of mind is one of the happiest consequences of that habit of observation which, as we have already said, a love for the study of nature is so fitted to call forth.

The commercial intercourse of this country with what may be almost called the whole world, has afforded us, during the last century, unrivalled opportunities of obtaining the rarest specimens of animals, from whatever region they are naturally found in. Our immense possessions in Asia, and our systematic expeditions of discovery to Africa, have furnished the most extensive fields for the researches of naturalists. Within the last thirty years especially, our extended colonization of Australasia has added many new specimens to our national collections; but, till very lately, the acquisition of rare animals has been entirely left to individual enterprise. A tiger or a bear, for instance, has been caught young and entrusted as a speculation to the captain of a merchant vessel, to be brought to England. The proprietor of the valuable collection at Exeter Change, or some one of the owners of the three or four travelling menageries in the kingdom, bought the animal at a large price, if it suited his purpose; and by such means, as we have seen, a popular knowledge of this branch of Natural History has been imperfectly kept up. The spirit of commercial speculation has thus, as in many other matters amongst us, supplied the place, and sometimes very admirably, of a fostering care on the part of the Government. It might be considered that the Royal Menagerie in the Tower of London was an exception to this remark; but that collection has always fluctuated in value according to the spirit of the individual entrusted with its management, which spirit has mainly depended upon the taste of the public for such exhibitions.—pp. 20—24.

We can only find room for one or two extracts from the body of the work, but these will be sufficient to show how much pains has been employed in seeking variety of information on the subject.

'In the Tower Menagerie, there is a leash of African blood-hounds belonging to that variety of dog which Linnæus has denominated *sagax*, as indicating a greater intelligence than dogs in general possess. It is impossible to judge of the properties of these individual animals, in the unnatural position in which they are placed. They were brought from Africa by Major Denham, the celebrated traveller; and that enterprising officer had often employed them in hunting the gazelle, in which chase their exquisite scent, and their extraordinary speed, were displayed to great advantage. They would frequently quit the line of scent, for the purpose of taking a direct instead of a circuitous course, (sportsmen call this cutting off a double,) recovering the scent again with wonderful facility. This, probably, could only be with the object in view. A dog which loiters by the way, in travelling with his master, will, in the same manner, often make a short cut to overtake him. Dogs are excellent judges of distance: they seldom fail in attempting to leap a ditch or a gate. We have seen a greyhound, in full chase of a hare which ran through a ditch, throw himself over the hedge to be ready for her as she passed out; and the manœuvre rarely failed of success. This must be considered an effect of reasoning, at any rate; although we may not go quite so far as Ray, the great English naturalist, who says that dogs judge of distances by an innate operation of trigonometry. Dr. Thomas Brown, one of the most beautiful as well as profound writers on Intellectual Philosophy, considers the existence of reasoning amongst many of the inferior animals to be as unquestionable as the instincts that mingle with it. Montaigne, the most accurate of observers, has recorded a singular instance of their faculty of judging of space:—"I am struck with admiration at the performance, which is nevertheless very common, of those dogs that lead blind beggars in the country, and in cities. I have taken notice how they have stopped at certain doors, where they are wont to receive alms; how they have avoided the encounter of coaches and carts, even in cases where they have had sufficient room to pass; and I have seen them, by the trench of a walled town, forsake a plain and even path to take a worse, only to keep their masters further from the ditch. How could a man have made this dog understand that it was his office to look to his master's safety only, and despise his own conveniency to serve him? And how did he acquire the knowledge, except by a process of reasoning, when the path was broad enough for himself, that it was not so for the blind man? How could a man have made this dog understand! Here is the real difficulty. Habit certainly does a great deal—but then there must be a beginning of such experiments.

'In a work by Jean Faber (*Exposition des Animaux de la Nouvelle Espagne de Hernandez*) there is a very interesting account of the blind beggars of Rome, who are led by their dogs from church to church in that city, and even to places outside of the city walls, such as the Basilica of St. Paul, on the road to Ostia. How does the animal so thoroughly comprehend where his master wishes to go? Dr. Gall says that dogs "learn to understand not merely separate words or articulate sounds, but whole sentences expressing many ideas. Dr. Elliotson, the learned translator

of Blumenbach's Physiology, quotes the following passage from Gall's Treatise, "*Sur les Fonctions du Cerveau*," without expressing any doubt of the circumstance:—"I have often spoken intentionally of objects which might interest my dog, taking care not to mention his name, or make any intonation or gesture which might awaken his attention. He, however, showed no less pleasure or sorrow, as it might be; and, indeed, manifested by his behaviour that he had perfectly understood the conversation which concerned him. I had taken a bitch from Vienna to Paris;—in a very short time she comprehended French as well as German, of which I satisfied myself by repeating before her whole sentences in both languages." '—pp. 73—75.

A very interesting chapter is that which treats of the nature and habits of the lion, both in his wild state, and in confinement. Several of the particulars collected are of a highly amusing character. The following remarks on some of the peculiarities of his structure, afford a good specimen of the manner in which even the technicalities of the science are stripped of their dryness.

'The lion, as well as all of the cat tribe, takes his prey by night; and it is necessary, therefore, that he should have peculiar organs of vision. In all those animals which seek their food in the dark, the eye is usually of a large size, to admit a great number of rays; and that part which is called the *choroides* reflects, instead of absorbing, the light. The power of seeing in the dark, which the cat tribe possesses, has always appeared a subject of mystery; and it is natural that it should be so, for man himself sees with more difficulty in the dark than any other animal: he has a compensation in his ability to produce artificial light. There were formerly two opinions on the subject of the cat's eye: the one that the external light only is reflected; the other that light was generated in the eye itself. Professor Bohn, of Leipsic, made experiments, however, which proved that, when external light is wholly excluded, none can be seen in the cat's eye; and it is now established that the illumination is wholly produced by the external rays of light, which, after being concentrated by those parts which are called the *cornea* and the *crystalline lens*, are reflected in a brilliant concave mirror at the bottom of the eye, called the *tapetum*. This effect may be constantly seen in the domestic cat. In the strong light of day, the *iris* is contracted, so that a very small quantity of light is admitted to this mirror; but in the twilight the *iris* opens, and then the mirror being completely exposed, the eye glares in the manner with which we all are familiar. The construction, therefore, of the eye of the cat tribe enables them to collect in one focus whatever rays of light there may be: and few places are so dark but that some light may be found—as we know, when we have gone into a cellar, where the darkness at first appears impenetrable, but where, even with our differently-constructed organ of vision, we soon distingnish objects without difficulty. This peculiar eye, therefore, is necessary to the lion to perceive his prey; and he creeps towards it with a certainty which nothing but this distinct nocturnal vision could give.

'Every one must have observed what are usually called *whiskers* on a cat's upper lip. The use of these in a state of nature is very important. They are organs of touch. They are attached to a bed of close glands under the skin, and each of these long and stiff hairs is connected with

the nerves of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt most distinctly by the animal, although the hairs are themselves insensible. They stand out on each side, in the lion, as well as in the common cat, so that, from point to point they are equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood in an imperfect light, we shall at once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate to him, through the nicest feeling, any obstacle which may present to the passage of his body; they prevent the rustle of boughs and leaves, which would give warning to his prey if he were to attempt to pass through too close a bush;—and thus, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet, and the fur upon which he treads (the retractile claws never coming in contact with the ground), they enable him to move towards his victim with a stillness greater even than that of the snake, who creeps along the grass, and is not perceived till he has coiled round his prey.'—pp. 170—172.

The second volume, also, which is devoted to an account of vegetable substances, is a beautiful little work, and cannot be read without the most pleasurable feelings. It is so well written, that we shall never look on a tree again, or wander through a wood, without feeling greater delight in those most glorious as well as most useful objects in the kingdom of nature. And this, we doubt not, will be the general effect of these excellent publications. They do not merely rouse to reflection, but make reflection the most pleasant of all things, by showing the objects with which it is concerned in all the glory of their nature. Admirable judgment has been shown in the selection of the subjects with which the 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge' is commenced, and, like the volume on the menageries, this on vegetable substances is filled with a variety of information, which is delivered in such a clear and conversational style, that, though of great practical utility, it never loses the character of entertaining knowledge. As we wish to consult the amusement of our readers, as well as give a proper idea of the multifarious contents of these volumes, we copy the following curious account of the bursting, or motion, of the Solway Moss, a tract of bog land between the borders of England and Scotland, and which took place on the 16th December, 1772:—

'The Solway Moss occupied an extent of about thirteen hundred acres, had a comparatively tough surface or covering, but was very soft beneath, and vibrated very much when trod upon. So dangerous was its surface, that a number of the army of Sinclair, in the time of Henry VIII., were lost in it, more especially those who were on horseback; and it is said that the skeleton of a trooper and his horse, and armour of the rider, were found not long before the disruption of the moss. The Solway Moss stretched along an eminence, varying in height from fifty to eighty feet above the fertile plain which lay between it and the river Esk. The centre of the surface was comparatively flat, and consisted of very loose quagmires, interspersed with hummocks, or hassocks, of coarse grass. Previous to the 16th of December there had been very heavy rains, and the waters accumulated from their not being able to find vent. The surface rose, till the pressure

of the water became too great for its strength, and then it burst with considerable noise, and descended into the plain, carrying ruin wherever it went. The time of the bursting was about eleven at night on the 15th, and the inhabitants of the farms and hamlets that were nearest to the moss were surprised in their beds by the unexpected visiter.

'In the rate of its progress the eruption of this moss resembled those of the lavas of Etna and Vesuvius, which, when in a half consolidated state, creep over the plains, and covered them with ruin. In consequence of the slowness of its motion no lives were lost, but many of the people escaped with difficulty. It is much more easy to imagine than to describe the consternation into which the poor inhabitants of Eskdale were thrown by this event. They were a simple rustic people, not a little superstitious, and, therefore, when the dark and semi-fluid mass began to crawl along their plains, awakening them from their sleep by its invasion, they could not but be alarmed. The attempts to escape from the houses led to new alarms: for when the door was opened a torrent was ready to enter; and they to whom the visitation first came were, both from that visitation itself, and from ignorance of its real cause, in very great consternation. They, however, spread the alarm; and driving their cattle before them, and carrying their children and the most valuable and portable of their household articles, they roused their neighbours as they went. It was fortunate that the inhabitants were scattered over the country, for had they been collected into a village, there can be little doubt that the alarm and confusion would have occasioned the loss of many lives. But though the people themselves, and, generally speaking, their cattle escaped, they were, for the most part, obliged to leave their corn to be buried under the black deluge. When the morning dawned, the appearance of their homes was sadly changed. Instead of fields, and little hedge-rows, and cotton-gardens, with all the other interesting features of a rich and rural country, there was one black waste of peat earth. Some of the cottages had totally disappeared, others presented only the roof, the eaves of which were at least eight feet from the ground. When first seen, the extent that the moss covered was not less than two hundred acres. Successive torrents of rain that fell afterwards augmented the mischief, till ultimately the whole surface covered extended to at least four hundred acres. The highest parts of the moss had subsided to the depth of about twenty-five feet, and the height of the moss on the lowest parts of the country which it had invaded, was at least fifteen feet.

'The bursting of the Solway Moss resembled, to a certain extent, the letting out of a dam. Between it and the cultivated plain, the bottom of the moss was lower than the general level of a sort of ridge that formed the boundary between them. But in this ridge there was one depression, not unaptly called the "Gap;" and through that the flood of moss descended. This gap was from 100 to 150 feet in width; and there can be no question that the resistance which the fluid met with in it tended to the safety of the people; for had the whole come upon them in a continued sheet, the danger and difficulty of escape would have been much greater. —vol. ii. pp. 29—32.

Under the description of the elm, we find the following curious remarks on the transplanting of grown timber, the art of which, it is said, was known many centuries back, and is mentioned both

by Greek and Roman writers. From these authors, instances are mentioned of elms, twenty feet high, being transplanted, and even of orchards of full-grown trees. The art was neglected in the middle ages; but, in 1636, Count Maurice, the Governor of Brazil, is recorded to have suddenly adorned his residence, which stood on a very barren tract of land, by transplanting to it more than seven hundred cocoa-nut trees, some of them fifty feet high, as well as a number of pine-apples, oranges, and citrons:—

'About the middle of the seventeenth century, there were some operations of a similar kind in Europe. The Elector Palatine removed some large lime-trees from the forest of Heidelberg to a slope in sight of his palace. These were removed at midsummer, when in the full strength of vegetation, and the heads of them all were cut down; but there are, probably, few trees, except the lime, could bear to be so treated. About the same time, M. de Fiat, a French Marshal, removed, as Evelyn says, "huge oaks," at the Chateau de Fiat; and, on the same authority, we are told that "a great person in Devon planted oaks as big as twelve oxen could draw, to supply some defects in an avenue to his house;" and Lord Fitzharding, "likewise practised the removing of great oaks, by a particular address, extemely ingenious, and worthy of communication."* The most extensive of the continental transplanters was Louis XIV., who removed an entire forest, the Bois de Boulogne, from Versailles to its present site, a distance of more than seven miles. But these were efforts of power rather than of science, for the trees were much torn and mutilated by the operation. The great transplanting machine which was made use of in these extraordinary experiments remained at Versailles till, probably, about the time of the French revolution.

'Le Notre was the artist employed in these operations—the same who laid out the gardens of Versailles, and planted St. James's and Greenwich parks in this country. Nor were the undertakings of Louis, in the removing of timber, confined to the vicinity of the French capital; for many of them were performed in the provinces; and of these one of the most remarkable was effected at Mont-Louis, a small chateau near the foot of the Pyrennees, where, in the course of a few weeks, a scene previously naked was clothed with forests and groves of great magnificence.

'Evelyn informs us that the example of the French was soon followed in this country; and that he himself had "frequently removed elms as big as his waist." He describes the elm as bearing removal better than any other species; but the instance of the lime-trees moved by the Elector Palatine, shows how well that tree can bear transplantation, even in the most dangerous season.

'The methods at first used for the transporting of trees, if not very scientific, was extremely ingenious. The object was to raise them with a large ball of earth, and move them along in a vertical position. Sometimes they called in the aid of frost, by cutting a trench and removing the earth round the tree before the autumnal rains. When the frost set in, the bulb was consolidated, and could be cut in one mass, along with the tree. But in the case of large trees, the weight of these bulbs was

* Evelyn's Sylva, by Hunter, i. 102.

very great; and they could be raised only by powerful cranes, which were also necessary to move the tree to and from the platform on which it was transported. The platform was made low, and with small wheels, which further augmented the force necessary for its removal; and thus the transportation of even a moderate tree for a short distance, required a great deal of animal power. Many trees were, however, moved about Blenheim, and some of the seats of the nobility.

'About sixty years after the time of Evelyn, the "transplanting machine" was invented by Brown the celebrated landscape gardener, and the removal of large trees became much more easy. The machine consisted of two very high wheels, an axle, and a pole; and when the trees were large a truck wheel was used at the end of the pole. The tree was considerably lopped, the earth loosened from the roots, the pole set erect and lashed to the stem; and then a purchase being made fast to the upper end of the pole, the whole drawn up at once, and drawn horizontally along.

'Still, though this machine, and the mode of using it, were great improvements upon the methods recommended by Evelyn, yet the trees were subjected to much mutilation; and they did not recover their beauty and vigour till some time had elapsed.'—vol. ii. pp. 101—103.

Improvements were introduced, in 1816, by Sir Henry Stuart, of Allanton, and an interesting account is given of the miracles which he effected by his ingenious contrivance; but we must pass on to the next volume of the 'Library.'

Thus far the work has derived its interest from the attractions of natural science. The third volume gives us an opportunity of judging of its character, as illustrative of some of the great practical truths of human philosophy, nor could any thing have tended more to raise its merits in our opinion, than the manner in which the author of the part before us has executed his task. A fine spirit of noble feeling gives a moral worth and dignity to every page, and a high and genuine enthusiasm for literature and art is visible, wherever the author comments on his deep and varied story. We can scarcely praise too highly the talent and skill thus employed on a book intended for popular reading, and to entertain the mind without suffering time to run waste. The best effects must follow from reading of this kind, being furnished not merely for what is termed the people, but for every class of persons who have any need of being excited to generous efforts after the improvement of the faculties with which they are endowed. For example:

'The celebrated French dramatist, Moliere, could only read and write very indifferently when he was fourteen years of age. It had been intended that he should follow the profession of his father, who was an upholsterer; but upon being taken on one occasion, about the time we have mentioned, by his uncle to the theatre, his passion for literature was so much excited, that he would hear of nothing but going to college, to which he was accordingly soon after sent. Another well-known French writer, Saint Palaye, the author of the "History of the Troubadours," had, from the delicacy of his health, been so much indulged by his mother, that he had been allowed to pass his fifteenth year before beginning either Greek or

Latin; but his progress afterwards was so rapid, that he abundantly made up for the time he had lost. Dr. Carter, the father of the celebrated Miss Carter, had been originally intended for a grazier, and only began his studies at the age of nineteen or twenty. He eventually, however, became a distinguished scholar; and gave his daughters a learned education. Valeriana Bolzani, who lived in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, and is better known by the Latinized name of Joannes Pierius Valerianus (the epithet Pierius having been given him by one of his masters, and in allusion to the Greek term, *Pierides*, one of the names of the Muses,) was fifteen years old before he began to learn to read; his parents, indeed, having been so poor, that he was obliged to commence life as a domestic servant. He afterwards became one of the most learned and elegant scholars of his time, and wrote many books, several of which are still well-known and esteemed, particularly a curious treatise on the misfortunes of literary men, which has been often reprinted; the last edition having been brought out at Geneva, in 1821, under the care of our countryman, Sir Egerton Brydges. Valerianus merits particular commemoration in literary history on another account—for his disinterestedness, namely, in refusing the bishoprics of Capo d'Istria and Avignon, when pressed upon his acceptance by his patron, Pope Clement VII., in order that he might devote himself entirely to literature. Joost Van den Vondel, one of the most distinguished names in Dutch poetry, and the author of works which fill nine quarto volumes, commenced learning Latin only in his twenty-sixth year, and Greek not till some years afterwards. Vondel, like many of the other literary men of Holland, had begun life as a commercial man, and originally kept a hosier's shop at Amsterdam; but he gave up the management of his business to his wife, when he commenced his career as an author. He died in extreme old age in 1679, after having occupied, during a great part of his life, the very highest place in the literature of his country. The French mathematician, Henry Pitot, was the author of several ingenious works, and particularly of a treatise on the management of vessels at sea. This book was long adopted by the French Government, as the text-book for the instruction of the navy; and, being translated into English, procured the writer the honour of admission into the Royal Society. Yet he had reached his twentieth year before he began to pay any attention to learning. About this period of his life, when he used to spend his time only in idleness and dissipation, he chanced one day, upon going into a bookseller's shop, to open a volume on geometry, the figures in which attracted his attention, and excited his curiosity so much that he determined to study the work. This was the beginning of his fondness both for mathematics and for reading; and he soon grew so much attached to his new occupation, that he abandoned his old habits entirely, and now spent every hour in study, or in watching the stars, by means of instruments of his own invention, from the top of an old tower in his father's house. This mode of employing his time obtained for him at first, it is said, among his ignorant and astonished neighbours, the reputation of being a magician. He was afterwards sent by his father to complete his studies at Paris, where he was introduced to Réaumur, the celebrated naturalist, (whose work on insects is still one of the most philosophical guides to the student of entomology,) and the inventor of the thermometer known by his name; and he soon became, under Réaumur's guidance, an adept in the different departments of his favourite science. It is a curious circumstance, however, and

shews at once his ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, and the penalty he was long afterwards obliged to pay for his early negligence, that he actually submitted, when more than fifty years old, to take his first lessons in Latin from his son's tutor, in order to be able to read some mathematical works, written in that language, which he wished to consult'.—vol. iii. pp. 65—67.

This is deeply interesting; nor do we remember to have seen any thing more worthy of moral speculation than the truths it unfolds. The economy of human life, as it regards the providential gifts of genius, is a subject of curious reflection.

'We shall at present mention only another example. John Ogilby, the well known translator of Homer, was originally a dancing-master. He had apprenticed himself to that profession on finding himself reduced to depend upon his own resources, by the imprisonment of his father for debt in the King's Bench. Having succeeded in this pursuit, he was very soon able to release his father, which he did, very much to his credit, with the first money he procured. An accident, however, put an end to his dancing, and he was left again without any permanent means of subsistence. In these circumstances, the first thing he did was to open a small theatre in Dublin; but just when he had fairly established it, and had reason to hope that it would succeed, the rebellion of 1641 broke out, and not only swept away all his little property, but repeatedly put even his life in jeopardy. He at last found his way back to London, in a state of complete destitution; but although he had never received any regular education, he had before this made a few attempts at verse-making, and in his extremity he bethought himself of turning his talent in this way, which certainly was not great, to some account. He immediately commenced his studies, which he was enabled to pursue chiefly, it is said, through the liberal assistance of some members of the University of Cambridge; and although then considerably above forty years of age, he made such progress in Latin that he was soon considered in a condition to undertake a poetical translation of Virgil. This work made its appearance in the year 1650. A second edition of it was printed a few years after, with great pomp of typography and embellishments. Such was its success that the industrious and enterprising translator actually proceeded, although now in his fifty-fourth year, to commence the study of Greek, in order that he might match his version of the Æneid by others of the Iliad and the Odyssey. In due time both appeared; and Ogilby, who had in the mean while established himself a second time in Dublin, in the management of a new theatre, was in the enjoyment of greater prosperity than ever, when, having unfortunately disposed of his Irish property, and returned to take up his residence in London just before the great fire of 1666, he was left by that dreadful event once more entirely destitute. With unconquerable courage and perseverance, however, he set to work afresh with his translations and other literary enterprises; and was again so successful as to be eventually enabled to re-build his house which had been burned down, and to establish a printing-press; in the employment of which he took every opportunity of indulging that taste for splendid typography, to which his first works had owed so much of their success. He was now also appointed cosmographer and geographic printer to Charles II.; and at last, at the age of seventy-six, terminated a life remarkable for its vicissitudes, and not uninstructive as an evidence both of the respectable proficiency in litera-

ture which may be acquired by those who begin their education late in life, and also of what may be done by a stout heart and indefatigable activity in repairing the worst injuries of fortune. Ogilby was no great poet, although his translations were very popular when they first appeared; but his Homer, we ought to mention, had the honour of being one of the first books that kindled the young imagination of Pope, who, however, in the preface to his own translation of the Iliad, describes the poetry of his predecessor and early favourite as "too mean for criticism."'—vol. ii. pp. 68—70.

With the following we must conclude our extracts; which we should regret to finish, were they not from a work which may be so readily obtained by all classes of readers, and is so deserving of general perusal.

'But to go to other great names: James Gregory, the celebrated inventor of the reflecting telescope, was suddenly struck blind in his thirty-seventh year, while observing the satellites of Jupiter, and died a few days after. Torricelli, whose famous discovery of the barometer we have already mentioned, and who had deservedly acquired the reputation of being in every respect one of the greatest natural philosophers of his time, after the world had lost the illustrious Galileo, died at the age of thirty-nine. Pascal, who first shewed the true use and value of Torricelli's discovery, and who has ever been accounted, for his eminence both in science and literature, one of the chief glories of France, as he would have been of any country in which he had appeared, was cut off at the same early age. Nay, in his case, the wonder is greater still; for he passed the last eight years of his life, as is well known, in almost uninterrupted abstinence from his wonted intellectual pursuits. Under the influence of certain religious views, operating upon a delicate and excitable temperament, and a frame exhausted by long ill-health and hard study, he, most mistakenly, conceived these pursuits to be little better than an abuse of his time and faculties—as if it were criminal in man to employ those powers which his Creator has given him, in a way so well fitted to purify and elevate his nature, and to fill him with sublimer conceptions, both of the wonderful universe around him, and of the Infinite Mind that formed it. It ought not to be forgotten, however, that it was during this period of depression and seclusion that he wrote and published his celebrated "Provincial Letters," an attack upon the casuistry of the Jesuits, which, strange to say, is a work not only distinguished by all that is admirable in style and reasoning, but abounding in the most exquisite wit and humour, which the splendid enthusiast intermingles with his dexterous and often eloquent argumentation, apparently with as much light-heartedness, and as natural an ease, as if he had been one, the flow of whose spirits had scarcely yet known what it was to be disturbed either by fear or sorrow. So false a thing, often, is the show of gaiety—or rather so mighty is the power of intellectual occupation—to make the heart forget for the time its most prevailing griefs, and to change its deepest gloom sunshine. Thus, too, it was that our own Cowper owed to his literary efforts almost the only moments of exemption he enjoyed from a depression of spirits extremely similar, both in its origin and effects, to that under which Pascal laboured; and, while the composition of his great poem, "The Task," and his translations of the Iliad and Odyssey, suspended even for months and years the attacks of the disease, his inimitable "John Gilpin," for a

shorter interval, absolutely transformed his melancholy into riotous merriment. Cowper affords us also another example of how much may be done in literature, and in the acquirement of a high name in one of its highest departments, even by the dedication to it of only a comparatively small portion of a life-time. He had received a regular education; but after leaving school, threw away the next twenty or thirty years of his life almost in doing nothing. When the first volume of his poems appeared, the author was above fifty years old; and it was after this that all his more celebrated pieces were written—and that, too, although the eighteen years that intervened before his death were, in regard to both his body and mind, little better than "a long disease."—pp. 73—75.

Too high a praise cannot be given, either to the design or the execution, so far as it has proceeded, of the 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge.' Literary ability, and the desire of being useful, appear to have gone hand in hand in its production; and, if it retain the character which is thus originally stamped upon it, every advocate for the solid improvement of the human mind will rejoice in its universal circulation.

NOTICES.

ART. XIII.—*A Companion to the Lakes of Cumberland, Westmoreland and Lancashire; in a descriptive Account of a Family Tour, and an Excursion on Horseback: comprising a Visit to Lancaster Assizes. With a new, copious, and correct Itinerary.* By Edward Baines, Jun. London: Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1829.

WORDSWORTH's Description of the Scenery of the Lakes, in a little book which he published some time ago, for the instruction of visitors, is the most beautiful thing of the kind which exists in the language. But it would not serve the purpose of a regular guide, and travellers have long felt the want of a book which should be written by a person possessing sufficient ability to describe the romantic scenes they visit with taste and feeling, but at the same time willing to enter into all the little details and instructions so necessary for the traveller in his every day toils and perils. The work on our table is very properly termed a Companion, rather than a Guide, and, in a very well written and amusing introduction, it brings us acquainted with three or four characters, one or two of which it is probable will be found in almost every party setting forth on a similar expedition. The very full account which is given of every object worthy of attention, the friendly tone which the author assumes in giving advice to his readers; the complete and useful Itinerary which follows the details, and the excellent map with which they are preceded, render this not only a very superior guide-book, but a very interesting volume as a descriptive tour. It is rarely, indeed, so much talent and information are employed on such works, and we should have no slight pleasure in finding the author employing his next summer's unoccupied months in preparing a similar guide for us to some other place of healthy and romantic resort. We give one short specimen of the style in which

the picturesque part of the volume is managed, and select the following that our readers may know when they may best follow the footsteps of their ingenious Companion.

'The season at which the Lakes are generally visited, is from the middle of July to the middle of September; but they may be very well visited as early as the beginning of June, and as late as the middle of October. In the former month the length of the days is favourable to excursions, and vegetation then appears in all its freshness and luxuriance. If the woods are of somewhat too uniform a green, the hedges are then decorated with the wild rose, the honeysuckle, the yellow broom, and innumerable humbler flowers, hung with bells of pink or purple, or dropped with gold. The birds fill every grove with melody, the white-fleeced lambs bound on the mountain side, and all nature appears to rejoice in the fulness of life and vigour. The atmosphere is then also clearer than in an advanced period of autumn, when morning and evening mists begin to prevail. On the other hand, the woods and mountains are seen in their glory in September and October, when the foliage is enriched and variegated with the autumnal tints, and the hills, assuming a warm brown from the sun-baked fern which covers them, are contrasted with the yet brilliant green of the valleys. The evening skies, too, are now more glowing than at any other period of the year. On the whole, therefore, the landscape is more rich and diversified in the advanced part of the season, and the painter would certainly choose this time for visiting the Lakes—putting up with the inconveniences of shortened days and cool evenings. The heat of summer is unfavourable for pedestrian excursions, either in valleys or to the tops of mountains, and the tourist who is compelled to make his visit at this time would do well to take his long walks very early in the morning, or in the evening. The view from a high mountain is clearer just before sun-rise than at any hour of the day: at noon there is generally a degree of sun-haziness, which render distant objects indistinct.'

'The accommodations at the principal places visited by tourists are excellent, the inns being scarcely inferior to any in England. Intelligent guides, boats, cars, and other conveyances, are generally to be found. The roads on the principal routes have of late years been greatly improved. It is indeed possible to travel round the Lakes, and to view much of the finest scenery, with as little fatigue and privation as is experienced in going from town to town in the South of England. But he who would ascend the mountains and penetrate into the wilder parts of the country, must earn his gratification by spirited effort and considerable fatigue. If it were otherwise, the excursions would want their chief relish.'—pp. 227—229.

We recommend the work to any one visiting the Lakes, as likely to contribute very much to the pleasure of their journey.

ART. XIV.—*The Female Servants' Adviser, or the Service Instructor. Illustrated with Plates, &c.* London: Sherwood. 1829.

MUCH information and advice is contained in this little book, which may prove useful to the persons for whom it is intended, and there are many pages of it which may be perused with benefit by the masters and mistresses of households.

ART. XV.—*The Legend of Einsidlin: a Tale of Switzerland, with Poetical Sketches of Swiss Scenery.* By the Rev. William Liddiard. London: Saunders and Otley. 1829.

IT is really a melancholy affair to see a man of education expose himself by making attempts at literature, for which he wants the proper gifts and faculties; or, as in the present instance, the qualifications necessary to the task. Mr. Liddiard has, it is true, only done what hundreds have done beside, written a poem defective in most of the things which give to poetry the power of affording delight. But he is less excusable than most other persons who thus commit themselves, for he is neither a stripling writing verses at school, nor a modest young apothecary, or lawyer's clerk, to whom indulgence is due for such offences, but a scholar and a clergyman—characters which, without an extraordinary degree of folly, obstinacy, or vanity, ought always to keep a man from appearing in the ridiculous light of a bad poet. The 'Legend of Einsidlin,' has not the merit of either correct language or versification, and the reader is not unfrequently startled by the monstrous contrivances and inventions which the author has employed to make words and phrases submit, which they never will do, to weak and half formed ideas. Take the following specimen of his very clear conception of the objects he intends to describe. It occurs at the opening of the poem, and is an awfully fine picture of a waterfall!

'Its tranquil joys succeeding waves arrest,
That joy, not negative, which springs from rest,
Force on the drops towards the giddy brink,
Where rushing headlong in a flood they sink;
Repell'd below they seek with loud rebound,
And ask again a bed with angry sound,
Lashed into filmy spray their fate bewail,
High soaring robed in a prismatic veil.'—p. 2.

'We have here 'that joy, not negative, which springs from rest,' forcing on drops of water to a giddy brink, from which the said drops of water, fearful to think of! are hurled down and sink in a flood. But the said drops having thus sunk, finding no rest below 'ask again a bed with angry sound,' which not getting, and being lashed (whipped) into the bargain, they bewail their fate, and, 'soar away in a prismatic veil.' A work containing many such passages as this is almost below criticism, but there are here and there glimpses of better things, occasional dashes of originality of thought, and a style less offensive for incorrectness. Passages of this kind may be found in the 'Legend,' but the miscellaneous poems afford more favourable specimens of Mr. Liddiard's powers. We take the following from the sketch of Mont Blanc.

'The crystal hunter as he makes his way,
Looking upon his treasure with amaze,
When now the long-sought jewel shoots its ray,
Rapturous he offers up to Heaven his praise;
The poet makes his prayer in minstrel lays,—
The mountain gives it in its thousand rills,—
The traveller when he to his own ear says,

"How grand!" while his moist eye with gladness fills,
While clap their hands the floods, and sing the merry hills!

'Hear!—'Tis God's voice amidst hills primitive,
While tremble at his wrath yon spiry peaks,
As they their torrents to the cataracts give,
As now the red fire o'er the white mount breaks,
As now again from riven cloud God speaks!
ARVERON in chorus on his cold bed raves,
The ice reflects it in its sea-green creeks,
The lonely wanderer quits the coastless waves,
MONTANVERT'S glassy sea the pilot no more braves!

Bursts from its silent bed the avalanche,
The frightened marmot gives discordant cry,
The giant hills of Savoy through their range:
The chamois to their crystal dwellings fly.
All nature labouring seems in agony,
The valley dweller shrinks himself within,
The mountaineer his chalet seeks on high,
The Infidel unwashed of his sin,
Kneels, and makes silent, pale confession at the din!

pp. 206—208.

Mr. Liddiard would have consulted his reputation better had he published only his miscellaneous poems, in which we find many indications of poetical spirit and feeling. There is a promise in them which we shall be glad to see realized, and which may be so, if the author will employ attention on the common sense part of poetry.

ART. XVI.—*An Introduction to Systematical and Physiological Botany. Illustrated with explanatory Engravings.* By Thomas Castle, F. L. S. London; Cox, 1829.

THIS is a very tasteful and useful little book, and well calculated to facilitate the student's progress in one of the most delightful of the sciences. The description of the parts of plants are neatly executed, and a great quantity of information given on every thing connected with the illustration of botanical knowledge. To the elements, or nomenclature of the science, is added an introduction to the physiological study of botany, and to a knowledge of the harmonies of vegetation. We give Mr. Castle great praise for his ingenious and useful production, and recommend it to general notice.

ART. XVII.—*A Pocket Compendium of Anatomy: containing a correct and accurate Description of the Human Body.* By Edward William Tuson, Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 289. London: Callow and Wilson.

AMONG the very numerous Manuals and Compendiums of Anatomy, we have met with none superior to this, in accurate and clear detail, and full and perspicuous arrangement. Every part of the body is minutely investigated and practically described, so as to leave the student little to desire

even by the perusal of more voluminous works. We could not recommend a better guide to the dissecting-room, or to a course of anatomical lectures; and those who wish to obtain some knowledge of the subject, for extra-professional purposes, cannot have a more intelligent and intelligible introduction than Mr. Tuson's 'Compendium.' Almost the only defect which we have remarked, is his omission of a description of the tissues; for though this, strictly speaking, belongs to general anatomy, yet it is so useful and important, that it would be well to insert it in the next edition. We extract his account of the nails, and the hair, as a specimen of his manner of describing:—

'The nails were formerly regarded as a continuation of the papillæ of the cutis, but are now more generally considered as a continuation of the cuticle. They are removed along with it by boiling water, or by maceration. Like the cuticle, they are insensible, are renewable after having been separated, and have no evident muscles. They differ from it, however, in structure; *being formed of plates, and the plates of longitudinal fibres*, which are closely compacted. They begin by a square root, a little before the last joint of the fingers and toes. When separated from the skin, they are transparent like horn, but are coloured in the living body by the vessels of the cutis, to which they adhere, and from which they derive their nourishment. They are fixed at their roots, in a semilunar fold of the cutis, and are there covered by a reflection of the cuticle, which firmly adheres to them. They grow from the roots and not from the point. The nails strengthen, and defend the ends of the fingers and toes. In the fingers they increase the power of apprehension, being useful in laying hold of minute objects.

'The hairs arise by roots or bulbs, which are situated in the cellular substance under the skin. The bulbs are of various shapes, in different parts of the body, and have blood-vessels dispersed upon them for their nourishment. Each of the bulbs has two membranes or capsules, containing an oily fluid, between them, which gives colour to the hair, and for want of which, as in advanced life, or in certain diseases, the hair is supposed to change its colour, and become white. It may be remarked, however, that the hair, after being cut off, continues uniformly to preserve its colour. The body of the hair consists of small hairs inclosed in a membrane, and is somewhat of the nature of the nail. Like them, also, it grows only from the root. The hairs serve in general for ornament, warmth, or protection of the different parts on or near which they are placed.'—p. 279.

The descriptions throughout are written in the same simple style, which is not very polished, and not always quite grammatical, as may be seen by the words in italics, above quoted; but this is by no means so important as simplicity and perspicuity.

Art. XVIII.—*The Village Nightingale; with other Tales.* By Eliza Frances Dagley. London: Hailes. 1829.

There are few departments of literature which deserve to be more attentively watched over than that which provides for the amusement of the juvenile part of the community. It is a fortunate circumstance, that some of the most distinguished writers which this country has produced, have

devoted a portion of their time to enhance its respectability, as well as value. Watts, who was among the first to set the example, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth, and Sir Walter Scott, merit our gratitude in this respect; and there are few persons, of either good sense or good feeling, who will not estimate the value of their talents higher for the sort of literary humility which has occasionally directed them to the improvement of the young. To succeed in this species of writing requires, indeed, great good taste and ingenuity. Children are better critics than is commonly imagined; and a dull, or clumsily written book will often not have a chance with them, when one, not a whit better, will pass muster with older readers.

We are happy to find, in Miss Dagley, another authoress of ability employed in the composition of tales, from which simplicity of character takes away nothing of their interest as fictions. 'The Village Nightingale' may be perused with pleasure by readers of all ages; and some of the smaller tales, which follow it, would lose nothing by comparison with the most popular of the class. We can safely recommend Miss Dagley's work to the friends of all juvenile readers, as a very beautiful and instructive little volume, and we shall have pleasure in meeting her again whenever Midsummer or Christmas calls us to make presents.

ART. XIX—. *The Alpenstoh; or Sketches of Swiss Scenery and Manners.* 1825—1826. By Charles Joseph Latrobe. 8vo. pp. 388. London: L. B. Seeley. 1829.

TRAVELLING has now become so much the fashion, and by steamboats and steam-carriages, the time, and therefore the expence necessary for the performance of a journey, will ere long be so much reduced, that we may in a few years expect the banks of the Lake of Geneva will become the fashionable watering place for our English aristocracy; our descendants will think no more of an excursion across the Alps than our ancestors did of a trip to Richmond Hill; and as no man can become a member of the Travellers' Club, unless he has been to Athens, so henceforward no one must venture to write himself down a tourist, unless, like Captain Cook, he has made *le tour du monde.*

We remember the time, when the pleasures afforded by inspecting the romantic scenery of Switzerland, were enjoyed by the chosen few; by the rich who thought they could not pay too dearly for a pleasure, which few but the wealthy could enjoy, or by the admirer, the lover of nature, the painter, and the poet, who after having undergone fatigues and privations, thought themselves fully repaid, when, from Mount Jura, they caught the first glimpse of the beautiful and unrivalled scene that lay beneath them, and felt the full force of the observation of a contemporary:

> 'Who first beholds those everlasting clouds,
> Seed-time and harvest, morning, noon, and night;
> Still where they were stedfast, immovable;
> Who first beholds the Alps—that mighty chain
> Of mountains, stretching out from East to West,
> So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal
> As to belong rather to heaven than earth—
> But instantly receives into his soul
> A sense, a feeling that he loses not,

A something that informs him *'tis a moment*
Whence he may date henceforward and for ever.
ROGERS' ITALY.

The case is now different, when a few years ago, peace offered to the English an access to the continent, the truth of the old French proverb, "*Qui n'a vu Paris n'a rien vu,*" seemed to be fully felt by our countrymen; and to Paris therefore crowds went, until to go to Paris was considered as vulgar an excursion as a trip to Margate. The line of demarcation was therefore extended; a journey to Switzerland is now a *sine qua non* among the would-be fashionable, and Chanurini and Montanvert are names uttered as familiarly and as frequently in our drawing-rooms as those of Weber and of Rossini, of Sontag and of Malibran.

This being the case, we should hardly have thought it worth while to have called the attention of our readers to Mr. Latrobe's book, had it been, like most books of travels on the continent, a mere compilation, and he one of the many travellers who speak on hearsay, and describe what others have seen. The very title of his book shews him to have been no idler in his travels; not one of those who, perched on the top of a diligence, or, lolling inside a *berline*, roll leisurely across a country, take a peep at the Alps from a window at Dejean's hotel, buy a musical-box and a pocket watch at Geneva, ascend Montanvert on a mule, take a nap while crossing the Simplon, and awake at Domo d'Ossola to write an account of their travels, and speak of the dangers they encountered while crossing the Alps, and the ecstasy into which they were thrown when they first got a glimpse of "fair Italy." Such a traveller is not M. Latrobe; without more luggage than his knapsack would contain, or any provision but a crust and his bottle of kirchwasser; without any guide but his own sagacity, or any assistance but what he derived from the long alpine-pole used by the chamois-hunter, and which has furnished him with a very appropriate title for his work, he has not only crossed the Alps, where a road had been previously prepared, but has traversed them in every direction, at all hours, in all seasons; at break of day, in the noontide heat, and in that delightful hour when the snow of the Alps borrow from the last rays of the departing sun new beauty, and change from a pure white to a rosy and most delicate hue. Except M. Brockendon, to whom the public are indebted for some of the finest views of Alpine scenery ever published, we do not know of a traveller so well calculated to overcome the difficulties, and to enjoy the pleasures attendant upon an excursion in that most beautiful and majestic part of the creation. Did we indeed possess but half the strength of body and the firmness of nerve of M. Latrobe; were we but half as regardless of danger and of starvation, and as fearless of a cold or of an avalanche, there is no one whom we would prefer for a companion in such an excursion. We fear, however, that we should be unable, though we might be willing, to undergo the fatigue and the danger he has done, to rise not only *with*, but *before* the sun, to brave, for hours, the "pelting" of an Alpine storm, and seek repose from a day of such fatigue and suffering, on the straw of a *châlet* or the less hospitable and less comforting accommodation of a country *cabaret*. Most of our readers are probably in the same predicament as ourselves, and to them, therefore, we particularly recommend the volume now before us, as the best substitute we know for an actual survey of the Alps.

ART. XX.—*La infelicità dei letterati di Pietro Valeriano ed appendice di Cornelio Tollio, traduzione dal Latino, aggiuntovi altro dialogo originale del Valeriano sulle lingue volgari ed un Capitolo di Cornelio Castaldi contro i petrarchisti con note storiche e filosofiche.* Milano. 1829.

The Misfortunes of Men of Letters, translated from the Latin, &c &c.

THE miseries of authors is a hackneyed theme, yet it would not be difficult, were it necessary to enter on the subject, to acquit fortune of a great part of the crimes, which, on this point, have been laid to her charge. If scholars will plunge into the intrigues of a court, they suffer as courtiers who put their trust in princes, and although we may lament the wanderings of genius, yet poets have social duties with their fellow-creatures, nor do we recollect any single instance of that eccentricity which has been so loudly defended, appearing in the conduct of a really great writer. In modern times, Burns is a lamentable instance of misfortune, brought upon himself by license unrestrained; and however deeply we may regret and deplore his fate, stern justice demands that the excellence, and not the deviations of the poet, should be held out for imitation. The object of the author, in the tract before us, was, as he himself informs us, to console himself for the neglect which he had experienced by the idea that he had many companions in misfortune. We cannot think that he has adopted a very judicious plan, for if his enemies, as he calls them, are actuated by malice, he has given them an opportunity of rejoicing that they have made their victim smart; if, on the contrary, the severity of their criticism was well founded, let him write good books and shame the fools. But it is easier to give good advice than to bear afflictions patiently, and we hope soon to meet our author, who is by no means without talent, in a more gratified mood.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Royal Observatory, Greenwich.—The annual public trial of Chronometers closed on the 31st of July, when the first prize was awarded to chronometer, Dent, No. 114; and as our scientific readers will be pleased to see how rapidly we are proceeding towards perfection, we give the rate as issued from the Royal Observatory.

Mean Rate.		Extreme variation between any two Days.	
1828. Aug.	+3″43	1828. Aug.	0″7
Sep.	+3,85	Sep.	1,7
Oct.	+3,73	Oct.	0,8
Nov.	+3,87	Nov.	0,9
Dec.	+3,93	Dec.	1,2
1829. Jan.	+3,59	1829. Jan.	1,4
Feb.	+3,59	Feb.	1,6
Mar.	+3,74	Mar.	1,1
Apl.	+3,60	Apl.	1,1
May	+3,58	May	1,2
June	+3,77	June	0,8
July	+3,97	July	1,6

Greater Rate, in July,	3″97
Lesser Rate, in August,	3,43
Actual Variation	0,54

From the above it will be seen that its variation between any two months during the last year is 0.54, being a trifle more than *half a second!* The reward, though now comparatively small, answers the proposed end—the gradual improvement of the chronometer. The utility of the public annual trial may be estimated from the fact, that no fewer than 344 have been entered in competition for the prize since its establishment in 1822, before which period the chronometer-maker knew but little of the performance of his own production. The first year's trial detected the imperfections which existed, and which have not since recurred. On the contrary, the maker has had the advantage of watching narrowly the progress of his machine, and by this means of gaining an experience which otherwise could not have been obtained. Although longitude has occupied the attention of the English, and most other European governments, and induced them to offer and bestow the most liberal premiums, every effort was insufficient to produce a satisfactory performance; and to the adoption of this annual trial we are, no doubt, indebted for the improved results.

According to one of the rules, no maker is allowed more than two chronometers upon trial during the year; but it is generally known that more than that number have been entered by different individuals, in fictitious names, or in the names of persons neither owning nor constructing them. It is, therefore, to be hoped that proper steps will be taken to prevent a recurrence of this abuse, as it destroys the fairness of competition, to the detriment of the greater number of the depositors.

Archæology.—Bullettino degli Annali dell' Institutio di Corrispondenza Archeologica per l' anno 1829.—The plan of a journal which Professor Gerhard had formed, in conjunction with several Roman and German literati, met with many difficulties in the execution; and in consideration of what connoisseurs and friends of ancient art had to expect from a journal published at Rome with the assistance of antiquaries of all nations, it seemed advisable to make regular accounts of new discoveries and excavations a principal object. A number of the most distinguished amateurs and admirers of antiquities having united under the protection of his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the direction of the Duke Blacas d'Aulp, to found an institution for archæological correspondence, Mess. Bunsen, Fea, Gerhard Kestner, Millingen, Nibby, Panofky, Thorwaldsen and Welcher, were chosen regular members of the board of directors; and Messrs. Boeckh, Hirt, Rumohr, A. W. Von Schlegel, Stackelberg, Arditi, Avellino, Carelli, Inghirami, Mustoxidj, Sangiorgio Spinelli, Serra di Falco, Visconti, and Zannoni, were appointed honorary members. The first Bulletin, for the months of January to May this year, contains many interesting reports on excavations in Etrutria and in the vicinity of Rome, by Gerhard—ditto in Naples, by Panofky—on Pompeii, by several—on the excavations of the Roman Forum, by Bunsen—on those of the forum of Trajan, by Fea, &c. The Society has obtained from the Cardinal Camerlengo Galefi. the favour that all reports relative to excavations, addressed to the Committee of Antiquity in Rome, shall be communicated to it for the use of the Bulletin: in the same manner, the Neapolitan Academy of the Ercolanesi has been authorised by its government to communicate the antiquarian reports which it receives to the Prince of Sangiorgio Spinelli, who will put them into a proper form for the Annals. In this manner we may expect in future complete and authentic accounts of archæological novelties in Italy, which have hitherto

been procured only by chance, or with great pains, and yet seldom complete. Besides the Annals, the Society publishes copper-plates, in which inedited works of ancient art are represented in outline, from the contributions of the members. The Number which has already appeared contains—Representations of the wall and gates, and a plan of the town of Norba, drawn and engraved by Mr. Knapp—Gate of Segni, published by Dodwell—Ceres and Triptolemus, paintings on vases, by Gerhard—four picture of vases, collected by Panofky—a ditto by Millingen. The explanations of these plates will appear in the first No. of the Annals, which are sold separate from the Bulletin, and, besides these explanations, will contain, partly, accurate accounts of excavations and the additions to the museums—and partly, a view of the latest publications in the department of archæological literature. These three works, connected together, will be delivered only to those who have had themselves entered as members of the Society, by an annual contribution of two louis d'or.

Magnificent Donation.—John Soane, Esq. R. A. has transmitted, through the hands of Lord Farnborough, one thousand pounds towards erecting a monument to commemorate the memory of H. R. H. the late Duke of York.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge.—A translation of this very interesting work is about to appear in France.

Paris Academy of Sciences.—At the last sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Cassini made a report upon the collection of artificial plants presented to the Academy by Baron Humbert de Molard. The report stated, that the most complete success had attended the attempt to imitate the living plants, as to the leaves, stems, and fruits, but not so much so as to the flowers. The manufacturer of these plants was a M. d'Argentelle, who made them in the Isle of France.— At the same sitting M. Pamard, a physician at Avignon, presented to the Academy an instrument of his invention, called *sonde courbe*, for the introduction into the bladder of the instruments for crushing the stone. According to the statement of the inventor, this instrument does away with all the inconvenience hitherto felt in operations of this description.—A letter was read from M. Vanner, a physician of Thomery, on hydrophobia, and the means of treating it. The author considers this disease as entirely nervous, having its seat in the nerves of the eighth pair; and from the great success which has attended the use of sulphate of quinine in nervous disorders similarly seated, the doctor recommends that it should be employed in cases of hydrophobia, in large doses, either by the skin, or by injection into the veins.

Natural History.—M. Michel Carrier, an eminent naturalist of Savoy, has issued proposals for forming, by subscription, a Geological Collection of the whole range of the Alps. The collection will contain all the Minerals, Metals, and Fossils, which have already been found, or which M. Carrier may discover, in the Alpine Chain; a space occupying 2,600 square leagues, in which are situated the highest mountains of Europe, and which contains formations the most rich in objects of inorganic nature, as well as in the spoils of primeval ages, and composed of strata the most varied, and abounding in interesting geological facts of every kind! Eight years will be necessary to finish this great work; and eighty subscribers at 120*l.* each are required.

Manou.—A new edition of the Menava-Dharma-Sastra, or the Laws of Manou, in Sanscrit, accompanied by a French translation, is at present publishing in Paris. This ancient code of legislation is very different in its character from modern codes. It regards not only the duties and rights of man in society, but his duties to the Deity and to himself. Revealed to the father of the human race by Brahama, the first god of the Indian triad; it is to the Hindoos what the Pentateuch is to the Jews, or the Zend-Avesta to the followers of Ormouzd.

Alfred.—A tragedy has been published at Rome, entitled "Alfred the Great." It is written by M. J. B. Marsuzi, the author of several dramatic productions. The subject is said to be a very proper one to be treated at Rome, where this great prince was educated under the guardianship of Pope Leo the Fourth, and where he acquired that intelligence, and that vigour of character, which he afterwards exhibited in his native character: but, unfortunately, M. Marsuzi, instead of confining himself to the simplicity of history, has introduced into his work a number of fictitious and improbable incidents, which give it the air of a melo-drama.

Earliest Poem of Lord Byron's.—An article of great curiosity and interest, being the first known attempt at poetry by Lord Byron, will, we understand, be submitted to the public in the volume of the Forget-Me-Not, now in preparation. It is copied from the autograph of the noble poet, and certified by the lady to whom it was addressed—the "Mary" who was the object of his earliest, and perhaps his only, real attachment, and whom he has celebrated in several of his poems—as having been written when he left Annesley, the residence of her family.

An account of the Early Reformation in Spain, and the Inquisition, translated from the French by the late Dr. A. F. Ramsay, with a Memoir of the Translator, will shortly appear.

Theresa Pickler, the widow of Vincenzo Monti, is about to publish the MSS. of her deceased husband. La Ferioniade a poem in three Cantos, the object of the author's last attentions, and accompanied with notes, by one of Monti's most intimate friends, will first appear, and will afterwards be succeeded by the Letters and other inedited works in Prose and Verse, if the design should meet with sufficient encouragement.

Messrs. Whittaker and Co. are, we observe, making arrangements for the regular publication of three Series of Popular Histories, under the respective titles of the Cabinets of Literary, Philosophical, Scientific, and Political History. The co-operation of very distinguished writers has been either promised or procured; and the collection bids fair to be a valuable addition to our national literature.

A History of the Revolution of Spain and Portugal, as well as of the war which followed, written by Colonel Schepeler, ci-devant chargé d' affaires from the court of Berlin to that of Madrid, and translated under the author's eye, has been published at Liege. The situation in which Colonel Schepeler was placed, has enabled him to enrich his work with a number of new and important documents.

Mr. Bernays, the editor of the German Poetical Anthology, is preparing for the press a History of Germany, from the earliest period to the present time.

Mr. Swan is preparing for publication, a Demonstration of the Nerves of the Human Body, founded on the subject of the two Collegial Anatomical prizes adjudged to him by the Royal College of Surgeons.

There is preparing for publication, Tales of an Indian Camp, by J. A. Jones, Esq., who long resided among the Indian tribes of North America.

Early in next season will appear the History of the Arab Domination in Spain, by William Fraser, Esq.: the work is already in great forwardness, and is expected to make about two octavo volumes.

A collection of Spanish and Portuguese airs, by the most esteemed Composers of those Countries, is announced for publication by subscription. It is is to be called Peninsular Melodies; the poetry principally by Mrs. Hemans; and selected and compiled by George Lloyd Hodges, Esq.

The Memoirs of the celebrated Doctor Doddridge is, we learn, postponed till next season: from a part we have read, we can speak highly of it, appear when it may.

A prospectus has been issued of a new publication, which, from the names attached to it, greatly excites our expectancies. It is to be entitled Italy, and consist of a new illustrated Road-Book of the Route from London to Naples; with Twenty-four highly finished Views, from Original Drawings by Prout, Stanfield, and Brockendon (the editor); engraved by William and Edward Finden. It is to appear in various sizes, and in Parts, probably at intervals of two months—not exceeding three.

In the Press.—Illustrations of the Parts concerned in the Lateral Operation of Lithotomy, with a Description of the Mode of performing it, by Edward Stanley, Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Mr. Buckingham.—The Glasgow Courier states, that on Saturday, the 8th inst., at the close of Mr. Buckingham's lecture (a lecture which lasted nearly four hours, but which was listened to with intense and uninterrupted interest and attention), a vote of thanks to him for the able and eloquent manner in which he had treated the subject of India and its administration was proposed, and carried by acclamation.

Literary Activity.—It is stated in a recent French paper, that during the last eight months not fewer than twenty political and literary journals have been started in the French provinces.

Statistics.—M. Moreau de Jonnés lately read a paper to the Académie de Sciences, in which, taking a view of all the nations of Europe, he shewed that agricultural and commercial pre-eminence, as well as the general prosperity of the people, were always in direct proportion to the extent of pasturage in a country; whether the meadows were natural, though improved, or artificial. At the head of the nations so regarded he placed England; and to Spain, in which artificial meadows are unknown, he assigned the lowest rank. He considered France to be a century behind England in this respect; and that not only were the English flocks much more numerous than those of France, but that the animals were finer, and their flesh of a better quality; so that, upon the average, every inhabitant of England was enabled to eat double the quantity of animal food (and that of a superior kind), that, upon the average, every inhabitant of France had the means of procuring.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

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Encyclopædia Metropolitana, second division.
Mixed Sciences, vol. i. 4to., 3*l.* 3*s.* bds.
Guy's Exercises in English Syntax, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* sheep.
Bloxam's Gothic Architecture, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.
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CONTENTS

OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR OCTOBER.

No. L.

PAGE

ART. I. Journal of a Passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, crossing the Andes in the Northern Provinces of Peru, and descending the river Maranon, or Amazon. By Henry Lister Maw, Lieut. R.N. - - - - - - - - - 159

II. The Book of the Boudoir. By Lady Morgan. - - - 172

III. Memorials of Charles John, King of Sweden and Norway: illustrative of his character; of his relations with the Emperor Napoleon; and of the Present State of his Kingdoms. With a Discourse on the Political Character of Sweden. By William George Meredith, Esq., A.M. of Brazenose College, Oxford. - - - - - - - - - - - 188

IV. Albretcht's von Wallenstein des Herzogs von Friedland und Mecklenburg, ungedruckte, eighenhändige vertrauliche Briefe und amtliche Schreiben aus den Jahren 1627 bis 1634, an Arnheim (v. Arnimb), Aldringer Gallas, Piccolomini, und andere Fursten und Feldherin seiner Zeit. Mit einer Charakteristick des Lebens und der Feldzuge Wallenstein's. Herausgegeben von Friedrick Förster. - - - - - 205

V. Autographs of Royal, Noble, Learned, and Remarkable Personages conspicuous in English History, from the Reign of Richard the Second to that of Charles the Second, with some Illustrious Foreigners; containing many passages from Important Letters. Engraved under the direction of C. J. Smith. Accompanied by concise Biographical Memoirs, and Interesting Extracts from Original Documents. By John Gough Nichols. - - - - - - - - - 212

AT		PAGE
VI.	Johann George Forster's Briefwechsal nebst einigen Nachrichten von seinem Leben. - - - - - - -	221
VII.	Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, Wife of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Fanshawe, Bart., Ambassador from Charles the Second to the Court of Madrid. Written by Herself. To which are added, Extracts from the Correspondence of Sir Richard Fanshawe. - - - - - - - -	232
VIII.	Simplicity of Health, Exemplified. By Hortator. - -	245
IX.	A Catalogue of the Library of the College of St. Margaret and St. Bernard, commonly called Queen's College, in the University of Cambridge, methodically arranged. By Thomas Hartwell Horne. - - - - - - -	262
X.	Memoires de Vidocq, Chéf de la Police de Sureté jusq' en 1827; aujourd' hui Proprietaire et Fabriquant de Papier à St. Mandé. - - - - - - - - -	278
XI.	An Essay on the Physiognomy and Physiology of the Present Inhabitants of Britain, with references to their Origin as Goths or Celts, together with Remarks upon the Physiognomical Characteristics of Ireland, and some of the Continental Nations. By the Rev. W. F. Price. - - - -	297
XII.	Histoire de Sectes Religieuses, qui sont nées, se sont modifiées se sont eteintēe, dans les differéntes contrèes du Globe, depuis le commencement, du siècle dernier jusqu' a l'epoque actuelle. Par M. M. Gregorie, ancien Evêque. - -	308
XIII.	Tales of Field and Flood; with Sketches of Life at Home. By John Malcolm. - - - - - - - -	311
XIV.	Historical and Biographical Atlas, or Charts of Sacrd and Profane History and Biography, for the use of Schools and Students in History; from the Creation of the World to the Birth of Christ. By John Bruce - - - - -	313
	Literary and Miscellaneous Intelligence - - - -	313
	Monthly List of Recent Publications - - - -	315

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Journal of a Passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, crossing the Andes in the Northern Provinces of Peru, and descending the river Maranon, or Amazon.* By Henry Lister Maw, Lieut. R.N. 8vo. pp. 486. London: Murray. 1829.

SOME idea of the immense body of water which mingles with the Atlantic from the Maranon may be conceived, by reflecting on the significant name which was given to it, unconsciously, by its first discoverer. "Mara Non" was the expression, or rather the exclamation, suggested to him by his first view of that majestic river, the taste of which alone, it is said, enabled him to determine that it was *not* the sea. Like the Nile, its sources are undefined; most probably they are to be found in the clouds which dwell upon the cordilleras of the Andes. After rushing from the rocky channels which it has found through those mountains, it proceeds to collect from two empires the tributes of innumerable streams; it then proceeds in an equable course, which almost divides the American continent, becoming continually deeper and wider until it is at length, to the eye at least, confounded with the ocean.

Peru enjoys scarcely any advantage from this noble river, though it is supposed to rise not far from Lima. It flows for a considerable distance, in a north-westerly direction, between the ridges of the Andes; arriving at Jaen, it makes a bold sweep to the east, receives the waters of the Mayu, the Morona, the Napu, and other minor currents from the north; and those of the Guallaga, and the Ucayali, streams of some importance, from the south. Passing the frontiers of Peru, the Maranon appears to reserve all its opulence and grandeur for Brazil. It becomes navigable for large barks near its junction with the Ucayali; but after entering Brazil, there is scarcely any class of vessels which it will not float to the Atlantic. It is joined on its course by many tributaries, which,

besides being navigable, are said to equal, if they do not exceed, some of the largest rivers of Europe. Those who have not seen the Maranon near its mouth, can scarcely form any idea of its magnificence; spreading beyond the limits of the horizon, it borrows, like the sea, the azure of the sky, and its waters, still untainted, troop in the march, and murmur with the music of the waves.

To explore such a river as this, capable as it is of being rendered a prodigious instrument of commerce and civilization, was an object well worthy of that spirit of enterprise, which in every region of the world distinguishes our naval officers. The Maranon was not indeed a new discovery, neither was it an element upon which, in these piping times of peace, a British officer was likely to reap many laurels. We trust, however, that Lieutenant Maw's exertions, in tracing and in exhibiting to the world the great facilities of intercourse which this river affords, will be properly appreciated by his superiors. At all events, he has proved himself worthy of the service to which he belongs, by the firmness with which he met many serious dangers, that would have appalled, and have actually deterred, not a few persons less gifted with nerve, from the task which he has successfully accomplished. To literary acquirements he makes no pretensions. His style is plain and manly, but we like it the better for this; it looks more naval: we can easily excuse its want of polish, as we feel that there is no exaggeration, and that every thing is represented as it really appeared to an intelligent and guileless mind.

The first effective view of what is probably supposed to be the head current of the Maranon, is obtained at Selendin, which is about six or seven days journey from Truxillo, on the coast of the Pacific. It is there about sixty yards in breadth, and confined between two mountains, whose summits, on both sides, reach the clouds. When our author arrived at this spot, the tops of those mountains were for a short time united by a rainbow! 'Nothing on earth or water could exceed the grandeur of the scenery.' It was not however without its perils. The traveller is sometimes obliged to proceed by tracks which wind along the very ridges of the Andes, resembling rather immense walls than mountains. Their height is so great, and the atmosphere often so hazy, that it is impossible to see from them the vallies beneath. Sometimes his way is amongst the rocks, forming a steep and narrow pass; his mule has scarcely room to tread at the bottom, and he is obliged to throw his feet over the animal's neck to avoid being jammed. Now he journies surrounded by the clouds, now he ascends above them, and admires the clear and innumerable springs which burst from the bosom of the rock on every side, and hasten with their gifts to the Maranon.

Here and there the traveller traces, upon the Jalca, or loamy tracts of the Andes, the remains of Indian cultivation. Among

the most ancient edifices of that intelligent race, are to be found round stone buildings, resembling those towers, the existence and number of which in Ireland have never been satisfactorily accounted for. In the villages, the inhabitants are generally quiet, industrious, and exceedingly hospitable. On knocking at their door, they admit the stranger at any hour of the night. They yield him up their only bed, they supply him with food, providing him with whatever they can afford, and all this without asking whence he comes, or whither he is to go; and with a cheerfulness which renders their hospitality graceful as well as acceptable.

The Jalca is succeeded by what are called the bleak ridges of the Andes, and these by the district of woods, in which the trees and flowers are luxuriant beyond description. The rushing of streams, which ultimately find their way to the Maranon, is heard on all sides; and to the wild chorus which they form, the organ-bird at intervals joins his melodious notes. But the scenery, though sylvan and highly romantic, presents many difficulties to the traveller. The ascents are so steep, that both the mule and his rider appear to be nearly upright, while mounting through staircases cut through the cliffs, which, besides being so narrow that he is frequently in danger of being jammed, are crossed by sogas, or creepers, by which, if he be not very careful, he runs the risk of being hanged.

'Going down one of the steepest descents,' says our adventurer, 'a soga, stretching across the path, caught me directly in the mouth, which it forced open; fortunately it was not a strong one, and my biting it hard, and the strength and weight of the mule broke it. Between the ridges were bogs, in which the mules sunk up to their bellies. Bridges over the mountain streams were made of one large tree, flanked by two smaller ones. If our mules had not understood their business, and been as active and sure-footed as goats, we certainly could not have ridden. Mine had no bit, not having been accustomed to one, but she climbed up, and jumped down with most extraordinary agility and sagacity. *Her* business was to go, *mine* to hold on.'—p. 77.

If the hand of cultivation, stretched out and supported by a powerful government, should ever reach these regions of the Andes, it is impossible to doubt that lines may be found for roads, which shall render them infinitely more accessible than they are at present. The same observation applies indeed to those districts of these gigantic mountains which separate Chile from the Pampas of La Plata. But in the direction of the Maranon, the route of the traveller is beset with difficulties, which appear to be multiplied without any necessity. 'Instead of following vallies or levels that occasionally lead to the eastward, and afterwards making northing along the summits of some of the most even ridges, they wind about in almost all directions, whilst scarcely a ridge is allowed to escape crossing.' This is attributed by our traveller to two causes; first, 'the true positions of the cities not being known;

secondly, that the Incas, having no cattle but llamas, and being accustomed to, and living on, the mountains, did not feel the inconvenience of these kind of roads; and the Indians, who were employed to make the roads in the time of the Spaniards, not being properly superintended, naturally kept much to their old system.'

Leaving the 'woody district' of the Andes, the traveller who is proceeding to the Maranon, after visiting the important town of Moyobamba, embarks in canoes on the Cachi Yaco, a small river which meandering almost round the compass, conducts him to the Guallaga, already mentioned. This river is navigable to a considerable distance by vessels drawing from five to six feet of water. At its junction with the Maranon, it contributes to form a basin, which is about a mile in diameter, a spectacle upon which the missionaries expatiate with great eloquence. The Maranon, after its junction with the Guallaga, varies in depth from one to thirteen fathoms, and in breadth from one hundred yards to a mile, until it reaches Omaguas, where, being joined by the Ucayali, it assumes a superior character; shallow water is occasionally met in the inferior island passages, but there appeared every reason to suppose that, in the main channel, there was sufficient depth for vessels of almost any class. The rate of the current is, on an average, about four miles an hour. As it proceeds towards Tabitinga, where it crosses the boundary line between its native country and Brazil, it preserves a magnificent expanse, and is in some places so deep that no bottom can be found.

Before we pass with this fine river into Brazil, it may be useful to take a nearer glance of the provinces of Peru, through which the main current and its tributaries flow, in order that we may learn something of the productions which those districts yield, and of the people by which they are inhabited.

In the higher regions of the Andes, grapes are grown of different qualities; a recent importation, we believe, as in the time of the Spaniards, vines were not permitted to be planted in any part of South America. In one province alone, that of Chachapoyas, as many as 14,000 vines may now be counted upon a single estate, of about thirty leagues in circumference. On all the lands close to the Maranon, tobacco and cotton are produced, in small quantities, however, for want of hands. Peruvian bark, sugar, Indian corn, barley, and potatoes, are generally cultivated. Indigo grows wild, and cochineal is to be had in abundance. Cocoa, rice, incense, black bees-wax, black wax of the laurel, castor oil, wheat, peas, beans, quincia, storax, alum, Brazil wood and dyes of many hues, may also be obtained without difficulty. Among the fruits which this fertile territory yields, are plantains of all kinds, pine apples, oranges, chirimoyas, pomegranates, quinces, peaches, melons, apples, olives, strawberries, mulberries, and a vast variety of other productions, the names of which it would be tedious to enumerate. The specimens, however, which we have mentioned, are sufficient

to shew that the eastern acclivities of the Andes are by no means so unproductive as we, with our imperfect ideas of those vast mountains, might imagine.

At the base of the Andes lies the province of Maynas, which produces sugar, though neither of a good quality, nor in great abundance, on account of the inferiority of cultivation, and the scarcity of hands. Cocoa grows wild, and may be had in great quantities, particularly in the vicinity of the Ucayali. The nuts are said to be larger than those of Guayaquil. Coffee is grown extensively, as is also cotton; for the latter, the neighbourhood of the Ucayali is famous, as indeed it is for almost all other productions. Indigo, cascarilla, balsam capivi, gum copal, carana, la tapy, yellow oil, and flax, abound. A little rice may be had. Some natural bitumen is found near Pebas, and there are mines of sulphur in the province which have never been worked.

Such are a few of the productions which these provinces yield; of their value no doubt can be entertained, if the means of communication were established by which the natives could barter their riches for those of Europe. We regret, however, to observe, that independently of the obstacles which they have to overcome in that respect, there are others less manageable to be found in the ferocity of some of the tribes which occupy commanding positions near the rivers of the interior. Several unsuccessful attempts have been made by pious missionaries to reclaim them from their savage propensities. They live in a state of continual warfare; polygamy is common amongst them, and the carrying off of women from each other is the frequent cause of bloodshed and of bitter animosity. Some of these savages on the right bank of the Ucayali go entirely naked, and if we may credit an official paper which was placed at the disposal of our author, "they, from a sort of piety, eat their deceased parents, smoking and roasting them in the same manner as they do the animals which they catch in the woods." But the terror of the Ucayali are the Cashibos. "They lose," says the same authority, "no opportunity of injuring whomever they may meet with. They are extremely difficult to reduce, and are known to eat human flesh." Their women are circumcised.

Something may perhaps be deducted from this report for exaggeration, something for the mere inventions of ignorance, which is fond of the marvellous. Nor is sufficient credit allowed for the well known fact, that the tribes chiefly visited by the missionaries have been found, and still remain docile, industrious and hospitable. The great civilizer of mankind is commerce, and we have little fear that, sooner or later, the waters of the Maranon, like those of the Nile, are destined to convert nations of wild hunters into communities of agriculturists, whose productions will one day be exchanged for the gold and purple of the modern Sidon.

This civilization must of course make its beginning with the people who drink of the Maranon near its mouth; towards these

we shall now proceed, with our author, who crossed the boundary of Peru, and entered Brazil on taking his departure from the frontier town of Tabitinga.

The river is here a mile and a half wide, and so continues for several leagues; the country as far as Casara, on either bank, is quite flat and covered with wood, but although it produces to the navigator the sameness of a sea voyage, the author's observations on the general appearance and character of the Maranon, from Tabitinga, or rather from San Pablo in the Brazilian territory, to that village, will nevertheless gratify the curiosity of the reader.

'From St. Pablo the river increased considerably in breadth, with numerous islands, and, after leaving Diez Guerrero's chacra, below Fonte Boa, we seldom saw both banks of the river at the same time, from the islands that intervened. In passing amongst these islands, which we were occasionally obliged to do, in consequence of being blown away from the right bank by squalls, or set off by a turn of the current, there did not appear to be the slightest vestige of human beings; and we were afterwards told that these islands vary frequently both in their dimensions and number, the freshes of the river sweeping away some, and depositing their wreck so as to unite others. It is remarkable that some of the plants common to the main land are not to be found on the islands, whilst, I think, palms are more numerous on the islands than the main land. This may, perhaps, be accounted for in the latter case, by the palm nuts floating down with the stream, and being deposited on the islands. In the former it is not improbable that the variation which the current occasions amongst the islands, destroying some, and forming others, may prevent those plants which are to be found on the main land, but not on the islands, from growing, or at least from arriving at maturity.

'What appeared to me one of the most extraordinary features of the Maranon, and which may tend to convey an idea of the vast body of water running down, was, that in pulling across the river, and even across the broader passages, we observed three currents, one down each bank, and a third towards mid channel, the water between them not appearing to run so fast; and of the three currents, that running down the bank towards which the last reach set was generally the most rapid. There were frequent eddies setting up the river close in to the bank, but they did not continue far. The current was generally the most rapid where the bank was most broken. The earth frequently fell in whilst we were passing, and in some parts the trees that had fallen were lying in masses; whilst in others, trees whose roots had a firmer hold stood in the water, the bank having been washed away from them; and as the current rushed rapidly past, it required attention, when drifting, not to get drawn in and entangled.

'The rate of the current was variable. In some parts where the bank was much broken, it must have been six or seven miles per hour, in others not three; and occasionally almost still water, on an average about four miles an hour. But I should imagine that the rate of the current generally must depend on the season of the year, and the state of the rains.

'The channels of the Maranon are said to vary in a similar manner, and

from the same causes, as the islands. Playas are formed and disappear frequently.

'The country on the banks is, with a few slight deviations, one continued level, or rather an inclined plain, descending imperceptibly towards the Atlantic. But though flat it is not swampy, the banks being several feet above the level of the river. It is covered with wood, amongst which are some large trees.'—pp. 264—266.

At Casara the scenery becomes more varied. From this part of the Maranon downwards, women are frequently met with managing canoes, and as they are usually armed with weapons for the purpose of defending themselves against alligators and other offensive animals, they thus probably afforded the groundwork of the stories of Amazons, which were related by Orellana and his companions.

It is with infinite pain we learn from the author, that notwithstanding the repeal by the Brazilian legislature of the infamous law which permitted European settlers to catch and enslave the Indians, that inhuman practice, a worthy branch of the African trade, is still continued to a considerable extent on the banks of the Maranon. It has however defeated itself, in some degree, by driving the Indians to the interior; and we have the consolation of knowing that, like all other lawless invasions of man upon the rights of his fellows, it must in time fall into disuse from the resistance which it provokes, and eventually organizes into a national system. It is impossible not to feel the force of the remarks which, in another part of his volume, our author makes on this subject.

'What might have been the ultimate result of the system pursued by the Jesuits with regard to the Indians, had it not been interrupted, it is, perhaps, scarcely possible to determine. It is moreover an ungracious task to seek for imperfections in a system that no longer exists, and which, whatever its imperfections might have been, if left to their developement, was, during its time of action, productive of general good, and carried into execution by its supporters with a zeal and intrepidity that does honour to their memory! It is, however, not improbable that had the Jesuits not been expelled from South America, and the system upon which they were proceeding not been annihilated, they would have brought the Indians to a certain point of civilization, at which point they would have kept them under their own absolute authority, both in spiritual and temporal affairs. The result in such case would have been, that the Indians at this time would be more numerous, more civilized, more happy, and in every respect infinitely superior to what they are under the horrible hunting and enslaving system. Still it would almost as certainly have been difficult to have got the Indians beyond that point of civilization, which I am so far from thinking difficult at present, that I conceive the attempt only requires to be made on sound and equitable principles to prove its facility. The protection and advantages which the Jesuits afforded to the Indians, brought them willingly under their authority; their settlements became populous and comparatively prosperous. The oppression and evils which the brancos have brought upon the Indians

have compelled them to fly to the more remote parts of the forests, have reduced their numbers almost to extermination, and rendered them vicious and wretched. On these grounds, therefore, I conceive it may be inferred that if a more just system than that of the Jesuits were established, accompanied by superior advantages to those they afforded, a proportionate improvement would take place both in the condition and character of the Indians.---pp. 436---438.

From Casara our navigator proceeded to Egas; a few miles below the latter village the Maranon became so wide, that he could scarcely distinguish its banks. He describes it as 'more like a sea than a river.' The breadth was from a league and a half to two leagues, and for aught our author knew, what he conceived to be the bank on either side might have been an island. The difficulty of estimating the extent of the river in this quarter may be collected from the following remark.

'At sunset we were in a bight. The reach we had come down bore west with the tops of some of the highest trees visible in the horizon, the reach we were going down about N.E. b N. This we supposed to have been the whole body of the river. But shortly afterwards we opened the point of an island, when the reach we had come down proved to be only an island passage. We could then count six different passages abreast, and yet the Indians said we did not see the right bank of the river, a large island shutting it from us. The centre of the river bounded by the horizon now bore W.S.W., and the reach we were going down N.E., ten or twelve miles long. We afterwards went N.N.E. for some time.'—pp. 293, 294.

A little beyond these islands the visible breadth of the Maranon appeared to be nearly three leagues, and so it continued for about thirty miles!

We have already mentioned several of the Peruvian tributaries of the Maranon; in Brazil it is replenished by a variety of minor streams and rivers, the principal of which are the Madeira and the Negro. The water of the latter has the appearance of black marble, derived, it is supposed, from the iron strata over which it passes. When taken up in small quantities it is clear and sparkling. This river discharges itself into the Maranon, nearly half way between Tabitinga and Para, and affords a navigable surface a considerable distance into the northern interior of the country. The city of Barra, a place of some importance, is situated at its mouth. An odd custom prevails here, of shutting the women up, after the fashion of the Mahometans. The population consists of about three thousand, no small number considering that the city dates its existence from 1807. Most of the inhabitants possess estates, from which they obtain coffee, cocoa, sarsaparilla, and other articles of commerce.

The districts of the Rio Negro and of one of its tributaries, the Rio Branco, are said to be very populous, numbering altogether as many as three hundred thousand souls. The greater part, however, are Indians, who live wild in the woods, in families consisting of

from twenty to fifty persons. A passage up the Rio Negro occupies about a month. It is not doubted that a communication exists between that river and the Orinoco. Lieutenant Maw says that he was told also of other communications between the Orinoco and the Maranon, and he thinks it far from improbable that 'if the various large tributaries of the Maranon were known, numerous communications would be found between them, if the whole do not form a sort of net work.' If so, what an incalculable mass of natural wealth lies neglected by the government of Brazil, in the fine regions of which we are now speaking! It is hardly to be credited, and yet the fact is not to be denied, that with all the facilities of navigation, and the countless articles of commerce with which this portion of the empire abounds, the national treasury is very far from being in a flourishing condition.

Having spent a few days at Barra, our author resumed his voyage down the Maranon, and had soon an opportunity of observing the infant establishment of one of those patriarchal missions which confer so much honour upon the church of South America.

'About noon we arrived off a new pueblo that was building, and made fast to a tree. The cabo expected to get some tartaruga in exchange for cachaça, an inferior spirit made from sugar-cane, but he did not go on shore. Mr. Hinde and myself landed amongst some groups of Indians who were collected, and appeared to be watching us with a considerable degree of distrust. We went up and addressed one of the principal groups, headed by an elderly but stout Indian. They did not understand us, but endeavoured to let us know that there was a padre, by pointing to the place in which he lived. As we walked towards it, two boys ran before to give notice of our approach. We found the padre an old white-headed man. He appeared surprised, but after learning who we were, pleased to see us. He informed us that his name was Jose de Chague; that he had been for many years engaged in establishing and civilizing the Indians of different pueblos; and was then occupied, by order of the government, in endeavouring to found a pueblo of the Mura tribe, who had hitherto lived in huts at short distances from each other in the woods, without either laws, government, or religion. He then walked to show us his work. In the course of two months he had got together about a hundred Indians, whom he had arranged in ranchos built in rows as streets, and which he intended afterwards to rebuild, and had nearly finished a neat and not very small church. He had not named the pueblo, and would not do so until the church was finished.

'Whilst we were going round the pueblo, the Indians were evidently watching us, and the padre, seeing a number of them collected under some trees, told them laughingly, that he was going away with us. This appeared to be far from agreeable intelligence to the Indians, and the whole beginning to follow, some of the younger ones, particularly the girls, ran to pull the old man back, and prevent his leaving them.'—pp. 315—317.

To enquiries made by our author, it was answered that in the dry season passages were made up from Para to the mouth of the

Negro, one in twenty-five, and another in twenty-seven days. Schooners occasionally went up to that point: a merchant brig, and a man of war schooner had been there, and it was even thought that a frigate might go up as far.

The reader will be amused with a little scene of domestic industry, upon which our author had the good fortune to light a few days after he left the good padre.

'On Monday afternoon we brought-to in a small cove, above which there was a chacra, with a chapel attached to it. The situation was pleasing, and the effect picturesque. The owner of the chacra's name was Manoel Pedro, a robust white-headed old man, with only one arm, who had lived there thirty years. Mr. Hinde and myself landed to see if we could buy any fowls as provision. We were met at the landing-place by the owner, accompanied by his son, a tall fine-looking young man, and by another branco. They received us civilly, but inquisitively asking innumerable questions as they led us towards a square tiled shed, standing on the cliff of a small abrupt point that forms the cove, and enclosed by a wooden balustrade about four feet high. Inside the balustrade seats were fixed, and in the centre was a table with four large, neat-looking water-jars. The outside was additionally shaded by a few trees, without their being so numerous as to obstruct the view, which was fine. Seats being offered to us, and our wishes made known as to fowls, questions were continued. For some time they either could not or would not understand that we were Englishmen. When at length they were convinced that we really were Englishmen, and that we had come from Peru, the old man exclaimed, "I remember the time when it would have been thought a wonder to see an Englishman in Para; now there are several English merchants in Para, and here are you coming from Peru! How can this be?"

'He then inquired after some of the persons we had seen on the way down, still scarcely crediting that we had come from the sea at the other side of Peru. To avoid more questions, and being obliged to relate our adventures whether we would or not, we proposed walking round to see the chacra whilst the fowls we were to get were catching, and the crew of the vessel made a fire, and cooked their provisions. The old man consented, saying he had a little of every thing, and took us first to see a manufactory of coarse earthenware, in which he had a kiln with two fireplaces that would bake four hundred manteiga jars at once. Near the kiln was an anvil and forge, which he said was used occasionally. In a large shed, enclosed at the lower, but open at the upper part of the ends and sides, were ovens for baking mandioca. In this shed we found the owner's wife, a respectable-looking, matron-like dame, much resembling her husband in manner and figure. She was presiding over the female part of the establishment, consisting of several daughters and some Indian women, who were employed in preparing mandioca. The dame was herself seated at one end of the shed, with two or three sieves, through which she was rubbing the finest part of the flour, which was beautifully white, to make cakes. The daughters and Indian women stood in a group near a large stove or oven, on the top of which cakes were baking. Female curiosity had been excited by our arrival, the news having reached them; and by the time we made our appearance, it was stretched to the utmost. Even the dame's industry was suspended, and she wished to know which of

us was the captain, Mr. Hinde having previously told the owner that I was an officer in his Majesty's navy.

'The mandioca system of baking that they were engaged in was explained to us; it differed from that we had seen at Diez Guerro's chacra, this species of mandioca appearing not to be poisonous. The finest and whitest part of the flour, about which the dame was herself employed, was made into small cakes, that were taken with coffee, and considered a luxury. The coarser parts were made into large cakes for distilling aguadiente; the dame concluded her description by desiring her daughters to give us each one of the small white cakes, and we took our leave. Returning towards the shed in which we had first sat down, we passed some trunks of large trees that were hollowed in the middle, with the ends open, and were to be hove out by means of fire, for making the bottom of galateas. The owner now informed us that a padre lived with him, and pointing out his room; he approached the door cautiously, but returned, saying the padre was praying; however, he hailed to let him know there were "two Englishmen come from Spain and going to Para!" The padre answered, and said he would come to us presently; we went into the shed or summer-house, and took some coffee that was offered to us, and the padre soon made his appearance. He was an elderly man with white hair, somewhat resembling the owner in figure, but with the quiet easy manner of a man who had seen the world, rather than the owner's jovial heartiness; he bowed as he approached, and appeared to scan us minutely before he entered much into conversation. Our host did not, however, leave us long in ignorance that the padre had been a great traveller. In a loud quick tone of voice, and with considerable gratulation in his manner, he ran over a list of countries that the padre had visited, amongst which were England, France, and India. On inquiry, we found the padre had visited Cowes in the year 1796; and although he had not been to any other part of England, he spoke highly of the beauties of the Isle of Wight. Being asked if any men-of-war were then laying at Spithead, he made an inclination with his body, and said, "Muito," many. He had now finished his scrutiny, and taking two or three small pinches of snuff, he began to ask questions respecting our route, apparently taking much interest in the little that was told him, particularly after Mr. Hinde's mentioning that we had been deserted by the Indians, he observed, "What an advantage steam-vessels would be on such a river."'—pp. 334—338.

During the latter part of the voyage the breadth of the Maranon varied very much, the whole river being sometimes apparently confined within banks only half a league distant from each other, sometimes spreading so widely that from one bank the other was seldom visible. It is difficult to believe, however, that these apparent variations are not delusive, and that the land which in the narrower parts of the river seems to be the bank, is not in fact an island, which merely divides the current.

Obidos and Santarem on the banks of the Maranon, are places of considerable commercial importance. In both towns a few North American and British agents reside. From some unlucky mistake, our author and his companion were for a short time detained as prisoners at Santarem. The principal charge against

them was, that they said they had come from the other sea!—a clear proof that they were impostors! They of course vindicated themselves with proper spirit, and were permitted to proceed on their voyage.

From Santarem to Gurupa, the Maranon continued of great width; after leaving the latter place, the author says that he did not at any time see the left bank of the river. In fact it here begins to form a sort of delta, which is intersected by innumerable creeks, like that of the Irrawaddy. 'They are so numerous, so winding, and so much alike, that even the Indians are obliged to leave old clothes in rags on the branches of trees at certain points, in order to know their way.' The effects of the tide here became evident, there being a rise and fall, which increased on the fourth day from Gurupa to five feet, with regular ebb and flood currents. The Maranon is finally divided by the Marajo into two branches, one of which, a sea itself, seeks the ocean to the North, the other, comparatively a small stream, flows round that large island to the South, when being increased by the river Tocantins, it takes a northerly direction until it falls into a bay of the Atlantic. It is on the right bank of this minor branch that the important city of Para is situated. The intercourse which has been long established between that emporium for Brazilian produce and Europe, especially Great Britain, would render any details concerning it superfluous.

We have thus accompanied, with great satisfaction to ourselves and we hope also to the reader, our enterprising traveller from the Andes to the Atlantic, by the Maranon, a course little known, and not likely, for years to come, to be much frequented. We have seen the riches that are scattered by nature, with a plentiful hand, over the provinces through which that stupendous river flows; and we may now assert, without fear of contradiction, that the mines of Chile and Peru offer to British capital and energy, temptations infinitely less worthy of attraction than the country of which we have just taken a superficial survey. It is, in the language of our author, 'a country not only capable of an infinitude of productions, but which also affords the means of conveying those productions in all directions, by its immense rivers, some of which are at present almost as little known as the rivers of the planets.' 'I conceive,' he adds, 'that if a steam navigation were once commenced on the Maranon and its tributaries, the effect might be almost magical; I can conceive, that in ten years from the commencement of such a navigation, a traveller or voyager, passing through the country, would scarcely know it to be that I have endeavoured to describe.' But lest we might be charged with propagating exaggerated notions of the field for enterprize which exists on the banks of the Maranon, we shall add the judicious precautions with which our author follows up these remarks.

'I am aware, that an expensive steam-boat expedition, undertaken, to say the least, inconsiderately by the North Americans, without having

previously obtained the Emperor's sanction, and for what I consider an unattainable, at least an unprofitable object—to go to the mines at Cusco for silver, failed, and has produced an unfavourable impression relative to steam-boats at Para. I am also aware that several of our own countrymen's South American speculations have failed, and I attribute those failures principally to a similar inconsiderate rush into wild extremes. I think, moreover, that if any extensive steam-boat establishment were immediately to be attempted on the Maranon, it would not answer; that is, the returns would not pay the interest of the capital expended. But I am, nevertheless, as confident as my senses of perception and powers of reflection can make me, that there is a field for improvement in the countries on the banks of the Maranon and its tributaries, that is unequalled in any part of the world; and the sooner a communication by steam vessels is commenced, the sooner improvements will take place, and their attendant advantages be felt. But I repeat that, by whatever capitalists such an undertaking may be attempted, the establishment at first must not be too large. If it is, it will not pay. I should say, that supposing such a speculation to be entered into, and the emperor's sanction, &c. obtained, the trial ought first to be made in two small steam-boats which might ply between the Rio Negro and Para. As they are found to answer, and improvements begin to take place in the country, which, I believe, they very soon would do, these small vessels might be replaced by larger and more powerful ones, and sent to feel their way up the Maranon, Rio Negro, and other rivers, gradually replacing them by superior vessels, as they were found to answer, until a communication was carried on throughout. If it be supposed that, on reaching Peru, the Brazilian government would object to the communication being extended, it does not appear to me that a communication with Peru would be injurious to Brazil, but, on the contrary, as a circulating medium which is much wanted in Para, could probably be obtained by such a communication, whilst the vegetable productions of countries differing so widely in elevation, in all probability, also vary. Amongst the advantages that would be obtained by the residents in Para, are—First, That two men in a steam vessel would do as much as a dozen in the present river craft, and in a third of the time; consequently, the evil of which they now so loudly complain, 'want of hands,' would be in a measure remedied. Secondly, when such a communication was established, persons of superior capital and ability would not object to settle up the country, although, under existing circumstances, they do not like to be banished amongst brancos and savages. The effects which such persons settling up the river would produce on the physical improvement of the country, the morals of the inhabitants, and the administration of the laws, cannot be doubted. Thirdly, regular communications would take place with the government, and existing evils might be remedied.

'Nor is a steam navigation on the Maranon the only improvement that I conceive might be made in the communications of this part of Brazil. The difficulties of making passages, and keeping up communications between Para and the capital, or Bahia, are such as to amount almost to a barrier. I am therefore of opinion that it would be advantageous to extend a steam navigation along the coast.'—pp. 447—449.

On closing the book, and committing it to the judgment of the

reader, we must observe that it is not one calculated to win popular approbation. But it will be highly valued as an accession to those volumes which our naval officers have recently given to their country, in which the boundaries of geographical science are so much enlarged, and places, before almost unknown, are rendered so familar to the inquirer.

ART. II.—*The Book of the Boudoir.* By Lady Morgan. In 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1829.

IT is within the competence of almost every author to give birth to short, smart scraps, which shall possess a semblance of great originality. The process is perfectly easy. It is only to fix upon a number of trite subjects, and imagine what is most unlikely to occur to the minds of other persons upon the same topics. In the course of composition, moreover, it is probable that a few brilliant metaphors, striking comparisons, clever remarks, or shrewd aphorisms will turn up; and if they do not, it is only to borrow a few of such things from those celebrated authors, whose works every body buys, though not to read. We have heard it remarked by an able judge of human nature, that clever sayings may come from the mouth of a fool, but that a continuous train of great and original thoughts, could only proceed from a great mind. The remark is just: but it should be added that, although a sparkling image or flash of wit may issue out of the mouth of mediocrity, an original idea can never be engendered in a common-place mind, because the conceiving of a new thought, the adding of a new image to the "shadowy tribes of mind," implies a prolific power, an activity, an energy of intellect, which belongs to genius alone.

The volumes of Lady Morgan, now before us, trickishly denominated 'The Book of the Boudoir,' are literally a collection of trifles of very different character, some being highly amusing, others absolutely ridiculous or disagreeable, while others are merely dull. The authoress begins her preface with considerable art. Like an able rhetorician she endeavours to ward off the strokes of criticism, by observing, that her book is really not worth the critic's trouble, and will probably not obtain a moment's attention from him. This is a masterly stroke. If the book should really be neglected and passed over by the established judges of literature, she would be able to say with a careless air, that she foresaw what would be the event; and if it should, on the other hand, excite attention, and be roughly handled, her reply would be, that it is strange reviewers should not be able to find something better to do, than to criticise a little bundle of playthings which she had put forth merely for the amusement of the idle. All the while, however, her Ladyship is well aware that her meaning was diametrically opposed to her words, and that, veteran as she is in authorship, she would be extremely mortified were we to take her at her word, and

treat her 'Book' as a pure "bagatelle." Intent upon creating in the reader's mind the persuasion that she has in this instance come before the public rather to oblige her bookseller than to increase her reputation or her fortune, she tells us a story, somewhat piquant and romantic, respecting Mr. Colburn, which is too good to be passed over.

'Having mentioned how this trifling work came to be written, a word may be said on how it came to be published. While the fourth volume of the "O'Briens" was going through the press, Mr. Colburn was sufficiently pleased with the subscription (as it is called in the trade) to the first edition, to desire a new work from the author. I was just setting off for Ireland, the horses literally put to, when Mr. Colburn arrived with his flattering proposition. I could not enter into any future engagement; and Mr. C., taking up a scrubby MS. volume, which the servant was about to thrust into the pocket of the carriage, asked, "What was that?" I said it was "one of many volumes of odds and ends, *de omnibus rebus;*" and I read him the last entry I had made the night before, on my return from the Opera. "This is the very thing," said the European publisher; and if the public is of the same opinion, I shall have nothing to regret in thus coming, though somewhat in *déshabillé*, before its tribunal.—vol. i. pp. viii., ix.

Reversing the order of things observed by Lady Morgan, and having informed the reader how the 'Book of the Boudoir' came to be published, we shall next give her Ladyship's reasons for adopting the *title*, which explains, but does not palliate, the trickery of adopting it.

'I cannot, however, give this little work to the public without a word as to its title; because I never will, knowingly, contribute to a delusion, however innocent. All who have the supreme felicity of haunting great houses, are aware, that those odd books which are thrown on round tables, or in the recesses of windows, to amuse the lounger of the moment, and are not in the catalogue of the library, are frequently stamped, in gold letters, with the name of the room to which they are destined: as thus; "Elegant Extracts, Drawing-room;" "Spirit of the Journals, Saloon," &c. &c. As my Book of the Boudoir kept its place in the little room which bore that title, and was never admitted into my bureau of official authorship, it took the name of its *locale*, which, by the advice of Mr. Colburn, it retains.'—vol. i., pp. vii., viii.

Lady Morgan commences her book by giving an account of how it came to be written, which is judicious, as it enables her to talk of herself, her husband, and the good folks who frequent her house in Dublin. At the same time it might have been as well if she had discovered that, although we regard her Ladyship as a very clever novel-writer, somewhat spoiled by affectation, we are not altogether so curious respecting the domestic economy, the family parties, and the sayings and doings of Kildare Street, as we are concerning the private life of Socrates, Shakespeare, or Alexander the Great. There may, perhaps, be some two or three dozen persons in England, to whom it would be agreeable to know whether Lady Morgan's ideas flow more freely and pleasantly when her Ladyship

is comfortably seated in a snug arm-chair by the fire, with her feet upon the fender, or in her regular study, surrounded by books and silence; but the question is not of vital importance to the greater number, and accordingly we shall venture to pass it over for the present. The next subject which comes upon the *tapis*, is that of common-place books, and we are informed that Lady Morgan is not in the habit of registering her thoughts as they occur, which, it seems, is a mark of pedantry. A great deal of nonsense has been written upon common-place books, as well as in them; but the question should be solved by every individual for himself. If we find that when once we have committed an idea, whether it has sprung up in our own mind, or in that of another, to our memory, it is retained there in all its vividness, always ready for use, a common-place book can certainly be of no utility to us: but if, on the other hand, we experience a difficulty in recalling our thoughts, and observe that some of them fade away entirely from the memory, or leave behind but a faint and imperfect trace of themselves, there seems to be no pedantry in projecting them from our mind, into a new sphere, over which oblivion has less power. In fact, to preserve a written record of our thoughts, painted when they are clothed in all the bloom of youth, is merely to create ourselves a second memory, more enduring than the first. Many persons omit to keep such a register from a conceited reliance upon their memory, others from indolence, and others because they have no thoughts worth recording; but it may be safely asserted that there is no one, whether wise or foolish, who would not be bettered by the habit of daily chronicling his ideas.

From common-place books we pass by a very natural transition to egotism, upon which Lady Morgan says many agreeable things, but has nothing new. We question, indeed, whether there be a new remark in her book, or if she be really capable of making one; but she relates amusing anecdotes in an amusing way, and that is all. Among the celebrated egotists whom she enumerates in this article, Lord Nelson is one of the most remarkable.

'The egotism of Lord Nelson went far beyond that of any of his "great competitors." Not that he talked much of his feats, (for "little would he have graced his tale in speaking of himself;") but he listened with the frankest approbation to the verse or song that celebrated his exploits; assisting at his own apotheosis with as much devotion as any of the votarists who brought incense to his altar. There was nothing so characteristic, or amusing, as the scenes in which he and Lady Hamilton exhibited together, adoring and adored; during that short epoch of their fashion, which policy or caprice granted them, in spite of the frailty and the vulgarity of the one, and the very obvious intellectual mediocrity of the other. The stage was generally some saloon of supreme *bon-ton;* the audience, the members of the exclusive circles; and the prima donna, Lady Hamilton, whose ample person seemed to dilate before the piano-forte, while her fine full eyes were turned languidly on the hero of her theme and inspiration, and she sang, at the top of her Poll of Plymouth voice, the

adulating ode, or the deifying cavatina. Meantime, the conquering hero "leaned over her, enamoured," bearing chorus, beating time, and echoing every pæan, raised to his own glory by London lyrists and Neapolitan laureates.'—vol. i. pp. 12, 13.

It is a very common opinion, and one in which Lady Morgan concurs, that there is now less love in the world than formerly. People have always been making the same complaint, and laying it down as an axiom that their grandmothers must have loved with much greater ardour than themselves. The store of love, however, has never, we apprehend, been too great, and if it has gone on decreasing gradually from age to age, it must now be long since there was none left among mankind. But all diatribes of this kind against the present generation are mere silly declamations, founded in a thorough ignorance of human nature, which neither time nor circumstance can ever strip of a single passion, however materially it may affect the mode in which the passions in general develope themselves. Our authoress conceives that business is a great enemy to love, and imagines she is speaking philosophically in accounting for the greater prevalence of the tender passion which she discovers among our ancestors, by remarking that they were more idle than we. Idleness, however, is not favourable to love, though it is to licentiousness. It may, to be sure, do very well to represent the hero of a novel falling in love for want of other employment; but the love of the novel writer is commonly a very different thing from the passion experienced by those who are tossed about upon the great ocean of human life, to whom this sacred feeling is the only light and beacon in their search after happiness. The philosophy of love, however, of a veteran novelist, is a curious subject, and we therefore present it entire to our readers.

'How few love-novels are written now! The market is closed, and the commodity out of date. A Scotch gentleman visited us some time back, and amused himself, while the conversation was occupied by a group of morning callers, in examining the books in my husband's study. He had pitched on a shelf of natural history, and his attention dwelt on Lacépède's voluminous work on fishes. As he ran over the volumes successively, his voice rising in a climax of tone, with his increasing surprise, he exclaimed —"Fesh, fesh, fesh, hey! Sirs, what sax bukes all on fesh!!!" How many hundred thousand of *bukes* have been written "*all upon love*;" from the loves of Petrarch, in a thousand and one sonnets, to Mr. Moore's "Loves of the Angels," in one elegant volume! In what various ways too, the subject has been treated, from "Cassandra," and "Le Grand Cyrus," in folio, to the Nouvelle Héloise, in four goodly thick volumes! and so on to Werter, in a primmer size, which, bound in black velvet, was hung by a gold chain round the neck of its fair readers, before the age of sentiment had passed away! Sooner than write on love, a modern novelist has recourse to the Newgate Calendar, and the police reports of the Morning Herald.

'The fact is, that there is less love in the world than there was; and the stock is daily diminishing. The reason is clear—there is less idleness,

and consequently less of the concentration which goes to make passion. That terrible schoolmaster too, who has, some how or other, got abroad, whips out poor little Love, wherever he finds him,—"a domineering pedant o'er the boy;" and the utilitarians will not hear of the brat, with his anti-Malthusian doctrines, but hunt him from the boudoir to the treadmill, to suffer and repent, with other young offenders. Cultivation, business, and education, are "the very beadles to an humorous sigh."

'The idlest nations are ever the most gallant; the Doctors' Commons would have little to do, if the *désœuvrés* of fashion were reduced to assume the moral and physical activity of the *tiers-état*. The semi-civilized great are idle and intemperate: idle, by their institutions, which, being those of despotism, exclude the mass from a participation in national concerns; and intemperate, because wealthy idleness gives the desire and the means of excess. What scenes of wassailing and riot passed among the courtiers of Henry the VIIIth and Francis the Ist; and amongst those of Charles the IId, and the early part of the reign of Louis the XIVth. In the highest state of savagery, men are governed by appetite; in the highest degree of civilization they are guided by *convenance*. The Esquimaux, always in the field, and the Englishman always before the public, and occupied with commerce, politics, science, and the arts, have neither of them leisure to love, after the fashion of the Petrarchs and the Rousseaus.

'Even now, however, we may have what the French of our days call "*un sentiment*," which is a very pretty amusing thing, leaving no scar behind—heart, conscience, and character, all intact, "*pourvu qu'on est sage*," (as a Frenchwoman said to me the other day): an *item* in the code of conduct, by the by, never looked for in the days of old French gallantry.'—vol. i. pp. 21—24.

When Lady Morgan is content to relate or describe, without philosophising, and without using more French words than English, she is frequently exceedingly amusing: she is so in the article 'Raconteur,' which may be translated "anecdote and story-monger." Her notion, however, of the conversational powers of the English, is a little extraordinary: 'the English,' says she, 'declaim better than they converse, and argue better than they declaim.' What portion of the English nation it is that are remarkable for their declaiming propensities, we have not yet been able to discover; certainly not the "country gentlemen" who get into parliament, who are generally the least gifted with oratorical genius of any men in the world. The English argue well, because they are generally original thinkers, and consequently fond of dialectics; but they are not what is vulgarly called "good talkers," or "raconteurs," because they have a contempt for that sort of foolery. In speaking of national peculiarities, her Ladyship appears as if she believed every nation of the world to have proceeded from a distinct original stock: 'I doubt,' says she, 'that any moral or political combination would have made them (the English) good *raconteurs*.' But is it not a combination of moral and political circumstances that has made the English differ from the French, or, in other words, made the English, English; and the French, French? In philosophising, if we do not go back far enough, we shall be exceedingly apt to confound accidental with natural

differences, and fall into a system uniting all the contradictions engendered by affectation or caprice. Without attempting to explain the circumstances which have rendered the French superior to the English in familiar story-telling, we copy the following admirable description of the performance of a *raconteur*, who is acknowledged to have stood at the head of his class.

'The influence which Denon himself obtained over time, and even sometimes over nature, (for "he could murder sleep," by the exercise of this amusing gift,) was often exemplified upon ourselves, during our various residences at Paris. Denon kept intolerably late hours—we intolerably early ones. After a month of *bals-parés, soirées, réunions, and opéras*, we were obliged to give in, and to stay one night at home; and so issued orders accordingly, and sent the servants to bed. When lo! as the last lamp was put out, the last ember fading, and we were yawning our way to our bed-room, across the gloomy antichamber of our old hotel in the Faux-bourg St. Germain, a loud ring was heard, the great gate invisibly opening, creaked slowly on its hinges, and the wheels of a cabriolet came rattling over the paved court. Back we ran, lest our chamber lights should shine forth from the windows, and bring up the unseasonable intruder, while *Pierre* the *frotteur*, putting in his melo-drama head, asked, interrogatively, "*Madame n'y est pas, n'est-ce pas?*" and then flew to forbid the nocturnal visitor. But it was in vain: he was already in the anti-room, and we heard the voice of Denon, saying, "Go to bed, my good fellow; there, that will do;" and in he came on the very tip-toe of excitation, humming, "*On revient toujours*," with applicable emphasis. He was all star, ribbon, and the legion of honour; in full dress, both in spirits and person. He had dined with one of the ministers; and had not yet got rid of the fervour of an agreeable party, where he had justified the partiality of Buonaparte, by charming even the ultras themselves.

'He came to bestow all his brilliancy upon us, as he was wont to do on similar occasions; and we were as much bored at the delightful visit, as if it had been all the tediousness of those who know so well how to be tedious: so there we stood, yawning and smiling, with a sort of galvanic contortion, at once to show our courtesy and drowsiness, with each a chamber candlestick in hand, and reiterating "But we were going to bed, my dear Denon."—"I see it," said Denon, and gently taking my candle, he lighted the *bougies* on the table, drew a chair for me near the fire, threw a log on the hearth, and, with a petitioning air, solicited *encore un petit moment*." "Our husband and ourself" exchanged looks of mutual annoyance, and yawned ostentatiously our unwilling assent; wondering at the influence of the miserable *physique*, or that any state of exhaustion could reduce us to so low an ebb, as not to relish the society of one we loved so well, and admired so much.

'Denon had that day made me a present of his superb work on Egypt (the large edition), and the enormous volume lay upon the ponderous marble table, in the centre of the room, which seemed by its strength to have been built on purpose to receive it. We had been looking over the plates, and Denon took out his pencil, and wrote the names of some of the eminent persons whose portraits they contain. Then drawing close to the fire, he put on his *raconteur's* face, and gave us such curious and animated details of his sojourn in Egypt with Buonaparte; of his in-

timacy with Dessaix, and with others of the *notables* of the expedition, together with the various scenes and circumstances incidental to the enterprise, that insensibly we became as animated in our questions as he was in his narration.

'From Egypt we got to the funeral of Dessaix on Mount St. Bernard, (a picture worthy of Poussin), and thence to the German campaigns. He described the entrance into Potsdam, etched to the life, like a proof copy of one of his own engravings from Rembrandt or Paul Potter; not a light, not a shade was wanting! and the tones and gestures of the conqueror were given, as if he lived and moved before us. Their visit to Sans Souci, and the flattering interest with which Buonaparte inspected the apartments, where nothing had been changed since their occupation by Frederick the Great, were not left to mere narrative; they were acted to the life: and the plunder of the *armoires* and *secrétaires*, were represented in a most robber-like manner. The Emperor had the sword of Frederick for his share of the spoils; Denon's booty was equally characteristic; a MS. *brouillon* of the king's poetry, in his royal autograph, with Voltaire's corrections. Under some of the stanzas was written, "*digne des meilleurs poëtes Français;** and under others the simple corrective criticism of "*fie donc!*" This was what Voltaire called washing the king's linen."

'The sympathy of Napoleon for his wounded soldiers, and his personal attention to them, have been often recorded. His anxious visits to the field of battle after the contest was decided, his feeling the pulse and wiping the wounds, his administering cordials with his own hands, are facts well known, which won him the love of his army, no less than his prowess. Denon had been with him in one of these pious visitations, and he was so affected by the dreadful spectacle, that it became the nightmare of his dream. He arose with the dawn, and returned to the field, in the hope of rescuing some still living beings from the heaps of dead that strewed it. In the features of an officer, he thought he recognized a friend, and on examining more minutely, he perceived some tokens of lingering vitality. He endeavoured to extricate the body from the dead horse under which it lay; but his strength failed him. There was not a moment to be lost; looking round him for assistance, he observed two men taking their station on an overthrown piece of artillery, coolly surveying the scene, and writing in their tablets. They were easily recognised as the German commissaries of interment. He flew to solicit their assistance; but both replied in unison, "*Monsir, nous sommes ici pour enterrer les morts.*" "*Bon,*" said Denon, "but you will surely assist me in saving the living." Without pausing in their melancholy task, they again replied, "*Nous sommes ici uniquement pour enterrer les morts.*" Denon in vain had recourse to persuasion, to bribes, to threats; nothing moved the phlegm of the Germans: they heard him out patiently, and repeated for the third time; "*Fous êtes ein bon Monsir, mais nous sommes ici pour enterrer les morts.*"† This writes flatly; but when told most dramatically, with the impassibility of the German physiognomy, and the guttural German accentuation, it was irresistible; and thus our delight-

* "Worthy of the best poets of France."

† '"You are a good gentleman, but our business here is to bury the dead."'

ful *raconteur* went on "from grave to gay," with equal pathos and humour, making us laugh and cry, and winding us up and down at pleasure.

'In the midst of a most interesting adventure, the scene Venice, the time a moonlight evening, the place a balcony in the palace Benzoni, and the heroine, the beautiful and well known "Biondina in Gondoletta,"—he paused abruptly, with a hushing movement of his finger, marking emphatically the deep swing of the clock in the Tuileries striking three. He arose all confusion and apologies, for having led us into such unseasonable vigils, and was hurrying off, when I detained him with, "but finish your story." "*Trois heures bien sonnés,*"* replied Denon, already at the door; while I answered in the words of Voltaire, "*Mais qu'est-ce que ça fait, si je m'amuse?*" "*A la bonne heure,*" said Denon, triumphantly, "I saw on entering that I was a bore;† that you had taken your determination, and I took mine; so, good morning, I'll finish my story another time;" and with this trick of the tale-teller of the Arabian Nights, he tripped off as *leste* at seventy, as at seventeen, sprang into his cabriolet, and rattled out, as he had rattled in, his horse and driver as much on the alert as himself. The whole thing was French, exclusively French—the *raconteur*, horse, driver, and cabriolet, included.'—pp. 34—41.

The philosophical celebrity of "Richard Kirwan, Esq." who imagined that in order to live in health it was necessary to half roast one-self, is now fallen into the "sere and yellow leaf;" but there is still considerable interest in Lady Morgan's account of her acquaintance with him. Humorists are excellent subjects for the novel writer, because they present broad and striking features of character, which it is impossible not to seize, and by no means difficult to paint. A man, for example, who carried about with him to all parties his own *tay* and *tay-pot*, and who unscrewed his knocker at eight o'clock in the evening to prevent intrusion, could not fail to make a good portrait, and accordingly, "Richard Kirwan, Esq." is one of the best articles in the 'Book of the Boudoir.' Her Ladyship had, it seems, been interested in the fate of Mr. Kirwan, by learning from her father that the "philosopher" was an elegant person, who walked through the bogs of Connaught with diamond buckles in his shoes, and carried his hat under his arm, instead of on his head; and by learning, moreover, that he was descended from one of the original "thirteen tribes" of Galway, to one of which, like a true Irishwoman, Lady Morgan herself is related. When the "Wild Irish Girl" began to run the rounds of the circulating libraries, and attract some attention to the writer of it, the philosopher of the diamond buckles and the opera hat came among the rest to visit the Irish Corinna.

'It happened, that shortly after the publication of the Wild Irish Girl, as I sat making up one of those "tissues of woven air," in which I then clothed my heroines, and in which I intended to dress myself for a ball

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* "It has struck three."

† Un fâcheux.

at the Barracks, given that night by Lady Augusta Leith,—a plain, dark, old fashioned chariot drove to the door, and up came a card, thus inscribed—"Mr. Kirwan, to pay his respects to the fair authoress of the Wild Irish Girl."—My stars! what a fuss! The great Richard Kirwan, the philosopher! the chemist! the comely! the elegant! the celebrated! What stowing away of breadths and gores (we had not come to *ruches* and *falbalas*)—what pushing of work baskets under the sofa, and ramming the Sorrows of Werter into the bread basket!—for work, Werter, and bread and butter, were then all in equal requisition.

'I flew first to the harp, to get up an attitude, (like poor Mathurin), and then back to the table to seize my pen like "Anna Matilda"; and when the door opened I was placed in a thoughtful position, with the contemplative look of a doctor of the Sorbonne, or of Lydia Languish; but the apparition, which for a moment halted at the threshold, and then moved on in solemn gait, actually made me start. A tall, gaunt figure, wrapped from neck to heel in a dark roquelaure, with a large-leafed hat flapped low over the face, presented the very picture of Guy Faux, with nothing wanting but his dark lantern. The comely, the elegant young man disappeared from my imigination; and the venerable, but very singular-looking philosopher, "stood confessed."

'Mr. Kirwan, with all the grace of the old school, moved his hat, and instantly replacing it on a full, old-fashioned peruke, pleaded the necessity for covering his head, on account of some disorder, which rendered it dangerous to do otherwise, even in a warm room. After a few hems and haws on my part, and a fixed stare on his, we fell to discourse, and the conversation soon became animated, and to me highly interesting. It arose from his taking up a book that lay on the table, and had replaced my Werter. This was unlucky: he threw down the book with indignation, and cautioned me against what he called its "selfish sophistry," adding, "Young lady, you have too much imagination and too much feeling, to give up your precious time to such works as this; and he then attacked the doctrines of Helvetius, with more feeling than logic. His own philosophy being founded in his quick and almost morbid sensibility, he would not allow self-love to be the *primum mobile* of all human action. Sympathy was his leading dogma; and the predominancy of good his creed.

'While we were talking, I perceived, from the window near which we were seated, the wretched skeleton of a scarcely living horse, which had been turned out to die on a piece of waste ground, not yet built on. The bones had nearly pierced the skin, and it fell as we looked on it, and died. "So much for the prevalence of good," I said, "What must have been the sufferings of that poor animal, since it first began to fail in strength and utility, and was exposed to the brutality, ignorance, and disappointed avarice of its owner, who has thus turned it forth to die in agony and in want! Yet what had that poor beast done to merit such a fate? For him no future compensation exists—no bright hereafter repays, to all eternity, his sufferings on earth. But such is the lot of nearly the whole brute creation; to serve and suffer,—to be incapable of crime, and yet to feel its direst penalties."

'The countenance of Mr. Kirwan became gloomy and agitated; he turned away from the window, and, seating himself by the fire, after a long silence, he addressed me, in a solemn and impressive manner, that

affected me deeply, and left its influence fixed on my mind. He began by observing, that the apparent sufferings of the animal who had died under our eyes, had for a moment elicited the most painful and piteous sympathy; that the idea of sufferings imposed without a cause on the part of the sufferer, and which were to have no retribution, no recompense, was too painful an idea to indulge in, and too derogatory to the wisdom and goodness of the Supreme Being, to be credible; that he had therefore long been convinced, that those signs of suffering manifested by brute animals, were but means to cherish and promote the sympathies of men, and to check his natural tendency to tyrannize and misuse power, whenever it was granted him. In a word, that he was a sincere disciple and zealous advocate for the doctrine of Gomez Pereira, (which was popularized by Descartes,) who conceived that all appearances of sensibility manifested by animals are fallacious; and that the brute species are mere machines, divested of all feeling.'---vol. i. pp. 63---66.

That a man who could seriously entertain the opinions of Gomez Pereira respecting animals, should walk in the mud with diamond buckles, or bring about his *tay-pot* and *tay*, to the houses of his friends, is not to be wondered at; but let us accompany her Ladyship to the house of the philosopher, and view him behind his screen.

'The sober carriage of Mr. Kirwan was at my door to the moment; and to the moment, I was at his. My punctuality pleased him; for his own whole useful and laborious life was governed by a sense of the value of time, and of the virtue of punctuality. I was received by his man, Pope, who seemed born and organized to be the servant of a philosopher—the perfect image of Dumps, the servant of old Rueful, in "The Good Natured Man," pale, lank, solemn, and demure.

'On entering the drawing room, the heat was so excesssive, that I was afraid I should never go through the *séance*. Although it was a fine mild spring evening, an enormous fire blazed on the hearth; and a skreen, of considerable dimensions, drawn closely round it, excluded every breath of air. Within this enclosure, on a large cumbrous sofa, sat the advocate of phlogiston. He was dressed in the same roquelaure and slouched hat, in which he had visited me; with, however, the addition of a shawl wrapt round his neck. On either side him, were placed two persons, who, in their appearance, seemed to form the extreme links in the human chain. The one was the good and simple Professor Higgins, with his *air de prêtre*, the very *beau-idéal* of a catholic curate, from his own wild native district of Erris; the other a Roman tribune of Rome's best day, already indeed past the prime of life, but with the figure of an athlete, and a bust of the antique mould: it was Archibald Hamilton Rowan, who had then but lately returned from his long exile in America. The impression made on me, by this now best and truest of old friends, has come forth, after a long lapse of years, in my last work, the "O'Briens and the O'Flahertys;" and some resemblance to what he then was may be found in his fine picture by Hamilton.

'Over the chimney-piece was a portrait of Catherine of Russia, "whom," said Mr. Kirwan, "I call Catherine the Great, in contradistinction to Frederick the infamous, her rival, and by far her inferior."

'Meantime, a conversation, of the most scientific nature, was resumed, which my entrance had interupted, and in which my ignorance and timidity, at the learned society into which I had been so strangely introduced, prevented me from taking a part.

'As soon as Mr. Kirwan had settled the constitution of acids with Professor Higgins, he turned to me, with an air of great gallantry, and said, "Let us now revert to a sweeter subject." Lord, how I fancied myself Miss Helen Maria Williams, gallanted by Dr. Johnson! After some very civil things, such as young ladies like to hear, even from old gentlemen (at least I did), he drew up a *précis* of the respective merits of Miss Edgeworth's admirable "Castle Rackrent," and my "Wild Irish Girl," very flattering to both. On the exaggeration so unjustly imputed to Miss Edgeworth's most graphic work, he related the following aneedote:—

"When I first returned to my native province, from abroad, I accepted an invitation to a gentleman's house. After a day's sport on his estate, I arrived late, and found that the house had been burned down the night before.—I was only one of many guests. We had a joyous supper in the roofless hall; and sheds and temporary sleeping places had been erected for us in the barn behind the ruined mansion. When we retired for the night, I was led to my pavilion, accompanied by my two favourite dogs, like one of Ossian's hunters. Extremely tired, and, perhaps, not particularly sober, I threw myself on the bed prepared for me, from which I had a distinct view of the stars, through the crevices of the roof. However, I slept soundly, though not uninterruptedly; for, the middle of the night, I was roused by extraordinary sounds of groaning, and grunting, and sqeakings, and squallings, mingled with the sharp bark of one dog, and the low growl of the other, as if in deadly contest with some unwelcome intruder. All that I had then heard of the atrocities of the disturbed state of Ireland rushed to my mind. I started on my legs in search of my fowling piece, but fell over a huge bleeding body, which seemed to give out its last groan under my pressure; my fierce dog, as I supposed, still clinging to the wretch's throat. I called for help—again got upon my legs; and staggering to the entrance, and opening the door, found that I had indeed been attacked, and by the swinish multitude. The fact was, that I had been lodged in the pig-sty, to which the lawful, but extruded proprietors had, by a natural instinct, made their way back in the night; and my faithful dogs, who had in vain striven to repel the invaders, had laid at my feet the mother sow, "with all her pretty little ones," bleeding and vanquished. The scene lay near Ballinoshe; the time was, literally, 'the day after the fair.'"

'While this conversation was passing, Pope made tea behind the screen, and served it with a most characteristic formality. The scene was a picture; and though I afterwards drank tea with Mr. Kirwan fifty times, this first impression was the strongest and the most lasting. At eight precisely, the party broke up; and Pope conducted me back to the carriage. Before, however, I drove off, he was already employed in unscrewing the knocker; for, from that hour, the mansion of the philosopher was hermetically sealed against all intrusion.—pp. 74—79.

Lady Morgan appears to look back with considerable delight to her first appearance before the world, and we are by no means surprised at it, for it was full of excitement, and of promises, which

time has in part fulfilled. The following is her description of her "first rout in London."

'A few days after my arrival in London, and while my little book was running rapidly through successive editions, I was presented to the Countess Dowager of C—— k, and invited to a rout at her fantastic and pretty mansion in New Burlington-street. Oh, how her Irish historical name tingled on my ears, and seized on my imagination; as that of her great ancestor, "the father of chemistry, and uncle to Lord Cork," did on the mind of my old friend, Professor Higgins. I was freshly launched from the bogs of the barony of Tireragh, in the province of Connaught, and had dropped at once into the very sanctuary of English *ton*, without time to go through the necessary course of training in manners or millinery, for such an awful transition: so, with no *chaperon* but my incipient notoriety, and actually no toilet but the frock and the flower in which, not many days before, I had danced a jig, on an earthen floor, with an O'Rourke, prince of Brefney, in the county of Leitrim, I stepped into my job-carriage at the hour of ten, and, "all alone by myself"—as the Irish song says—

"To Eden took my solitary way."

What added to my fears, and doubts, and hopes, and embarrassments, was a note from my noble hostess, received at the moment of departure, which ran thus:—

'"Every body has been invited expressly to meet the Wild Irish Girl: so she must bring her Irish harp. "M. C. O."

'I arrived at New Burlington-street without my Irish harp, and with a beating heart; and I heard the high-sounding titles of princes and ambassadors, and dukes and duchesses, announced, long before my own poor plebeian Hibernian name puzzled the porter, and was bandied from footman to footman, as all names are bandied, which are not written down in the red-book of Fashion, nor rendered familiar to the lips of her insolent menials. How I wished myself back in Tireragh with my own princes, the O's and Macs; and yet this position was among the items of my highest ambition! To be sought after by the great, not for any accidental circumstance of birth, rank, or fortune, but simply "*pour les beaux yeux de mon mérite*," was a principal item in the utopia of my youthful fancy. I endeavoured to recal the fact to mind; but it would not do: and as I ascended the marble stairs, with their gilt balustrade, I was agitated by emotions, similar to those which drew from my countryman, Maurice Quill,* his frank exclamation in the heat of the battle of Vittoria, "Oh! ——, I wish some one of my greatest enemies was kicking me down Dame-street!"

'Lady C——k met me at the door of that suit of apartments which opens with a brilliant boudoir, and terminates with a sombre conservatory, where eternal twilights fall upon fountains of rose-water which never dry,

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'* Maurice Quill, the Sir John Falstaff of the Irish troops, during the Peninsular war, who assigned as a reason for entering into the 71st regiment (I believe) his desire to be near his brother, who was in the 72d. His personal circumspection was said to be merely assumed, as a medium for his humour.'

and on beds of flowers which never fade,—where singing birds are always silent, and butterflies are for once at rest.

'"What, no harp, Glorvina?" said her ladyship.

'"Oh, Lady C——!"

'"Oh, Lady Fiddlestick!—you are a fool, child; you don't know your own interests. Here, James, William, Thomas, send one of the chairmen to Stanhope-street, for Miss Owenson's harp."

'Led on by Doctor Johnson's celebrated "little Dunce," and Boswell's "*divine Maria*," who kindly and protectingly drew my arm through hers, I was at once merged into that mob of *élégantes* and *élégants*, who always prefer narrow door-ways for incipient flirtations, to the clear stage and fair play of the centre of a salon. As we stood wedged on the threshold of fashion, my dazzling eyes rested for a moment, on a strikingly sullen-looking handsome creature, whose boyish person was distinguished by an air of singularity, which seemed to vibrate between hauteur and shyness. He stood with his arms crossed, and alone, occupying a corner near the door; and though in the brilliant bustling crowd, was "not of it."

'"How do, Lord Byron?" said a pretty sprite of fashion, as she glided her spirituality through a space, which might have proved too narrow for one of Leslie Forster's demi-semi souls to pass through.

'Lord Byron! All "*les braves Birons*" of French and English chivalry rushed to my mind, at the sound of the historical name! But I was then ignorant, that its young and beautiful inheritor was to give it greater claims on the admiration of posterity, than the valiant *preux* of France, or the loyal cavaliers of England, had yet bestowed on it. For fame travels slowly in our Barony of Tireragh; and though Lord Byron had already made his first step in that career which ended in the triumph of his brilliant and powerful genius over all his cotemporaries, *I* had got no further in the article Byron, than the "*pends-toi, brave Biron*," of *Henri Quatre*.

'After a stand and a stare of some seconds, I was pushed on—and, on reaching the centre of the conservatory, I found myself suddenly pounced upon a sort of rustic seat by Lady C——k, whose effort to detain me on this very uneasy pre-eminence, resembled Lingo's remonstrance of "keep your temper, great Rusty-fusty;" for I too was treated *en princesse*, (the Princess of *Coolavin*), and denied the civilized privileges of sofa or chair, which were not in character with the habits of a "Wild Irish Girl." So, there I sat, "*patience per force with wilful choler meeting;*" the lioness of the night! exhibited and shewn off like "the beautiful hyena that never was tamed," of Exeter Change,—looking almost as wild, and feeling quite as savage!'—vol. i. pp. 100—105.

The description of John Kemble's sticking his claws in her Ladyship's "wig," during her "first rout," is very good.

'I had got into a very delightful conversation with my veteran beaux, when Mr. Kemble was announced. Lady C——k reproached him as "the late Mr. Kemble;" and then, looking significantly at me, told him who I was. Kemble, to whom I had been already presented by Mrs. Lefanu, acknowledged me by a kindly nod; but the intense stare which succeeded, was not one of mere recognition. It was the glazed, fixed look, so common to those who have been making libations to altars which

'rarely qualify them for ladies' society. Mr. Kemble was evidently much pre-occupied, and a little exalted; and he appeared actuated by some intention, which he had the will, but not the power, to execute. He was seated *vis-à-vis*, and had repeatedly raised his arm, and stretched it across the table, for the purpose, as I supposed, of helping himself to some boar's-head in jelly. Alas, no!—the *bore* was, that my head happened to be the object which fixed his tenacious attention; and which being a true Irish *cathah* head, dark, cropped, and curly, struck him as a particularly well organized Brutus, and better than any in his *répertoire* of theatrical perukes. Succeeding at last in his feline and fixed purpose, he actually struck his claws in my locks, and addressing me in the deepest sepulchral tones, asked, "Little girl, where did you buy your wig?"

'Lord Erskine "came to the rescue," and liberated my head.

'Lord Carysfort exclaimed, to retrieve the awkwardness of the scene, "*les serpents de l'envie ont sifflés dans son cœur;* on every side—

"Some did laugh,
And some did say, God bless us;"

—while I, like Macbeth,

"Could not say, Amen."

Meanwhile Kemble, peevish, as half tipsy people generally are, and ill brooking the interference of the two peers, drew back, muttering and fumbling in his coat-pocket, evidently with some dire intent lowering in his eyes. To the amusement of all, and to my increased consternation, he drew forth a volume of the "Wild Irish Girl," (which he had brought to return to Lady C——k) and, reading, with his deep emphatic voice, one of the most high-flown of its passages, he paused, and patting the page with his fore-finger, with the look of Hamlet addressing Polonius, he said, "Little girl, why did you write such nonsense? and where did you get all these d——d hard words?"

'Thus taken by surprise, and "smarting with my wounds" of mortified authorship, I answered, unwittingly and witlessly, the truth: "Sir, I wrote as well as I could, and I got the hard words out of Johnson's dictionary."

'The eloquence of Erskine himself would have pleaded my cause with less effect; and the "*J'y allois*" of *La Fontaine* was not quoted with more approbation in the circles of Paris, than the *naiveté* of my equally veracious and spontaneous reply. The triumph of my simplicity did not increase Kemble's good humour; and, shortly after, Mr. Spenser carried him off in his carriage, to prevent any further attacks on my unfortunate head, inside or out.'—pp. 109—112.

From these passages we pass on, over a multitude of articles of various degrees of merit and demerit, to the second volume, where we meet with the following clever passage:

'There are persons deficient in the stuff which makes intellect, just as there are individuals born without some particular sense. Incapable of originating ideas, because impenetrable to the impressions whence ideas come, they have memories instead of minds. They retain words: and, in giving them utterance, depend upon accident for the justice of their application.

'One of these human parrots was present the other day when Mr.

C—— said, " Such an one cannot last; his physical force is quite gone." A few days afterwards, the parrot, in quoting the observation, remarked, " C. says he cannot live much longer, for his physic is out."

' It is truly astonishing how little suffices to get on in the world. The instinctive cunning observable in children and animals, is equal to the wants and desires of the individual; and the unideal babble and animal vivacity of the parrot, pass for information and agreeableness: while genius and feeling, obstructed at every step by dulness and prejudice, or revolted at the meanness and littleness which thwart them, stop short in the first stage of their route, and recoiling on themselves, too often live unknown and unbenefited by the world they enlighten and amuse.'—vol. ii. pp. 37, 38.

We are happy to observe, from her Ladyship's article on " cats," that she might have continued to live, even in single blessedness, for she is evidently partial to those companions of the intellectual and the lonely.

' I have observed, that all domestic animals are more amiable and intelligent on the continent, than with us: it may be they are better treated; for nothing tames likes kindness. The fine breed of Angola cats, so common in the South of Italy, is a proof of the assertion; they are much caressed and attended to, and are as intelligent and as attachable as dogs. The first day we had the honour of dining at the palace of the Archbishop of Tarato, at Naples, he said to me, " You must pardon my passion for cats (*la mia passione gattesca*), but I never exclude them from my dining-room, and you will find they make excellent company."

' Between the first and second course, the door opened, and several enormously large and beautiful cats were introduced, by the names of Pantalone, Desdemona, Otello, and other dramatic *cognomina*. They took their places on chairs near the table, and were as silent, as quiet, as motionless, and as well behaved, as the most *bon-ton* table in London could require. On the bishop requesting one of the chaplains to help the Signora Desdemona to something, the butler stept up to his lordship and observed, " Desdemona will prefer waiting for the roasts." After dinner they were sent to walk on the terrace, and I had the honour of assisting at their *coucher*, for which a number of comfortable cushions were prepared in the bishop's dressing-room. The Archbishop of Taranto, so well known through Italy as the author of many clever works, has also produced one on cats, full of ingenuity and pleasantry.'—vol. ii. pp. 39, 40.

In justification of her belief in the fidelity and affection of these much-abused quadrupeds, she tells the following story, upon the faith of a contemporary Italian writer.

' A beautiful peasant girl of the village of Monte-orsano, in the Brianza, had obtained a sort of melancholy celebrity by an infliction, which frequently struck her down to the earth, in the midst of the village festival, or church ceremony, where her beauty and piety were the boast and the edification of her village friends. Every physician in Lombardy, every saint in the calendar, had been applied to, on behalf of *Clementina*; and vows and offerings had been made in vain, to cure, what was incurable, a confirmed epilepsy. If the saints, however, were negligent, Clementina

had one friend, whose vigilance never slumbered. It was her cat; which not only shared her bed and her *polenta*, but followed her in her walks and devotions, from the vineyard to the altar.

'The first time that *Mina* saw her young mistress fall in a fit, and wound herself against a tomb in the village cemetery, she exhibited the most extraordinary emotion. She soon acquired the habit, from a frequent recurrence of the infirmity, of watching its approach; and at last seemed to have obtained such a knowledge of the change of countenance and colour, which preceded the attack, that she was wont, on the first symptom, to run to the parents of Clementina, and, by dragging their clothes, scratching at their persons, or mewing in the most melancholy manner, ("*Miagolando in tuono mesto ed affannoso,*") she succeeded in awakening their attention, and trotted out before them, mewing them on to the spot, where her young mistress lay lifeless. Mina at last obtained such confidence for her warnings, that, on the first cry of the faithful cat, the friends of Clementina flew to her assistance before she incurred any injury from her sudden fall.

'At fifteen, the malady of the beautiful Clementina brought her to her tomb. Her cat walked after her bier, on which she was exposed, (as is the custom in Italy), and covered with flowers. During the funeral service, she sat at the head of the bier, gazing with an intent look on the lifeless features of her young mistress; and when the grave was filling she made a vain endeavour to jump in, but was withheld by the bystanders, who carried home this chief mourner after the melancholy ceremony. Mina, however, was seen the next morning stretched upon the new made grave, which she continued to visit daily, until she visited it for the last time, a few months after her friend's death; when she was found dead upon the green mound that covered her remains.

'The celebrity of the "*Gatto del Cimitero,*" has not yet passed away from the village of Monte-orsano. I dedicate this little history of the faithful *Mina*, to my young friend *Ina*; whose "*passione gattesca,*" entitles her to the distinction. Kindness to animals is but a form of sensibility, and in youth is always the harbinger of higher and deeper-seated feelings. It should not be confounded with the misplaced instinct of maternity in childless old maids, or the capricious fondness of adults for the brute creation, which is unaccompanied by any touch of kindness for their biped dependants, or any manifestation of sympathy for human misfortune.'—vol. ii. pp. 41—43.

The following humorous description, of one of our wise ancestors submitting to the operations of the barber, is exceedingly good.

'It is one of the blessed effects of the diffusion of knowledge, to render men less dependent on others; and society seems to have rejoiced in its emancipation from the tyranny of hair-dressing. Formerly the barber's knock was as well known, and as punctual as the postman's. His important visage, sagacious look, and his bag of apparatus, belonged as much to the objects of daily vision, as the place in which he was received. There, for one mortal hour at least, and that at the most precious and active period of the day, sat the victim of fashion with its minister, bound tightly up in a white cloth, like a baby in swaddling-clothes, sometimes pulled by the

nose, sometimes scored on the cheek, and often in danger of an unlucky cut across the throat ;—then again, smoked and smothered with the vapours reeking from the curling iron, which dragged up his hair by the roots; while his drawn-in breath, clenched hands, closed lips, and puffed cheeks, spoke all the torture of his voluntary suffocation. The whole sad scene terminated in a dense cloud of musty powder, discharged from the notable puffing machine into every exposed orifice, filling the ears, ascending the nostrils, and blinding the eyes of the sufferer. Yet the wisdom of our ancestors looked upon this daily martyrdom and perpetual disfiguration as indispensable to the appearance of a gentleman.

' Hair-dressing, moreover, had its indirect advantages, by encouraging literary propensities; many worthy persons took the opportunity of lining the inside of their heads, while the barber decorated its outward parts, who would never otherwise have found leisure for "improving the mind." In those days, a play-book or a pamphlet was sure to be whitened, in every third page, by the contents of the power-puff. Hairdressers were also serviceable to their species, by maintaining and diffusing a taste for anecdote. Even ministers of state were occasionally indebted to the *coiffeur* for their principal knowledge of human nature, and for the better part of their wit.'—vol. ii. pp. 51, 52.

The account of the mania for the study of astronomy, which once prevailed in France, is also clever.

' Towards the end of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, and the beginning of that of Louis the Fifteenth, (including the regency,) astronomy taking the place of polemics, raged as an epidemic. Men, women, and children, leaving this world to take care of itself, got into "other and better worlds;" and wits, lost on earth, were all to be found, like Orlando's, in the moon. Women's eyes were no longer the only lights that helped poets to similes. Celestial bodies succeeded to terrestrial; Love, no longer blind, never appeared without a telescope; rendezvous were given in *bosquets* and on terraces, to gaze on the "chaste cold moon;" hearts and planets disappeared together; and ladies were so intently engaged in studying the principles of Newton, that they forgot their own; and gave practical demonstration that, in going astray, women's "stars are more in fault than they." '—vol. ii. p. 56.

From volumes of this kind it would be easy to multiply extracts, both good and bad; but those which we have selected are specimens of the better part only of the work; the rest is merely "leather and prunella."

ART. III.—*Memorials of Charles John, King of Sweden and Norway: illustrative of his Character; of his relations with the Emperor Napoleon; and of the Present State of his Kingdoms. With a Discourse on the Political Character of Sweden.* By William George Meredith, Esq. A.M. of Brazenose College, Oxford. 8vo. pp. 425. London: Colburn. 1829.

THE conviction appears to be every day gaining ground, that fiction is less amusing, as well as less instructive, than truth, and its

effects are already strikingly visible in our literature. An historical taste has, in fact, been created, and on every side we observe writers, who, a few years ago, would have entertained a no higher ambition than to spin out three volumes of sentiment, or horrors, for the Minerva press, turning their attention to the actual deeds and sufferings of mankind, and making attempts at history. The results at first will, of course, be lamentable enough. The man who might have chronicled the actions of a romance hero or heroine, to the great satisfaction of boarding-school young ladies or gentlemen, will find his grey goose quill unable to operate upon the tough materials of real life. History demands the highest genius, united with the most extensive knowledge both of men and things, and a style formed from the beginning, for its peculiar purposes. Nothing is easier in this, as well as in other departments of literature, than to "amaze the unlearned and make the learned smile," by a pompous exhibition of language, or an affectation of philosophising, as to this end nothing more is necessary than to borrow the dress of other men's ideas, and, with the richness and volume of this drapery, to conceal the shrinking littleness of our own skeleton reflections. The principal commodity of little historians, is words. The march of the great family of mankind, through the wastes and wilderness of time, strikes them only as a subject for some quaint reflection, or common-place remark; and they are infinitely less solicitous to draw from the errors and miseries of their species, lessons of wisdom for themselves, than to paint on their shrivelled fancies the hues of a false and meretricious beauty.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the public will derive great and positive advantages from the direction which our literature is now taking. Great subjects will be selected by bad writers, it is true, and thus rendered for a time unpopular; but the effect of this will quickly pass away, and historians will arise who will drive these meddlers off the stage. On the continent, more than one historian of ability is already employed in sifting and purifying the records of mankind; and even amongst ourselves, who have for many years looked but coldly upon this species of composition, there are a few names which may be compared with the highest of their continental rivals.

The 'Memorials of Charles John, King of Sweden and Norway,' &c., belong to that useful but humble class of works which furnish materials for history. It, in reality, consists of three parts, of which the first is an historical introduction, containing a brief outline of the political history of Sweden from the time of Charles XII. down to the present day; while the second and third parts are merely collections of speeches, letters, addresses, &c., which throw considerable light upon the eras to which they belong. The ambitious wars, and the great misfortunes of Charles XII., appear to have exhausted the energies of Sweden, which for nearly a century

after his death was plunged in a species of political lethargy. Mr. Meredith justly denominates Charles "an unskilful statesman;" and if he had added that he was "a bad prince," he would have been amply borne out by the facts of history. Upon his death, which was a real blessing to his country, confusion united with misrule, in hurrying Sweden into the depths of misery, and a series of conspiracies, intrigues, and revolutions ensued, which, though too unimportant to occupy the thoughts of posterity, were deeply felt in their consequences by the Swedish people.

From the year 1721, in which peace was concluded with Russia, and the provinces of Esthonia, Livonia, Ingria, and part of Finland ceded to that already too vast empire, to "the fatal year of 1808," the annals of Sweden are almost a blank, or, if they record anything, it is a mere tissue of internal troubles and unsuccessful wars.

'Her territory on the side of Russia encroached on, was threatened on the side of Norway; her German possessions were occupied by the French; her navies were destroyed, her finances and army were disorganized. During this gloomy period, the power of the State, successively transferred to different parties, alternated in strange vicissitudes, not in the steady pursuit of any well-digested plan, but according as the rival orders of the kingdom obtained the ascendancy. Hence the form and spirit of the government were vacillating and unsettled. The military genius too of Scandinavia seemed to have fallen before Frederickshall; her armies were no longer disciplined by renowned tacticians, and her legions no longer carried that terror among their enemies, and that confidence of victory within themselves, which had once, under the great Gustavus, and the two Charles's, established on the surest foundation the military fame of Sweden. The fatal days of Willmanstrand and Fredericshamn, and the idle aggression which preceded the fruitless peace of Varela, stood arrayed against them: and the battle of Hoogland, though it promised a brighter æra to the Swedish flag, was a victory dearly bought, accompanied and followed by losses which their navy could ill afford to suffer, and which the government had not the means quickly to repair.'---pp. 3, 4.

In this state was Sweden and her government, when, in 1808, the province of Finland was invaded by Russia, in consequence of the political schemes engendered at Tilsit. Russia had, at this period, abandoned the political system upon which she had hitherto acted in alliance with England, the objects of which were, the independence of the North of Germany, of Hanover, and Holland; the re-establishment of the King of Sardinia, the security of the kingdom of Naples, and the entire evacuation of Italy by the French troops; together with the establishment of a safe and moderate order of things on the continent of Europe generally. Mr. Meredith appears to regard the inconsistency of Russia, on this occasion, as something to be wondered at; and observes, that whoever will compare her new course of conduct with that which she had previously pursued, cannot fail to be amused by her vacillation. But

political absurdity, or profligacy, is too common to strike or amuse; and when we can assign a sufficient reason for the conduct of a monarch, as we can in the present instance, the occurrence assumes the most ordinary and every-day aspect. It is acknowledged, that the acquisition of Finland, "with its fortresses and harbours, and its frontier coasts on the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland," was important to Russia, and more particularly at that period; and a favourable opportunity of weakening and humiliating an ancient rival occurring, it was not in the nature of things that an ambitious power like Russia should let it slip. The advantages to be gained by this step, are justly stated by the author.

'By the removal of the frontier to a distance from the Russian capital, and by throwing it back in a proportionate degree on the enemy's centre, Sweden, thus closely hemmed in between two kingdoms, would naturally be crushed, and either dwindle into a dependent state, or at length be entirely absorbed in the Muscovite empire.'---pp. 6, 7.

The weakening of Sweden was equally agreeable to France. Napoleon no doubt was pleased to punish a country, which, by its attachment to the interests of England, his most powerful and redoubted enemy, had provoked his anger. He might also be willing to allow Alexander to amuse himself with effecting conquests, which would only be bringing him nearer to himself, and in all probability creating causes of a rupture, which would justify him in leading his armies into Russia. This design, however, was at this period most carefully concealed; and nothing was visible but an unaccountable friendship for the Emperor Alexander.

'Of the indifference which France exhibited on this occasion to the fate of the Swedish kingdom, and the aggrandizement of Russia, or rather of her pledged neutrality in all the proceedings relating to that operation, there is a most clear, and at the same time most curious proof in the answer returned by the Emperor Napoleon to the intreaties of Charles XIII. when the King, after having lost Finland, wrote to the Tuileries, praying for the preservation to Sweden of the isles of Aland: the mockery of the answer was brief as it was bitter---"Apply to the Emperor Alexander; he is great and generous!"'---p. 8.

In spite of the exertions of Great Britain, who poured forth millions of her treasures in support of her northern ally, Finland was invaded and lost; and an internal revolution arising out of the aggressions of a foreign monarch, the reigning prince, Gustavus IV., resigned, and the throne, together with a constitution which had been hastily formed, was offered to the Duke of Sudermania, who accepted it, and was crowned under the title of Charles XIII., on the 29th of June, 1809. By a treaty with the new monarch, Russia contrived to legitimate what she had acquired by force, and at the same time the King of Sweden consented, at the dictation of his successful enemy, to make peace with France and Denmark, and consequently to abandon Great Britain.

The people, however, who had long been accustomed to trade with Great Britain, and to whom her manufactures and productions were become necessary, by no means entered into the views of the sovereign, and continued, in spite of the laws, to carry on an active commerce with the common enemy of the continent. This state of things could not of course long remain concealed from Napoleon, who complained that one small portion of the southern coast of Scandinavia was doing him more harm, to use his own language, than five coalitions together. The seeds of dispute with France were daily springing up, in spite of every effort to repress them, when a new character, 'destined to play an important part in the future history of Sweden,' appeared upon the stage. This was the French marshal, Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo, who, on the decease of the Crown-Prince, Christian Augustus de Holstein Augusterbourg, was elected by the States General, in August, 1810, to fill up the vacancy thus caused in the succession to the throne. Bernadotte arrived in Sweden on the 20th of October, 1810, and his position at this period is thus described by Mr. Meredith:—

'Scarcely had the future monarch arrived, when he found it necessary to take a decided part in this disagreeable altercation with his former country. The Crown-Prince hesitated not to adopt that conduct which was demanded by the interests of his new country, but not without sanguine hopes that, by his exertions, he might be able to reconcile all differences. In addition, however, to the rigorous demands of France, a new source of irritation speedily arose from the imperious behaviour of Baron Alguier, the French Minister at Stockholm. The Crown-Prince, in the first letter which he addressed to Napoleon, dated November 11th, 1810, complained of the severe instructions which that Minister had received: and it seems, that as long as he remained in Sweden, (from which he was finally removed on account of his offensive conduct to the officers of the Swedish Government,) he gave the Crown-Prince no reason to alter the opinion he had at first conceived of him.

'Scarcely had the first conciliatory letter been sent, when a dispatch arrived from Baron Lagerbjelke, the Swedish Minister at Paris, detailing with minuteness a very stormy interview with Napoleon, who, in a disjointed and interrupted harangue of upwards of an hour, discoursed on a variety of subjects relating to the continental system, complained bitterly that he had been duped and cajoled by Sweden, protested that he would acknowledge no neutrals, and alluded strongly to the reports then in circulation, of the jealousy of Russia relative to his projects of dismembering that empire, by forcing the Swedes against her on one side, and the Saxons and Poles on the other, in order to re-erect in its original integrity the kingdom of Poland, of which the Grand-Duchy of Warsaw was to form the nucleus. Finally, the Emperor demanded an open state of war, or of adhesion to his system; and called on Sweden formally to range herself on the side of England, against France and her Allies, or to unite with him against England. "If within five days after the official note has been presented by M. Alguier, the King has not resolved to be at war with England, M. Alguier shall set out immediately, and Sweden shall have war with France and her Allies. A maritime peace at any price!"

'At the same time, the Baron Alguier, in conformity with his instructions, presented an official note to the same effect, demanding an answer within five days, and declaring war in the event of Sweden refusing to comply with the propositions which it contained.

'By this decisive step of Napoleon, marked with his characteristic firmness and energy, no alternative was left for Sweden, but to adopt on the instant some positive measure. Some severe regulations were framing at the time when these dispatches arrived, but the answer demanded must be categorical. War was accordingly determined on against England, and the commerce of Sweden was abandoned to the discretion of the British Cabinet.'---pp. 17---20.

It was clearly understood, both in Sweden and in England, that this war was as contrary to the inclinations, as it was to the interests, of the Swedish government, and under this conviction the British cabinet resolved to adopt a moderate course towards our ancient northern ally. But this could not prevent the effects of the measure from being severely felt in Sweden, the greater part of whose revenue, arising from the customs, was at once swept away, while her expenditure was immensely increased by the inevitable additions to her army and navy. At the same time, the commerce of the country was nearly annihilated. In this extraordinary state of affairs, the Crown-Prince, in 1810, applied to Napoleon for aid, describing the exhausted condition of the country, the poverty of the treasury, and the weakness of the army; but Napoleon, who only regarded Sweden as a feeble slave, whose exertions he could command, paid no attention to the application of the Crown-Prince. On the contrary, without condescending to reply to the request of his former companion in arms, Napoleon forwarded through his minister at Stockholm, a series of extravagant propositions and demands upon Sweden.

'A body of four thousand seamen was demanded to serve in the French fleet at Brest; the demand was refused, on the grounds of being contrary to the letter of the constitution: a confederation of the North, between Sweden, Denmark, and the Grand-duchy of Warsaw, the nucleus contemplated for the future kingdom of Poland, was also proposed, but declined on the part of the Swedish Government. At length, in July 1811, in addition to the disagreeable instructions, by virtue of which he acted, the behaviour of the French Minister having become personally offensive, his recal was formally demanded, and he was replaced by M. de Cabre; who was, however, rather unceremoniously dismissed in December, 1812, for conduct which, in an official paper of a Swedish Minister of that period, is stigmatized as being "rather less in accordance with the law of nations than is usually conceded to ambassadors." Of Baron Alguier, besides the complaints made against him by Baron Engeström, the Crown-Prince, in his letter to Napoleon of the 24th March, 1812, expressly states that "that Minister hurt the national pride, and that his arrogance spoilt every thing. His communications bore no mark of that respect which crowned heads mutually owe one another; and by fulfilling the intentions of Napoleon as his own passions dictated to him, he spoke in the style of

a Roman proconsul, without recollecting that it was not to slaves that he was addressing himself.'—pp. 24, 25.

The insolence of the French minister is conjectured by Mr. Meredith to have formed a part of Napoleon's system, by which he appears to have desired to precipitate the Crown-Prince into some step, compromising the new interests of his country. There appears to have been some secret enmity existing between Napoleon and Bernadotte, even previous to the departure of the latter from France, on which occasion Napoleon is said to have remarked :— "We have not understood each other; now it is too late: he has his own interests, his own policy, and I have mine."

When a misunderstanding, whether among nations or individuals exists, circumstances almost invariably occur to bring about an open rupture; and it is remarkable enough, that with a kind of instinctive aversion to doubt and uncertainty, men discover a disposition to push matters to extremities and see the worst of what is to happen. In the present instance, the animosity of the French government was quickly made apparent by its conduct towards the merchant navy of Sweden, and by "the systematic injustice of the officers who presided in the French prize-courts." The merchantmen of Sweden and Denmark were attacked, and carried into French ports, and although complaints and representations were made by the Swedish minister at Paris, no redress could be obtained. At length, however, the Swedish government determined upon making reprisals, and one of the numerous privateers which had for a long while infested the shores of the Baltic, was taken and brought into a Swedish port. Other causes of dissention followed, and at length the patience of the ministers being exhausted, Sweden took a decided step, and applied for the assistance of Russia. When this event became known to Napoleon, he charged the Crown-Prince with "private enmities, violent passions, and ill-directed ambition;" and the latter replied in a letter, which Mr. Meredith considers to have been equivalent to a declaration of war.

'This able composition, which may be not inaptly denominated an epistolary manifesto, and which put an end to all farther communications between Sweden and France, embraces a variety of subjects, and minutely answers all the charges emanating from Napoleon through the medium of the official letter of the Duc de Bassano. It is replete with reflections and allusions, which must have been gall to the bitter spirit of the Emperor: it indignantly abandons all the attempts which the Crown-Prince had so long and so fruitlessly made to gain his confidence and his friendship, and bids him to look to the good dispositions of the Emperor Alexander and the British Cabinet for peace. No hopes now remained of a partial pacification; the cause of Sweden was intimately connected with the policy of Russia and England, and to them must the Emperor Napoleon resort.

'Since the invasion of Pomerania, Sweden had lost no time in consolidating her connections with those Courts whose assistance would be the

most effective in aiding her against France, and whose ulterior alliance would be the most lastingly important to her interests. Napoleon held out the forlorn hope of the restitution of Finland, but Russia engaged to unite the kingdom of Norway to Sweden, and to guarantee the peaceable possession of it to that Crown. A like demand, with respect to Norway, had been proposed to France, through M. de Signeul, but it was rejected with indignation, and the Duc de Bassano termed it "an outrage." In his answer to this particular, the Crown-Prince in his last-mentioned letter says, "that Sweden, convinced that it was only to you, Sire, that she owed the loss of Finland, could never believe in your friendship for her, unless you obtained her Norway as an indemnification for the mischief which your policy had done her." We have before stated our conviction of the justness of this remark, nor, perhaps, is any farther proof of its truth necessary. The Duc de Rovigo, however, in his Memoirs recently published, acknowledges the fact with a frankness and honesty so impressed with the stamp of truth, that we are induced to record it. "The fact is," says that writer, "that after having relinquished the immense advantages which the war had given us over the Russians, and done so for no other purpose than to obtain their alliance, we failed of securing it, *although we had sacrificed to them the Turks and Swedes, our natural allies:* and we were now forming a connection with the Austrians, who appeared to be our irreconcileable enemies."'—pp. 37---39.

Peace with Great Britain almost immediately followed this step, and the ports of Sweden were thrown open to vessels of all flags and nations, "with certain restrictions and reservations in favour of Swedish shipping." In the military operations which preceded and followed the battle of Leipsic, the conspicuous part performed by the Crown-Prince is well known, The result was the annexation of Norway to Sweden, which, in fact, was the prize for which the Swedish army fought on the banks of the Rhine. Upon this transaction, no less happy for Norway than honourable for Sweden, Mr. Meredith observes:—

'And thus, by pursuing a steady and skilful system of policy through troublous times and in trying circumstances, did Sweden not only raise herself from the lowest and most perilous state of her fortunes, but by a happy combination of events found herself, at the end of the long and doubtful strife which shook the Continent, restored to that rank among the nations of the North, which, by a long series of misgovernment, and military disasters, she appeared to have forfeited for ever. We have seen her at the commencement of the transactions, of which we have given a slight outline, thrown back from her eastern frontier by her mighty and ambitious neighbour the Russian, and menaced on the side of Norway by her ancient enemy the Dane, while her Continental possessions were occupied by the armies of France. It was not the integrity only of her empire that was endangered, for that was already dismembered, but it was her very political existence as a nation that was at stake: she survived the storm, but the calm which ensued was little less perilous than the turbulence of the ocean. She found herself shackled with a treaty of peace, the conditions of which left her to balance between the utter ruin of her commerce, and a state of war with one who was then known to be unvan-

quished, and was by all deemed invincible. The former alternative was hesitatingly chosen; but even that, fraught as it was with evil, did not avail to preserve her. Her friendly relations with France, too powerful to be an ally, and too interested to be a friend, were daily becoming more precarious, when she was rescued from the difficulties that beset her, by the approach of that grand crisis, wherein, vast as were the preparations and the strength exerted on either side, her situation and other circumstances made it of no inconsiderable importance into which scale Sweden might throw the sword.

'She had now the choice of her own terms; she fought for the deliverance of Germany, and she emerged from that momentous struggle with a well organized and victorious army, with new laurels added to her ancient crown, enrolled among the principal European powers by firm and honourable treaties; and having obtained by the union of Norway that compactness and independence of territory, which many great statesmen in Sweden had frequently, though vainly projected; and which of itself more effectually than treaties guarantees the security and glory of the Northern Peninsula'.---pp. 47---49.

Into the merit of Mr. Meredith's speculations respecting the ancient system of policy pursued by Sweden, we shall not now pause to enter, though they appear to be founded upon a correct knowledge of the true interests of that kingdom: the concluding remarks, however, are too clever to be passed over:—

'In proportion as they advanced towards maturity, the Continental influence of Sweden declined: the balance between France and Austria had been thrown into the hands of other and greater powers. But notwithstanding the loss of many of her provinces, the possession of Pomerania, with the Isles of Rugen und Usedom, and the port of Wisnar, necessarily, though fruitlessly, involved Sweden in the Continental struggles and diverted her attention to foreign affairs, from what concerned her much more nearly at home. With her diminished forces and influence, it was a fruitless attempt to prevent the remaining provinces from being absorbed. Still Sweden persevered: she dreamed of a balance which had been long since destroyed, and the union of Norway no longer haunted her visions, as it did those of Gustavus and of Charles. Those of her original ideas were preserved which the course of events should have taught her counsellors to forget, while they seemed entirely to have abandoned those which, in the actual posture of affairs, were alone practicable or desirable. Until, therefore, she was relieved from the spell with which this once *natural alliance* bound her, Sweden was positively in an unnatural situation. The events of later times proved it. She was involved in Continental policy in which she had no interest, and which cost her heavy sacrifices, with no prospect of future advantage. She was alternately dismembered with the consent of France, as a peace-offering to Russia, or urged by this same ancient ally against Russia and England; two out of the three nations whose friendship Nature points out to her principally to cultivate. And this connexion with France was called a natural alliance! No alliance could be more unnatural, or less advantageous to Sweden. The truth was at length apparent: Sweden deserted the policy of history, and adopted the policy of circumstance, the policy

suggested by her actual situation. And what were the results? She was regenerated, and her happiness and her consequence were fixed on the solid foundation on which they now rest.'---pp. 53---55.

The present peninsular kingdom of Sweden and Norway is thus ably described:—

'Thus free and united, unfettered by a geographical incorporation with the States of the Empire of Germany, absolved from all connexion with that Confederation, the variety of whose interests and the intermixture of whose territories caused perpetual differences, Sweden is not, as formerly, borne by the tide of continental systems winding round the subjects of political collision. Unembarrassed by the possession of distant points of attack, and free from the glance of ambition, she is secure and concentrated in herself. She may choose her part or stand aloof, she may interfere or persevere in preserving her neutrality with greater ease and dignity. She is not liable to be disturbed by paltry debates concerning the freedom of navigation of rivers, or the lines of military roads intersecting her territories; she does not see her towns garrisoned, and her provinces occupied by the friendly forces of an overwhelming neighbour. The outline of her kingdom is no imaginary line drawn through a lake with all its entanglement of islands, or meandering among streams or over mountains. The icy and northern oceans, the Baltic sea, the Sound, and the Cattegat, guard her boundaries, and alike preclude all idea of aggrandizement on her part, and destroy all thoughts of aggression on the part of others. On the side of Russia alone she has a land frontier; but marked as it is by the course of rivers, and minutely set out in the act of demarcation of 1819, nothing but the most obstinate violation of the law of nations, could possibly tempt either party to meditate its transgression.'—pp. 58, 59.

The advantages of the position of this kingdom, which places it out of the great highway of European warfare, and far from its perpetually blood-stained battle-fields, are ably and feelingly summed up by Mr. Meredith.

'The general security of Sweden is the guarantee for her internal repose. The peasant cultivates his fields without any apprehension that the marching or countermarching of hostile or friendly armies will plunder his stores or trample over his crops. Hence, and from the especial protection accorded by the late and the present monarch to the different branches of agricultural industry, so great a progress has been made, that from being unable to supply herself with corn, as was the case not many years since, Sweden now annually grows sufficient to leave a considerable surplus, after the quantity necessary for the year's consumption has been deducted.

'In the cities of Sweden, the merchant fears neither siege nor bombardment, nor that legitimate plunder, so often levied under the name of contributions on the cities of the Continent. And even most of her sea-port towns, lying as they do on the banks of arms of the sea, but at a considerable distance from the main, and well protected by fortifications to guard the entrance, are less liable to assault than those harbours which are scarcely a bomb-shot distance from the ocean.'—pp. 59—61.

It is melancholy to observe, that as agriculture advances, and multiplies the means of subsistence, vice steps in to pervert them

to its purposes. The overplus of corn is converted, in Sweden as elsewhere, into spirituous liquors, which not only corrupt and debase the peasant of the present generation, but sap and undermine the character of the generations yet to come. It is not, however, by discouraging agriculture, by preventing the production of surplus corn, that this evil is to be remedied—but by creating another check, no less powerful, and far more honourable to human nature—moral character. To the formation of this character the geographical position of the country is highly favourable; for to be free from the inroads of war, is not merely to be out of the reach of the bodily miseries which the march of armies, and the ravages of enemies, occasion; it is also to be, in a great measure, beyond the reach of those vices which follow war more surely than the pestilence. The high moral tone observable in the middle and lower orders of our own country, is partly attributable to our insular position. In the following passage the other advantages of our country are ably painted.

'To our English readers, whose shores have for so many centuries been unscathed by foreign invasion, and whose plains have never been the "seat of war," the advantages arising from internal tranquillity may not, perhaps, appear in so forcible a light. But let us for a moment put ourselves in the place of those nations who have found

> "Their long fair fields plough'd up as hostile ground,
> Disputed foot by foot;"

Let us identify ourselves with those people, unconcerned, perhaps, in the fray, but whose lands have been marked out as lists for the battle of contending armies, and we may perhaps feel the value of the great exemption. If we turn our eyes to the Continent of Europe, where shall we find a spot which has not, in its turn, been ravaged, trampled over, and despoiled by the fury of enemies, and exhausted by the succour of friends? Ismail, in the extreme East, Rochelle in the farthest West, have alike been the scenes of slaughter and of famine; while Copenhagen, Stralsund, Dantzic, vie in their reiterated tales of horror with Genoa, and with Numantia, or Saragossa, the meteors of ancient and modern history. There are Magdeburgh, Mantua, and Mentz, each sadly immortalized in letters of fire and blood. There is the soil of Flanders, of Savoy, of Piedmont, and of the Iberian Peninsula, so often, both in later times, and of old, trod, and re-trod, and glutted with gore. There are the plains around Leipsic, to which four of the greatest battles ever fought by man, have given a frightful celebrity. And there are the Tagus, the Seine, the Rhine, the famous Elbe and Danube, the Oder, and the Vistula, which have all, and each of them, so often marked the lines of military operations by their blood-stained streams. The traveller is lost amid his reminiscences of horror as he passes through endless fields of battle. But these sensations are quickly effaced, for the desolation of the moment is succeeded by ages of glory.'—pp. 58—62.

Passing over the author's remarks on the naval power and political constitution of Sweden, we come to his brief recapitulation of the character of Charles John, Crown-Prince of Sweden.

'Having now endeavoured to assist the reader in forming a clear conception of the character of a country, of which we are too ignorant, our attention is naturally attracted to a consideration of the individual by whom that character has principally been formed. The time has long arrived that Charles John of Sweden should be extricated from the pen of fugitive pamphleteers and political adventurers. Envy, indeed, will not yet be silent, but her whisper will not reach posterity. In England, we have been too apt to consider this king as one of the mushroom monarchs of Napoleon, fortunate in not being as evanescent as his fungous brethren. We forget that he was the free choice of a free people, and that perhaps no event was more galling in the life of Napoleon, than the election of his ancient brother in arms to the throne of the Vasas. Even those who are unprejudiced, and who pay homage to the talents of the King of Sweden, consider him only as a skilful general, and a subdolous politician. What else he may be, and what are the sentiments of the writer of this notice with regard to him, it is unnecessary to state. We have no wish to interfere in the opinion which the reader may himself form from the following documents, which must command, if not his admiration, at least his attention. In them we may trace the King of Sweden from the moment he landed on the Quay of Helsingbourg, to his very last meeting with the representatives of his people. We shall find him during the course of his extraordinary career, in all possible situations, and under the influence of all the feelings with which men can sympathise. As a warrior, as a statesman, as a patriot, as a father, as a promoter of science, and as a patron of the arts; in his tent, in his cabinet, invoking an implacable despot, planning the studies of his son; in the hall of agriculture, in the theatres of universities, in the academies of science, he alike fixes our interest. We are surprised to hear one whom we have considered only as a successful soldier, giving utterance to feelings of refined sensibility in language of majestic eloquence.'—pp. 89—91.

The perusal of the documents which compose the second and third parts of this interesting and valuable work, cannot fail to impress the reader with a high respect for the character of Bernadotte; but there is not perhaps in the whole volume anything which is better calculated to produce this feeling than the following letter to Napoleon.

'THE CROWN-PRINCE TO THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

'Feb. 11, 1812.

'Sire,---The reports which have just arrived bring intelligence that a division of the army under the orders of the Prince of Eckmühl, invaded the territory of Swedish Pomerania on the night of the 26-27th of Jan. This division has pursued its march, has entered the capital of the duchy, and has occupied the isle of Rugen.

'The King waits for your Majesty to make known the causes which have induced you to act in a manner so diametrically opposite to existing treaties. My ancient relations with your Majesty authorize me in supplicating you not to delay an explanation of the motives, in order that I may give the King my opinion on the line of policy which Sweden ought now to adopt.

'The outrage gratuitously committed on Sweden is deeply felt by the

people, and doubly, Sire, by myself, who am charged with the honourable duty of defending them. Although I have contributed to render France triumphant, although I have constantly desired to see her respected and happy, it never has entered into my thoughts to sacrifice the interests, the honour, and the independence of the country which has adopted me. Your Majesty, so good a judge in this affair, has already penetrated into my resolutions. Little jealous as I am of the glory and the power which surround you, I am jealous, Sire, of not being regarded as a vassal. Your Majesty commands the greater part of Europe, but your dominion does not extend to the country whither I have been called. My ambition is bounded to the desire of defending it, and I regard that as the lot which Providence has marked out for me. The effect produced by the invasion, of which I complain, upon this people, may have incalculable consequences; and although I may be no Coriolanus, nor the people whom I command Volsci, yet I have a sufficiently good opinion of the Swedes to assure you, Sire, that they are capable of daring every thing, and of enterprizing every thing, to avenge affronts which they have not provoked, and to preserve rights to which they cling perhaps as tenaciously as to their existence.'---pp. 148, 149.

The Crown-Prince was at this period placed in a very difficult and peculiar position. His former relations with Napoleon would, in the eyes of many, appear to require his unmitigated co-operation in all the Emperor's plans, and would throw the appearance of ingratitude upon his joining with the enemies of his former companion in arms; but he had duties to perform, both to himself and to his country, which imperiously commanded his secession from the imperial camp, and his alliance with Russia, or any other power, by whose aid he could hope to rescue Sweden from its enthralment to France. He appears, however, to have withdrawn himself with regret from the influence of Napoleon; but when he had once resolved to take this step, and had broken the spell, as it were, that bound him to France, he no longer hesitated to adopt the boldest and most decisive measures. His letter to the Emperor of the French is dated February 11th, 1812; and in less than a month afterwards he wrote the following letter to Alexander.

'The Crown-Prince to the Emperor Alexander.

'Stockholm, March 7, 1812.

'The occupation of Swedish Pomerania by the French troops induces the King to dispatch the Count de Löwenhielm, his principal Aide-de-camp, to your Imperial Majesty. This officer, who enjoys the entire confidence of his Sovereign, is ordered to make known to your Majesty the causes which have served as a pretext to this invasion, in diametrical opposition to existing treaties.

'The successive union of the coasts of the Mediterranean, of Holland, and of the Baltic; the hemming in of the interior of Germany, ought to have convinced princes, the least clear-sighted, that the old system being discarded, was about to give way to a new system, which, destroying all degrees of balance, would unite a crowd of nations under one single chief. The tributary monarchs, alarmed at this ever increasing domination, await in consternation the development of this vast plan.

'In the midst of this universal mourning, the eyes of men are turned towards your Majesty; already are they raised, and they look up to you, Sire, with the confidence of hope. But allow me to observe to your Majesty, that to secure any success in life, there is nothing like the magic of the first instant; so long as its power continues, every thing depends on the person who dares to act: the astonished are incapable of reflection, and all yield to the will and the impulse of that charm which they fear, or which they admire.

'Deign, Sire, to receive with kindness the expression of my gratitude for the sentiments which your Majesty bears towards me. If any thing remains for me to wish, it is for the continuation of a happiness which I shall always deserve from the value which I attach to it.'---pp. 151,152.

As, notwithstanding the letters of the Crown-Prince, and the representations of the Swedish Ambassador at Paris, Napoleon continued to act in a hostile manner towards Sweden, while his ambassadors at Stockholm systematically pursued the most insolent and extravagant course of conduct, it became evident that peace was no longer desired by the French Government; and Bernadotte wrote the following closing letter to Napoleon.

'The Crown-Prince to the Emperor Napoleon.

'Stockholm, March 24th, 1812.

'The notes have just arrived, and I hasten to disclose my opinions on them with all the frankness which distinguishes my character.

'When the wishes of the Swedish people called me to the succession of the throne, I hoped, on quitting France, to be able always to reconcile my personal affections with the interests of my new country; my heart nourished the hope that it could indentify itself with the feelings of this people, and preserve at the same time the recollections of its first affections, never losing sight of the glory of France, or of the sincere attachment which it has vowed to your Majesty---an attachment founded on a brotherhood in arms, which so many mighty deeds have adorned.

'It was with this hope that I arrived in Sweden. I found a nation generally attached to France, but still more to its liberty and its laws; ambitious, Sire, of your friendship, but never desiring to obtain it at the expense of their honour and independence. Your Majesty's minister has chosen to outrage this national sentiment, and his arrogance has spoilt every thing; his communications do not bear any marks of the respect which crowned heads mutually owe one another; in fulfilling your Majesty's intentions, in accordance with his own passions, the Baron Alguier spoke like a Roman Proconsul, without reflecting that he was not addressing himself to slaves.

'This minister, then, has been the principal cause of the distrust which Sweden has begun to entertain of your Majesty's intentions towards her: subsequent occurrences have naturally added to it an additional weight.

'I have already, Sire, had the honour of representing to your Imperial Majesty, by my letters of the 19th of November and the 8th of December, 1810, the situation of Sweden, and the desire which she had of finding a supporter in your Majesty; in your Majesty's silence she has observed only an undeserved indifference, and she has found it necessary to prepare herself against the storm which is ready to burst on the Continent.

'Sire, humanity has already suffered too much. For these twenty

years, the earth has been glutted with human blood; and it is only wanting to the glory of your Majesty to prevent its farther effusion.

'If your Majesty think proper that the King should make known to the Emperor Alexander the possibility of a reconciliation, I augur sufficiently well of the magnanimity of that Monarch, to dare to assure you that he will listen to overtures, equally advantageous for your empire, and for the North: if an event so unexpected and so universally desired could take place, how would the people of the Continent bless your Majesty! Their gratitude would be increased by the fear under which they at present suffer of the return of a scourge which has borne so heavily on them, and whose ravages have left such cruel traces.

'Sire—one of the happiest moments I have known since I left France, was that which assured me that your Majesty had not altogether forgotten me. Your Majesty has judged right of my heart; you have discovered how much it must be harassed by the grievous prospect of seeing the interests of Sweden on the point of being separated from those of France, or of sacrificing those of a country which has reposed in me the most unbounded confidence. Sire; although a Swede by honour, by duty, and by religion, I yet indentify myself by my wishes with that lovely France which gave me birth, and which I have faithfully served from my childhood: each step I make in Sweden, the homages which I receive there awake in my mind those bright recollections of glory, which have been the principal cause of my elevation; and I never conceal from myself that Sweden, in nominating me, wished to pay a tribute of esteem to the French people.'—pp. 151, 156.

Most persons have read the letter of Philip to Aristotle, inviting the philosopher to superintend the education of Alexander of Macedon. Bernadotte had probably this famous letter in his mind, when he composed the following admirable directions to the Baron Cederhjelm, on the subject of his son Oscar's education.

'THE CROWN-PRINCE TO THE BARON CEDERHJELM.

'Stockholm, Oct. 29th, 1812.

'I have begged the King to appoint you governor of my son, the Prince Oscar; and his Majesty is pleased to comply with my request. Your merit has determined his choice.

'You are about to form the mind of my Son, and to develope his character; his happy dispositions will assist you. By exerting yourself to inculcate in him the manners and the customs of the country, in a word, the national character, you will satisfy my desires; let his education be entirely Swedish, and the nation will owe you all the good which such an education must produce.

'You will strengthen in his heart the sentiments of religion, of morality, and of love for the laws and his country.

'You will supply his thoughts with the examples of good Kings; and you will also excite in his soul that thirst for true glory, which ought always to have for its object the desire of being useful to his fellow-creatures, and of contributing to their happiness.

'My Son is of an age when the impressions that are received, last for life: you should, therefore, guard against his forming false ideas of what is called character; the firmness, which ought to be the basis of that of a prince, should never be considered a virtue, except when it is employed to a good purpose.

'It will be easy for you to make him understand, that his duty is always in accordance with the impulse of his heart, when the succour of the unfortunate is in question; and that his benefactions ought to bear the stamp of magnanimity, and never that of ostentation or of prodigality.

'The indigent classes ought to excite the solicitude of a Prince. I desire that my son may be impressed with this principle.

'A prince should be proof against either fear or suspicion; he should not hesitate to expose his own life to ensure the glory and the well-being of his country. He should judge without passion, and with that imposing calmness which distinguishes good sovereigns. Apply yourself, my Lord, to impress these principles on the heart of my Son; I entrust him to you at a period when he has strength to receive them, that you may cherish all those ideas which may combine for the happiness of Sweden. Repeat to him unceasingly, that one of the greatest scourges which Heaven can inflict on a nation, is a feeble prince: that the overthrow of states, civil war, and the slavery of nations, are usually the fatal consequence of the timidity of sovereigns; that war is the most terrible of all evils which can befal a state, but that there are occasions when it is a salutary remedy, to restore energy to a nation, to force it to resume its ancient character, and to preserve it from the evil of losing its name by sinking into a province of another empire; that when a kingdom is thus menaced, and when it cannot avoid shame without an appeal to the fate of war, the prince has no longer the power of election; he must dare every thing to maintain the independence of his country. It is then that the energies of his soul should develope themselves; it is then that every circumstance demands that he should surround himself with men of probity and courage, whatever may be their political opinions on other points, since his great end is to preserve his country; and the true means to preserve a country is to combine against the oppressor.

'You will guard my Son against reposing his confidence in the indiscreet and the prodigal; the first will betray it from self-love, the last from their mercenary dispositions.

'Religion, history, geography, statistics, mathematics, the elements of ancient and modern literature, drawing, and bodily exercise, will form the education of my Son for two years; after which I will beg the King to permit another system to be followed.

'The study of religion leads to that of a mild and beneficent morality. With such sentiments you will fill the heart of my Son.

'He should be acquainted with the history of all nations; but in pursuing this study you ought to direct him principally to distinguish that of their governments, their laws, and the influence they have had on the manners and public happiness. The art of war ought more particularly to fix the attention of my Son. In our days a Prince ought to be a General: we have seen the fatal results of opposing a General, who was responsible to his master, against a chief whose decision was absolute. My Son, then, must be accustomed betimes to brave the seasons, and to make the most of his bodily strength, lest a too sedentary life should influence his active powers, or those habits of personal inspection of affairs so necessary for a Prince. Journeys over mountains, visits to mines, swimming and riding, are exercises which develope the energies of the mind, by reminding him of war, and awakening the idea of danger, which must ever be present to become familiar.

Entering still further into detail, the Prince observes:—

'The study of geography should be regularly followed up by statistics, and especially by those of Sweden. With these my Son should be acquainted in their more trifling details, in order that he may form a just idea of the resources of the kingdom, and not yield to illusions dangerous for the people and for himself. It is my wish that this part of his education should not be confined to a mere superficial knowledge: as it is necessary that his knowledge of this branch should be thorough, it should be impressed on his memory by travels, and by intercourse with the best informed men of each state. In the provinces, the peasants and enlightened agriculturists of the district which he is visiting, will give him ideas on the fertility of their soil, on the nature of their productions, on the price of their provisions, on the taxes with which their lands are charged, &c. In the towns, the governors will instruct him on the general administration of their province, and lawyers of eminence will form his society during his stay there. Their conversation will serve to give him an outline of the jurisprudence and the laws of Sweden, until the time when his age shall permit him to prosecute the study of the law. It will be necessary to take advantage of the curiosity which the dawn of knowledge will excite in the mind of my Son, to conduct him to all places where there will be any thing to learn. These excursions may be made an inducement to read, before and after, whatever may relate to the objects in question. When he visits ships, he should acquire a knowledge of the most celebrated naval battles; and a skilful seaman should accompany him, to explain the manœuvres which decided those engagements. When he inspects a fortress, he should be accompanied by an engineer, to explain to him on the spot the science of fortification, and of the attack and defence of places. He will find in Smith all the necessary information on finances and manufactures. The works of Winckelmann will give him a just idea of the fine arts; and he will form his literary taste by reading the most celebrated authors.

'The great difficulty in education is to command the willingness of the pupil. It is important, then, to give my Son historical books which he shall have pleasure in reading, and which he may peruse alone. He must give an account of what he has read by word of mouth rather than by writing; for a power of speaking is a primary attainment for a prince of Sweden. I think, therefore, that for the purpose of improving him in the art of speaking, you should invite as his visitors, once or twice a week, from seven o'clock till nine in the evening, persons whom you shall choose, and with whose merit you are acquainted.

'I wish my Son to consecrate a portion of his time to foreign literature. He will there learn to distinguish the characteristics of other nations, and to converse with foreigners on subjects which are out of the usual routine of the conversation of princes.'—pp. 170—176.

The remainder of the letter is taken up with more minute directions, which, though highly interesting as illustrative of the character and habits of the writer, would lead us into too great a length.

With these extracts we conclude our notice of the work of Mr. Meredith, which, unpretending as it is, is indispensable to all those who would comprehend the contemporary history of Sweden, and the character of its able and beneficent monarch.

ART. IV.—*Albrechts von Wallenstein des Herzogs von Friedland und Mecklenburg, ungedruckte, eighenhändige vertrauliche Briefe und amtliche Schreiben aus den Jahren* 1627 *bis* 1634, *an Arnheim* (*v. Arnimb*), *Aldringer Gallas, Piccolomini und andere Fürsten und Feldherin seiner Zeit. Mit einer Charakteristick des Lebens und der Feldzüge Wallenstein's. Herausgegeben von Friedrick Förster.* Zwei. Theile. Mit zwei lithographirten Briefen. Berlin. G. Reimer. London: Black and Young. 1828—9.

Confidential Letters of Albrecht von Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland and Mecklenburg, written with his own hand; and Official Communications to Arnheim, Aldringer, Gallas, Piccolomini and other Princes and Commanders of his time, now first published. With a Characteristic of the Life and Campaigns of Wallenstein. By J. Forster. With two lithographed letters. 2 vols. Berlin: G. Reimer. London: Black and Young. 1828—9.

AMONG all the productions of Schiller, none are more powerfully written, none more evidently the children of his warmest affections, than those which treat of the renowned Wallenstein. In the history of the thirty years' war, as well as in the celebrated drama that bears his name, this general stands before us individualized in the glowing colours of the poet's powerful description, and painted with a minuteness which seems to vouch equally for the impartiality of the historian and the accuracy of the likeness. Yet, the imagination of the poet was too powerful to permit him to penetrate the softened and romantic hue which tinged his subject, viewed through the mist of time and colouring phantasy, to the stern simplicity of unadorned truth. We still retain in all its pristine force, the strong impression produced upon our minds by the successive scenes in Wallenstein's eventful life; the inspiring activity and energy diffused by his presence, the no-less formidable stillness of his affected repose, the unwelcome inactivity of his haughty spirit, which seemed to slumber unrefreshed, and the concluding intrigues and catastrophe which freed the Emperor from one too powerful to be endured, either as friend or foe: but we also retained with equal force the feeling of annihilating disappointment, when we found that this noble picture did not rest on the basis of historic truth; that the artist who had produced conviction in others, was unconvinced himself, and resigned the painful task of minute investigation in despair; satisfying his conscience, but confounding his readers, with a few sceptical remarks tacked to the end of the chapter, which by their startling brevity and indecision, caused a revulsion fatal to the effect of this splendid composition, whether considered as a work of art, or judged according to the exact truth of history. It is, however, much more easy to point out defects than to avoid or remedy them; and we are convinced that our readers will not require from us any apology for thus openly pronouncing an opinion which should always be expressed with

force in proportion to the fame and genius of the author from whom we happen to differ. It was, therefore, with no small degree of satisfaction that we took up the volumes before us, anxious to discover from the actions and mind of Wallenstein himself, what was his real character. And we feel ourselves bound to express our thanks to the editor for the light which he has thrown, by this publication, on one of the most interesting problems in German history.

Our introduction cannot be given better than in a passage from the preface.—

'But what gives a peculiar importance to this collection is, the number of letters written by Wallenstein himself, and this circumstance more especially, that they are not written at intervals to many, but principally in regular succession to one person.—They thereby become a species of historical journals, so that we are able to follow the occurrences step by step. We will not affirm that all the letters, ordinances, and commands are of the same importance, yet among all that are in his own hand-writing (they are distinguished by a ⋊) there is not one which does not unfold to us a trace of the peculiar character of Wallenstein. That Arnhim possessed his confidence in a greater degree than any other general, is manifest from many important, and perhaps still more from the many insignificant, commissions with which he intrusted him. For, that he should commission the same man to whom he intrusted the siege of Stralsund, and the negociations with the Council of Denmark for the deposition of King Christian, and the election of the Emperor Ferdinand II. to the throne of Denmark, to whom he unreservedly communicated his relations to the Swedes and the Emperor; that he should request the same man to discover the birth-day of the King of Sweden, and the place where he was born, in order to cast his horoscope; that he acquainted him with all his pecuniary arrangements and commissioned him to procure for him white beer, because wine did not quench his thirst, and that he sent to him alone five, six, and sometimes eight letters on the same day, sufficiently prove that in those years no one was more intimately connected with Wallenstein than Arnhim.'—Pref. pp. xiii—xiv.

From his early youth, Wallenstein displayed symptoms of his unbending and commanding disposition, and the registers of Aldorf still contain many memoranda of his way-ward conduct, mingled with the pride of birth and independence of spirit. During the civil commotions in Hungary, Wallenstein, who had become heir to the considerable possessions of his wife, remained quiet; but assisted the Archduke Ferdinand in his expedition against Venice, and armed at his own expense two hundred cavalry. He soon distinguished himself by his bravery, munificence and affability towards his inferiors, and his important services were, on the death of *Boucquoi* and *Dampierre*, rewarded in 1623 with the government and title of Prince of Friedland. His public career is too well known from his history to require a recapitulation, we shall therefore confine ourselves to the more interesting considerations of his letters. Almost all of those which

are not written in his own hand, but merely signed by him, are written by his secretary Neuman. Those written by himself, and the orthography has not been altered, are all without punctuation. The original letters are often accompanied with marginal notes at the top, bottom, or sides. These are, in Mr. Forster's work, added as postscripts, and two fac-similes are given as specimens. The letters are written on strong paper, with different water-marks, as a double eagle, a wild boar, &c. The method of sealing was that in common use at that period, viz. after folding the letter two holes were made, and a narrow slip of parchment passed through and sealed at both ends.

We proceed to our extracts without further comment. No. 70, to Colonel von Arnimb, although somewhat defective in the original, is too characteristic to be omitted. 'We learn from the *herr's* letter that he wishes from us an *ordinantz*, how the people shall be supported in quarters, we can give him no other *ordinantz* than that the herr will take care that the people receive their monthly pay every month, from which to live and in no wise to desire subsistence from the inhabitants. And inasmuch as some regiments are defective and not *complete*, the *herr* will only issue the full subsistence for such as are *complet*; but to those officers who have been negligent not to fill the purse, for if a month's pay be given to the weaker as well as to him who has the *comp. complet* would he who has well served be (badly rewarded, and he who has badly served) well rewarded. . . . Moreover it often happens that they often put into their own purses the money from which the soldiers should be supported, and one way with another contrive that the inhabitants are at the cost of supporting the soldiers, which is unjust and highly worthy of punishment. Therefore the herr will give attention thereto that such be prevented and *by no means not happen.*' (The remainder of the letter shows the strict discipline that Wallenstein preserved in his army.

'No. 76.—To Colonel von Arnimb.

'I have read through the Herr's letter more attentively and find that the King of Sweden doth seek to make a *confederacion* with the Emperor, now this was also proponirt last year by Col. Farensbach, but I know not the cause wherefore it was not further *tractirt*. My opinion is that we should by all means enter into a *tractacion* with him, for if he will attack Denmark on the one side, *ocupiren* for himself the places belonging to Denmark, which border on Sweden, as also Norway I think that the Emperor will advance no difficultet thereby also the Emperor will easily *tractiren* a peace between Sweden and Poland.'

Wallenstein's presentiments rightly directed him to King Gustavus Adolphus as his greatest enemy. He had already written to Arnhim concerning the horoscope of the Swedish king, and our author suspects that the astrological investigations did not terminate exactly in accordance with his views, for he has recourse to

abuse. Although informed that the Swedish *Canaglia* did not in all exceed 3000 men, yet he wrote to Colonel Fahrenbach to be on the alert in Henter Pommerania.

'No. 195—To Colonel von Arnimb.

'I give the Herr my thanks that he hath sent me the King of Sweden's birth-day now one thing more is necessary that we could know the place where he was born, for that is necessary on account of the *elevacion poli* beg that the *herr* would send me as soon as possible moreover I wish that the Herr would procure Doctor Helicius to *erigiren thema* not that it is of so much consequence.... he must make no *judicium* thereon but merely the *figur* i remain &c.'

In these few extracts we have endeavoured to preserve the rudeness of style as far as we could with safety. The second volume, which is just published, is still more interesting than the first. It contains an account of the life of Wallenstein from 1629 to 1633. And here we cannot refrain from repeating our objections to the manner in which the book-trade is conducted in Germany. The constant interruptions arising from the practice of publishing interesting works in single volumes, which make their appearance after intervals of nine or twelve months, is not only tantalizing but injurious, particularly in biography, where we wish not only to become acquainted with single features, but also to possess, if possible, a faithful, full-length portrait.

It throws, moreover, unnecessary difficulties in the way of those who wish to give an account of the principal works in foreign literature, inasmuch as the critic must either content himself with a partial, and therefore unsatisfactory, review of the earlier volumes, or if he waits to the conclusion of the work, his labour is increased by the necessity of re-perusing the whole, to form an idea of the connection, and sustained merit of the execution; to say nothing of the loss of time occasioned by the practice, and the injurious tendency it gives to the mind of the reader, by compelling him to be contented with detached broken sketches. In these remarks, we do not, of course, allude to Mr. Förster individually, he sins in common with the most eminent of his countrymen. But, we must confess that when, in his first volume, we heard him allude so positively to his knowledge of the real circumstances attending the fate of Wallenstein, we had hoped to see, in the present volume, the conclusion of the subject; we now learn that 'the rich store which he collected at Vienna enable him to add a third volume, which will embrace the negociations of Richelieu with Wallenstein, the campaign of 1633, the history of his murder, and the process of the so named conspirators.' It must be owned, at least, that Mr. Förster is a good tactician, and cleverly reserves his *bonne bouche* for the last. When this additional volume makes its appearance, we shall not fail to communicate it to our readers, if it should throw any new light upon this strange, eventful history.

To return more immediately to our subject, Mr. Förster, in the

course of his examination of the secret records of the War Office at Vienna, which were liberally opened to him, found much that, together with the letters of Wallenstein to Arnimb, which were in his possession, gave him exclusive advantages, as the biographer of the Duke of Friedland. And certainly few inquiries of a more interesting nature could present themselves to a German. The guilt of Wallenstein has never been clearly established, and the House of Austria itself has on this subject displayed great liberality. Joseph the Second, on being asked by Frederick the Great, what was Wallenstein's real offence, answered vaguely that he could not allow himself to suspect his ancestors of injustice; and Leopold the Second, when his courtiers pointed out to him the place 'where the traitor fell,' nobly rebuked them with the remark, that it was not yet proved that he was a traitor, and that the discovery of the truth must be left to time.

After the year 1629, the mutual position of Wallenstein and Arnimb was not so friendly as before; the latter did not even acquaint the Duke that he had accepted a commission in the Saxon service, and when afterwards the two quondam friends entered into negociations as the respective plenipotentiaries of their sovereigns, the correspondence assumed a different tone. This second volume contains letters to and from the Emperor Ferdinand the Second, King Ferdinand the Third, Elector Maximilian the First, Trantmannsdorff, Eggenberg, Wendenberg, &c.

We now proceed with our extracts:—

Our old acquaintance, Keppler, who was Court Astrologer to Wallenstein, thus writes to him:

'Sagan, Feb. 10, 1629.

'Scarcely had I sent my petition to your Highness, when I received through Pieronius the letters, in which your Highness commands me to calculate the time of the approaching conjunction: but I perceive by the annexed sheet that this can already be taken from Rudolph's Tables. Yet I will not answer for their accuracy in details. They are indeed rich in observations, but when we consider that this conjunction of the most slowly moving planets appears scarcely bodily visible, the eyes will for three days be in doubt whether the conjunction is now first complete, or whether it has really passed.'—vol. ii. p. 2.

We have more matter from Keppler interesting to astrologers, but we doubt whether the most interesting to Keppler was not the order for the payment of 13,000 florins, which in those days must have been no inconsiderable sum. Verily, astrology appears to us, at least, to have been more profitable than alchymy.

Wallenstein, on being installed Duke of Mecklenburg, displayed the strongest desire to keep the king of Sweden employed in Poland, for he had long seen in that distinguished general his formidable rival, and always paid more attention to his movements, although when accompanied but by few, than to those of his other enemies, even when at the head of more numerous troops. It is

about this time that his new dignities appeared to have increased the natural haughtiness of his character, and his orders are conveyed, not only to his inferior officers, but to Arnim himself, with a sternness which appears to have been the principal cause of the coolness between them. Colonel Sparr, who had been commanded to increase his regiment to 1,000 or 1,500 strong, made some objections; the Duke instantly wrote to Arnim an order to dismiss him. 'I am resolved thoroughly to keep him no longer in His Majesty's service, and let the *Herr* see my ordinance really executed, for I will admit of no *replica*, of whatever nature it may be.' And to Magdeburg, which had refused to accept his conditions, that do not seem to have been too severe, he writes with a brevity that derives a terrible force from the energy of the writer. 'We will advise the town not to persevere in its refusal, for much may it repent thereof.'

The strictness, haughtiness, and cruelty of Wallenstein, placed weapons in the hands of his enemies, of which they were not slow to avail themselves. Their designs, however, were not unknown to him. Slawata, the Chancellor of Bohemia, who afterwards cannot certainly be numbered among the Duke's friends, wrote him a letter dated June 14th, 1629, in which he tells him that 'he had heard from several people of consequence that Tilly had received orders to arrest him, or if he did not succeed, to remove him from this world in another manner, but for what cause must not be written.'—No. 305. To this Wallenstein writes the following characteristic answer:—

'Your letter of the 14th reached me to day, from which I perceive your attachment to my person, and accept the same with thanks. But I cannot help wondering that you notice such childish things. My Lord, the Emperor is an upright and discerning Lord, who rewards true service in another manner than you describe. Herr Telly is a cavalier, who can arrest the seditious, but cannot handle with assassination. The gentlemen, in the place from which you write, (Slawata had chosen to date from Amsterdam, but Wallenstein knew that it came not quite so far from the Austrian capital), amused themselves of yore with lying stuff. But I live in the good hope that merited vengeance will yet overtake them, and that they will shortly learn whether I am dead or not, and with this, I remain, &c.'—vol. ii. pp. 67, 68.

The Emperor, with a heavy heart, consented to his recal, protesting against the consequences which might ensue, and sent as his messengers those whose presence on such an occasion would be least unacceptable to Wallenstein, with orders to make known to the Duke of Friedland his command, or rather wish, to *persuadiren* him from his command and generalship 'with all discreet good motives, and to assure him of our imperial favour.' Wallenstein had previously received intelligence of what had passed from his cousin Max von Wallenstein, and when the ambassadors introduced their mission with polite excuses, he showed them the

nativity of the Elector Maximilian. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'from the *Astris* you yourselves can see that I knew your object, and that the *Spiritus* of the Prince Elector of Bavaria rules that of the Emperor; I cannot, therefore, accuse the Emperor: I am sorry that his Majesty has shown so little regard for me, but I will submit.'—vol. ii. p. 71.

In his retirement he occupied himself with building and arranging a palace that might vie in splendour with those of the Roman emperors. Wallenstein was great in all that he undertook; he was a man whom it was impossible to look upon with indifference. Violent in his temper, he required constant employment, and whatever he undertook was on a great scale. Few have been so adored by their friends, very few so dreaded by their enemies. He had both the virtues, and the faults, of those incidental to high office; he was lavish in his generosity, his strictness degenerated into cruelty, his impatience into wilfulness. 'In person,' says Count Priorato, one of his biographers who served under him,—

'He was tall, his black eyes flashed from his thin pale face with a wild look, which struck fear into all those on whom it was fixed. His forehead was high and majestic, marked with lines, not with furrows. His nose was aquiline, but not pointed. His health had suffered by his exertions in the field, he was severely afflicted with the gout, so that when he walked he was obliged to support himself with a stick, and he then never took a step without looking often about him. When he went through the camp, he wished the soldiers to seem not to observe him. In his manner of living he loved simplicity and order: he was always temperate in eating and drinking, and on this account pleasant at table; he permitted mirth and jest, and his wit always hit its object. He was such an enemy to delicate and voluptuous viands, that he called all those who partook of them weak souls..... He was not too proud to receive presents, provided they were made unostentatiously and without a view to gain him over.... He never lost his presence of mind, even when hindered in execution, nor was he ever elated in prosperity. He was (concludes his attached biographer) one of the greatest generals, of the most noble-minded princes, of the most excellent ministers of past and present times.'—vol. ii. pp. 75, 76.

But it may be asked, how is it possible that designs like those imputed to Wallenstein, should not be clearly known. A project to dethrone the Emperor, or at least to make himself an independent sovereign, could not be carried into execution without the co-operation of many. As far as bold assertion goes, the Duke's designs were plain enough. But to say nothing of the feeling of incredulity that appears to have always existed on this subject, without ever having been clearly traced to its source, the circumstance that Khevenhiller (the author of the *Annales Ferdinandei*, which have been generally considered the sources of information on this point) who wrote under the eyes of Ferdinand himself, was privy councillor to the Emperor, and ambassador, to whom all the records were open, speaks not from his personal knowledge, but from the

testimony of Raschin. This Raschin asserted that he was employed as the agent between Wallenstein and the King of Sweden, and certainly, if he is to be believed, the guilt of Wallenstein is clearly established. The difficulty of the question is increased by the probability that no written papers would perhaps pass between them, as the Duke might not wish to commit himself so far. But Raschin's testimony is *à priori* suspicious, since he had an object in view, the restoration of his estates, which was granted to him. The composition itself is not free from suspicion, as far as internal evidence may be considered as decisive, nor does the part which Gustavus Adolphus is represented to have played on this occasion, at all correspond with his conduct on conquering the Duchy of Mecklenburg, which had been given to Wallenstein. Moreover, it appears by recent examination, that Slawata made some alterations and additions, and that the copy which was perused by the Emperor, was written by that courtier, who thought that to contribute to soothe the Emperor's compunction, by proving the guilt of Wallenstein, was a sure road to favour. On the other hand, we must not forget that his love of astrology induced this celebrated general, like Louis XI., to select strange ministers, and Raschin, an obscure individual, for such a purpose, might have been about the Duke's person, and his horoscope might have seemed propitious. *Credat qui vult:* we must confess that we do not yet see our way clearly, we are not, however, without hope that the records in Vienna or Bohemia may yet unfold the truth.

We look forward with pleasure to the appearance of the third volume, and hope that it will not long be delayed. It merely remains for us to add that the style of the present volume is agreeable and enforced, except when, singularly enough, Mr. Förster, blaming the inflation of style in Schiller's historical works, falls into a similar error himself.

ART. V.—*Autographs of Royal, Noble, Learned, and Remarkable Personages, conspicuous in English History, from the Reign of Richard the Second, to that of Charles the Second, with some Illustrious Foreigners; containing many Passages from Important Letters. Engraved under the direction of C. J. Smith. Accompanied by concise Biographical Memoirs, and Interesting Extracts from Original Documents.* By John Gough Nichols. London: Nichols. 1829.

THIS very curious and useful work deserves the most serious attention of historical students. The time is quickly passing by, when even the most general inquiry into past affairs and periods, can be respectably carried on without a diligent inspection of original documents. As history becomes duly valued for its political and practical importance, the necessity is increased of confirming its statements, by every variety of collateral proofs. In a country

where this is not the case, and where one of the chief ends of the historian is to flatter the vanity of his countrymen, or serve some other sinister purpose by his narrative, a strict system of reference and illustration is less insisted upon, and the writing of history is a task more independent of laborious antiquarian research. It is thus that under free or popular governments, we find this species of literature more and better cultivated, than in states differently constituted; because, in the one case, it is made subservient to the most important concerns of social existence, and in the other is more studied for its theoretical than practical utility.

In times like the present, it is not possible that any pursuit, which can be beneficial to mankind, should be long left in the hands of idlers, or that it should be tolerated, if pursued in a manner likely to abridge its actual and real value. Historical science, consequently, both here and on the continent, has for some time past been acquiring more and more of a solid and useful character; and the works of Mr. Hallam, of Mr. Sharon Turner, and of Guizot and others, testify the industry with which the most eminent men of our generation cultivate the study.

As an auxiliary to the labours of such writers as the above, the interesting inquiries of Mr. Nichols are highly valuable, and we are happy to find a younger member of a family already distinguished by useful and talented exertions, thus starting on the honourable career of his predecessors. The work of which we are speaking, and which is executed in a manner highly creditable to the taste and judgment of the author, consists of eleven numbers, each containing five plates, of which each also embraces several Autographs. The plates are accompanied by passages from important letters, or other extracts from original documents, and by concise biographical memoirs of the most illustrious persons, whose Autographs are given.

Independent of the first and most important purpose which a collection of this nature may serve, and to which we have already alluded, there are others of a somewhat minor consequence, perhaps, but equally conducive to the interest of the work. We are not inclined to place much faith upon the supposed resemblance between the style of a man's writing and his personal character, but it would argue a strange insensibility to the pleasantest associations we are capable of forming, not to look with reverence upon any thing which may even help imagination in its operations on the past. And this Autographs may do, more, perhaps, than any thing else; nor do we know one, of the thousand fancies which enter into the minds of the curious, more rational or agreeable than their collection. To hold in our hand the lines which some celebrated man has written, is to stand with him on the same point of time, to be present with him while he thinks and counsels, and this relic which is left of his thoughts and feelings, makes them as visible to

us now, as they were five hundred years ago. Any thing which seems to annihilate the distance between us, and the beings of past ages, gives not merely a more practical and tangible certainty to our knowledge, but makes it of more value as it lives and works upon the heart. It has a life in it which it had not before, and the ideas it has communicated are no longer to be worn out as dreams or reveries. The command which we thus seem to gain over a wider range of existence; the new strength which the mind acquires by having to do with the realities it has created, the addition which is made to the objects on which its sympathies rest with a sort of personal delight—these add a moral to the ordinary utility of knowledge, and the senses are made to confirm the more aery speculations of the mind.

We think this a sufficient reason for the high interest taken in Autographs, without seeking to prove their value by the finical and baby speculations which would frame from them a system by which to investigate character. Lavater, we believe, was the first who condescended to employ his mind on these absurdities, and he has been followed by other writers, who without possessing his talents, have been fully capable of following him in his weaknesses. The consequence has been, that the real utility and interest of Autographs is, in nine instances out of ten, lost sight of, and the scientific collector stands a great chance of being ranked with the fanciers of old china, or that venerable class of personages who divine futurity by the lines on the hand, and the charm of a silver sixpence. The manner, however, in which this very valuable publication is got up, will tend considerably to save it from the bad fate of contributing to these follies. The autographs are themselves excellently illustrated by notes and memoirs, and their proper value is thus fixed beyond the chance of its being mistaken by any sensible reader.

In a very ingenious preface, the editor has given a sketch of the progress of writing, and of the most celebrated collections of Autographs which at present exist. The earliest signatures of distinguished laymen, it is said, are those found under the reign of Richard the Second. No familiar epistles or letters, which do not refer to some great political transaction, occur earlier than the fifteenth century. Good writing it seems, a few centuries back, was much more highly esteemed as an accomplishment than at present. A letter is quoted in which Katherine of Arragon expressly directs her daughter to pay attention to this part of her education; and that excellent man and scholar, Roger Ascham, was engaged in teaching the noble personages of the times, the art of *fayer writing*. Among these were Prince Edward, Lady Jane Grey, and Queen Elizabeth. From the earlier testimonies which are given to the importance of this art, the editor proceeds to cite the remark of Locke, who observed, 'that the quicker a man writes, the slower others read what he has written; this being a

remark that may concern the writers of books, as well as letters.' Lord Chesterfield's recommendation to his son on this subject, is well known, and is one of those striking instances which his Letters contain, of his attention to every thing which might tend to make young Stanhope a man of business as well as pleasure; making us doubtful which is the greater—our thorough contempt for his principles, or our estimation of his shrewdness. The observations of Doctor Parr on this subject are, perhaps, not so well known. Lamenting the inconvenience which he had experienced from writing a bad hand, he remarks, with his usual classical feeling, that he had sometimes wished it had been his own lot to aspire to the calligraphy of the antiquarian, or the united accuracy and rapidity of the Notarii, whom Scaliger describes in his learned remarks upon Ausonious.' 'Those wishes,' pathetically and with no little bombast exclaims the Doctor, 'must now be unavailing. But he hopes to put some check upon the boyish heedlessness, or petty vanity of other men, by reminding them that, in the art of writing, Mr. Fox was eminently distinguished by the clearness and firmness, Mr. Professor Porson by the correctness and elegance, and Sir William Jones by the ease, beauty, and variety of the characters which they respectively employed.' The editor has with great good sense observed on all this, that calligraphy, however praised, if it should be of universal attainment, or too precisely pursued, would be productive of much inconvenience in business, by destroying the peculiarities of different hands, and that it would greatly diminish the value and interests of autographs.

The fashion of collecting Autographs is said to have commenced in Germany, about the end of the sixteenth century, and an album, according to the definition taken from Isaac Walton's Life of Sir Henry Wotton, was 'a white paper book which the German gentry usually carry about them, for the purpose of requesting eminent characters to write some sentence in.' In another early mention of these books, they are said to be in common use among younger German travellers, who by filling them with the names of celebrated persons, prove on their return home how well they were received, or spent the time in the places they visited. But,

'In the middle of the seventeenth century Sir Symonds D'Ewes was such a collector, and a Queen contributed to his collection. The letter of Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, of which part is engraved in the present work, accompanied three letters of her husband, her eldest son, and her cousin the Duke of Brunswick, sent as specimens of their handwriting. The preface to Thane's "Autography" (a work to be hereafter noticed) furnishes an enumeration of several subsequent collectors. "The Fac-Similes given in this work," it says, "are from the originals which formerly were in the Collections of those well-known antiquaries, Ralph Thoresby, Esq. Peter le Neve, Esq. James West, Esq. Rev. Mr. Ives, Mr. Bartelet, Gustavus Brander, Esq. &c." The first of these Collections will be found fully described in a distinct chapter of the

"Museum Thoresbyanum." After mentioning that he had a copy of Camden's Britannia in quarto, "which I bought for the sake of the learned author's Autograph," Mr. Thoresby continues, "This reminds me of another branch of the curiosities that I begun to collect of late years, *viz.* Original Letters, and other matters of the proper hand writing of persons of all ranks eminent in their generations; of which he proceeds to give a catalogue, the names only of the writers occupying more than three large folio pages.'

'In more recent days collections of Autographs have been formed by Sir William Musgrave, who bequeathed to the British Museum, among several other volumes of valuable MSS. a large quarto full of Signatures detached from the original documents; and by the late James Bindley, Esq. F.S.A. the sale of whose library in 1820, was concluded with 108 lots of Autographs. Among the names which are at present best known as the professors of extensive collections, are those of John L. Anderdon, Esq. which is particularly rich in original letters of distinguished foreigners, and has become of great extent by the conjunction of several entire collections; Dawson Turner, Esq. F. R. S. and S. A. of Yarmouth; J. B. Williams, Esq. F. S. A. of Shrewsbury, the author of the Lives of the Rev. Matthew and Philip Henry; John Wild, Esq. of the Albany, whose miscellaneous volumes are appropriately enriched with portraits; Miss Hutton of Birmingham, daughter of the well-known historian of that town; the Rev. Dr. Raffles, and Thomas Thompson, one of the Society of Friends (possessing a very extensive and highly interesting series of papers illustrative of the History of the Society to which he belongs, as well as copies of Junius's Letters and Clarkson's History of the Slave Trade, enriched by Autographs, and Portraits,) both at Liverpool; the Rev. Robert Bolton, and Mr. Peter Benwell, both at Henley-on-Thames; Charles Britiffe Smith, Esq. very complete in musical characters; Mr. Jewer Henry Jewer, of Kentish Town; Mr. Edward Skegg of the Adelphi, very complete in Franks in various Parliaments; Mr. Mathews the comedian, and Mr. Winston the late Stage-manager at Drury-lane theatre, both very extensive, and comprising materials, original and valuable, for a complete History of the English Stage; and Lord William Fitz Roy should be mentioned as the possessor of the most extensive series of Franks of both Houses of Parliament, chronologically arranged from the time of Charles the Second to the present day; whilst the very voluminous collection of William Upcott, of the London Institution, is decidedly unrivalled, not only for its magnitude, but for its utility and the style of its illustration, and has been the happy means of preserving and making known to the world some historical records of the highest value. Several collections have been dispersed by auction, and it has been a matter of astonishment to perceive the high prices which documents, of very trifling interest in their contents, have produced from being regarded as Autographs.

'As we have seen, then, that Autograph-collecting is of no modern origin, it is surprising how long it was before any attempt was made to multiply specimens by engraving fac-similes. Previously to the labours of Astle, however, Humphrey Wanley had projected a work on Writing, the sixth division of which was to have consisted of "Specimens of the original Hand-writing of eminent Men and Women of all ages."

As this work was not completed, it was still many years before any number of Autographs of "eminent men and women" were engraved. In the plates to Casley's Catalogue of the MSS. of the King's Library, we find only two Signatures, those of Richard Duke of York, and Henry the Seventh, apparently inserted merely because they occurred on those portions of the charters which were selected for engraving; and in Astle, as before mentioned, there are none. It is believed that the first work in which a series of fac-similes of Autographs appeared, was Sir John Fenn's "Original Letters" from the archives of the Paston family, published in 1787. The example has been followed in the Shrewsbury Papers, edited by Mr. Lodge, under the title of "Illustrations of British History, Biography, and Manners; by Dr. Whitaker, from the Clifford Papers in the History of Craven;" in the Correspondence of Linnæus, edited by Sir James Edward Smith; and in the recently published Clarendon Papers. Mr. Dallaway inserted two plates of the Autographs of Heralds in his "Inquiries into the origin and progress of the Science of Heraldry in England;" many are interspersed through the numerous plates of the History of Leicestershire, and in the volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine. Latterly, as the pursuit of collecting Autographs has greatly increased, so has the publication of them in miscellaneous works. A large sheet of Autographs forms the frontispiece to Collet's "Relics of Literature," 1823; there are three plates of the Signatures of Living Poets in the Literary Souvenir for 1825; and two of popular Authors and Painters in the same Annual for 1827. Mr. Nicolas illustrated his "Life of Davison," and his edition of Francis Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody," with several; and his example has been so generally followed, that now scarcely any volume of correspondence or biography is produced, unaccompanied by Autographs.'

The utility of Mr. Nichols's undertaking may be understood from the circumstance, that the only publication of a similar kind, which has appeared in this country, the "British Autography, a collection of fac-similes of the hand-writings of royal and illustrious personages," of John Thane, is not to be purchased for less than twenty-five pounds. The utility of Autographs is at present very highly estimated in France, and two works of great extent and value have already appeared, or are on the eve of publication, there. The first series of the "Isographie des Hommes Célèbres ou Collection de Fac-Similes de Lettres Autographes et de Signatures," was noticed in our Journal last year. A second series is said to be in progress, and the "Iconographie des contemporains," though intended as a collection of lithographed portraits, is of great interest to the amateur in autographs, as each plate is accompanied by an Autograph letter on a separate sheet.

In turning to the heads of the work, we find a vast quantity of valuable materials for historical illustration, most judiciously arranged. Careful references are given to the different collections of manuscripts, from which the specimens are derived, and the close and unaffected manner in which the brief memoirs are

written, exhibit the good sense and judgment of the writer. The following will serve to give the reader a notion of this part of the publication.

'ELIZABETH TUDOR (whose character as Queen of England is noticed in a subsequent page) was a subject Princess for five and twenty years. Her residence during the reign of her brother Edward, was the palace of Hatfield, in Hertfordshire. On the accession of Mary she immediately became an object of suspicion; and under the charge of Sir Thomas Pope, was carried about from one house to another, much after the same manner and in the same condition of surveillance to which she afterwards subjected her cousin of Scotland. She had been courted by the Earl of Devonshire, a man who had a large share of royal blood in his veins, but whose affections Mary had been disappointed in obtaining. He died in 1556, before Elizabeth was at liberty to follow her own inclinations in matrimony. Elizabeth spent her youth in study. William Thomas, Clerk of the Council, wrote in 1546, "The Lady Elizabeth, which is at this of the age of fourteen yeres or thereaboutes, is a very wittye and gentyll yonge lady." "King Edward her brother," says Camden, "called her by no other name than his sweet Sister Temperance. She was of admirable beauty, and well deserving a Crown, of a modest gravity, excellent wit, happy soul, royal memory, and indefatigably given to the study of learning; insomuch as, before she was seventeen years of age, she understood well the Latin, French, and Italian tongues, and had an indifferent knowledge of the Greek. Neither did she neglect musick, so far as it became a Princess, being able to sing sweetly, and play handsomely on the lute." Ascham, her tutor, also gives testimony of her mental acquirements in more than one place. In his "Schoolmaster," he says: "It is to your shame (I speak to you all, you yong jentlemen of England) that one mayd should go beyond you all in excellencie of learnying and knowledge of divers tongues. Pointe forth six of the best given jentlemen of this Court, and all they together shew not so much good-will, spend not so much tyme, bestow not so many houres dayly, orderly, and constantly, for the increase of learnying and knowledge, as doth the Queene's Majestie herselfe. Yea, I believe that, beside her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, she readeth here now at Windsore more Greeke every day than some Prebendary of this Church doth read Latin in a whole week. And, that is most praise-worthy of all, within the walles of her privie-chamber she hath obteyned that excellencie of learning, to understand, speake, and write both wittily with head, and faire with hand, as scarce one or two rare wittes in both the Universities have in many yeares reached unto."

'The Letter to King Edward, of which part is engraved in the plate, is preserved in the Cotton. MSS. F. III. fol. 20. It is in a hand so clear that it is unnecessary to transcribe the portion engraved; the remainder is; Of this, although that the profe coulde not be greate because the occasions hath bine but smal notwithstandinge, as a dog hathe a daye, so may I perchaince have time to declare it in dides wher now I do write them but in wordes. And further I shal most humbly beseche your Maiestie that, whan you shal loke on my pictur, you wil witsafe to thinke that, as you have but the outwarde shadow of the body afore

you, so my inwarde minde wischeth that the body it selfe wer oftner in your presence; howbeit, bicause bothe my so beinge, I thinke, coulde do your Maiestie litel pleasur, thogth myself great good; and againe, because I se as yet not the time agreeing therunto, I shal lerne to follow this sainge of Orace, "Feras non culpes quod vitari non potest." And thus I wil (troblinge your Maiestie, I fere) end with my most humble thankes. Besechinge God longe to preserue you to his honour, to your comfort, to the realmes profit, and to my joy.

"Your Maiesties most humbly sister and servant,

ELIZABETH."

'There is another letter of Elizabeth to her brother extant, beginning in the very similar style: "Like as a shipman in stormy weather pluckes down the sailes tarrijnge for bettar winde, so did I, most noble Kinge, in my unfortunate chanche a thursday, pluck down the hie sailes of my joy and comfort, and do trust one day that, as troublesome waves have repulsed me backwarde, so a gentil winde wil bringe me forwarde to my haven." See it printed in Nichols's "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," vol. I. p. 3. Several others of the Princess's letters, as well in Latin as English, are printed by Mr. Ellis in his valuable Series. Several of her exercises in translation are existing, and a fac-simile of one, of a dialogue of Zenophon, is published in her "Progresses;" as is a portion of a Latin letter to her brother. Ascham remarked in a letter to John Sturmius, that nothing could be more elegant, than her hand-writing, whether in Greek or Roman character.'

The sketch also which is given of Lady Jane Grey's short and troubled life, affords the same idea of the neat and ingenious manner in which the writer has executed his task; compressing into so small a compass, the abundant materials he appears to have spread before him, and preventing his minute abridgments from having the hard and dry tone, which is the usual fault of such notices.

'LADY JANE GREY (afterwards DUDLEY), was the eldest daughter of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, by Lady Frances Brandon, granddaughter of King Henry the Seventh. She was married in May 1553, a few weeks before King Edward's death, to Lord Guildford Dudley, a younger son of the Duke of Northumberland; and during Edward's fatal illness, the craft of her father-in-law obtained letters patent, nominating her next heir to the Crown of England. Lady Jane was proclaimed Queen in London July 7, 1553; was considered such in the metropolis for about ten days; and, after great hopes of pardon, was, on a repetition of her father's rebellious movements, beheaded for her involuntary treason, on the green within the Tower, Feb. 12, 1553-4. She had, says Fuller, "the innocency of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle, the gravity of old age, and all at eighteen; the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor for her parents' offences." [*Portraits by Marshall, Vertue, White, &c. one in the Heroologia, and one in Lodge.*]'

'The specimen of Lady Jane's Autograph is peculiary interesting. It occurs in the Manual of Prayers which she used whilst in the Tower, and gave, when on the scaffold, and immediately before her execution (as

recorded in Holinshead), to Sir John Brydges, then Lieutenant of the Tower, and afterwards the first Lord Chandos, having previously written in it this sentence.'

"*Forasmutche as you have desired so simple a woman to wrighte in so worthye a booke, goode Mayster Lieuftenante, therefore I shall as a frende desyre you, and as a Christian require you, to call uppon God to incline youre harte to his lawes, to quicken you in his waye, and not to take the worde of trewethe utterlye oute of youre mouthe; lyve styll to dye, that by deathe you maye purchase eternall life, and remembre howe the ende of Mathusael, whoe as we reade in the Scriptures was the longest liver that was of a manne died at the laste; for, as the preacher sayethe, there is a tyme to be borne, and a tyme to dye, and the daye of deathe is better then the daye of oure birthe.*"

"*Youres, as the Lorde knowethe, as a friende,*

JANE DUDDELEY."

'The Manual of Prayers contains another paragraph in Lady Jane's hand, and one in that of her husband, which will presently pass under our notice. The other by Lady Jane is addressed to her father the Duke of Suffolk, and as he was sent to the Tower only two days before her execution, it is presumed to have been written within that period. "The Lorde comfort your grace, and that in his Worde, whearein all creatures onlye are to be comforted. And thoughe it hath pleased God to take awaye 2 of your children, yet thincke not, I most humbly beseech your grace, that you have loste them; but trust that we, by leavinge this mortall life, have wunne an immortal life. And I, for my parte, as I have honoured your grace in this life, wyll praye for you in another life.

"Youre gracys humble daughter,

JANE DUDDELEY."

'In the "Literary Remains of Lady Jane Grey," edited by Mr. Nicolas, will be found a more particular account of this invaluable volume, which is still preserved in the British Museum.

'The Signature (No. 4.) of "JANE *the Queene*," is from a letter in Harl. MSS. 416, fol. 30, addressed to Sir John Brydges and Sir Nicholas Pointz, to quiet the county of Buckingham. It is dated the 18th of July.

'LORD GUILDFORD DUDLEY, the husband of Lady Jane, was the Duke of Northumberland's fourth son; but his three elder brothers being already married, was the eldest who suited his father's ambition for the alliance with a claimant to the Crown. His name was derived from the family of his mother, Jane, daughter and heiress of Sir Edward Guildford. Though his marriage with Lady Jane Grey was the result of their parents' ambition, they appear to have entertained a strong mutual attachment. He was beheaded one hour before her, Feb. 12, 1553-4.

'The passage of his writing from the Prayer-book before noticed, is addressed to his father-in-law the Duke of Suffolk: "*Your lovyng and obedyent son wischethe unto your grace long life in this world w^t^ as much joy and comforte as ever I wyshte to my selfe, and in the world to come joy everlasting. Your most humble son tel his dethe,*

G. DUDDELEY."'

From these specimens of the literary part of the undertaking, our readers may form a tolerably accurate idea of the truly

excellent caracter of the work, which has an undoubted right to a place in every historical library, as well private as public. We trust the able editor will not consider that there is any thing magical in the number eleven, or that Autographs of the great men who lived after the reign of Charles the Second, are without their proper value and interest. He has still a field of useful labour before him, which he may pursue with profit to his reputation and advantage to his fellow inquirers. His work, as far as he has pursued it, is one of the most valuable which have lately appeared before the public.

ART. VI.—*Johann George Forster's Briefwechsal nebst einigen Nachrichten von seinem Leben.* In zwei Theilen. Leipzig: Brockhans. London: Black and Young. 1829.

J. G. Forster's Letters, with some Account of his Life. 2 vols. Leipsic: Brockhans. London: Black and Young. 1829.

FORSTER's Life was indeed an eventful one. His family came from Scotland, which country they left from having been too active partizans of the Stuart family. His birth-place was in a district belonging to Poland; he learned other languages as soon as he could speak his own; at twelve years of age contributed to the support of his family by writing for the press; at seventeen went round the world, lived a precarious life in England, made a journey to France, obtained an appointment at Cassel, lived afterwards in Wilna, returned to Germany, filled with travelling plans for Russia and Spain, obtained a situation at Mainz, took part in the political commotions of the times, and ended his days in the storms of the revolution, a naturalized Frenchman. This restless spirit received its impulse from the desultory life of his father, John Renhold Forster, a man of an obstinate disposition, foiled in his plans for advancement by his unconciliating demeanour. The father of our traveller was educated in a manner truly singular; he learned Polish and Latin before he could speak German, was appointed to a small curacy, and left it to try his fortune at Petersburgh, where he assisted in drawing up a code of laws for the colonies, from which the Empress derived some hints in her legislative alterations. On being asked by Count Orloff what reward he wished, he replied that he thought he had earned 200 silver roubles, that he would be content with a Copeck above 1000, but that he would not accept 1000. This answer, improvident enough but aggravated by the circumstance that he had a wife and six young children, was probably the cause that he was allowed to leave Russia without any recompense. He then resolved to try his fortune in England, and was probably well recommended, as, soon after his arrival, he had several offers: he accepted, however, a situation in the dissenting academy at Wallingford, and sent for his wife and children. Here likewise his unbending

temper produced similar effects as in Russia, led to disagreements with the directors, and he finally resigned. His son George contributed to the support of his family by giving instructions in French, at a boarding school in the neighbourhood of Wallingford, although most of his scholars were older than himself. Here an incident occurred, trifling in itself, but displaying in miniature two of those peculiarities which distinguished George Forster through life. In his daily visits to the school, he passed a baker's shop, and as he appears already to have imbibed the fatal error of calculating his wealth by the amount of his income, instead of his expenses, he eat the biscuits until he was tempted to contract debts for them. He was frequently pressed for the money, and one day in his anxiety, he prayed to a higher power for assistance. As he was going through a field, he picked up a piece of paper containing a guinea, with which he instantly released himself from his embarrassments. This event evidently made a deep impression on his mind, as in after life he was in the habit of relating it to his friends, and it may have contributed to strengthen, if not to produce in his mind, that love of mysterious reliance upon the visible interference of the Deity, which we frequently observe in persons of a warm imagination, who are swayed by impulse rather than guided by principle.

The fates of father and son were for years closely united. After a variety of expedients, a proposal was made to the elder Forster to accompany Captain Cook, which he accepted on condition that his son George, then about seventeen, might accompany him. The health of the young man had always been delicate, probably from constant exertion of mind, and anxiety for the subsistence of his family, and he seems never entirely to have recovered from the effects of the scurvy. One of the amiable features in Forster's character was his kindness towards his father, and it must be owned that his filial piety was sometimes severely tried, for the same unhappy temper that had caused so much misfortune, gave occasion to frequent quarrels with Cook, who was once obliged to have recourse to the powers of his commission to retain his authority. On these occasions, poor George, who was a favourite with the great navigator, was always obliged to bear the brunt of his father's anger. Yet notwithstanding all this, some years afterwards, he nearly lost a situation to which he had been appointed at Cassel, by the pertinacity with which he sought to obtain a transfer of it to his father. We have no wish to unfold old grievances, but we cannot refrain from expressing our regret, that the editor, or as we suppose we must call her, editress, should have taken upon herself to advance a gratuitous accusation against Cook, when Forster himself, as she confesses, never mentioned his name in his version of the affair. General assertions are sometimes hazardous, and it would have been better if the lady had confined herself more closely to her subject in this part of her history. If an agreement

had been made that no officer should publish an account of the voyage, and as Forster disobeyed that agreement, he naturally forfeited his share to the profits which might accrue from the work published by the government. As to the random assertion that the undertakers of the great voyages of discovery have generally been pitifully paid, it hardly deserves a serious notice; for rapid promotion in the service is a more honourable reward than the establishment of rewards in money, and we hope we shall never behold the time, when a British officer will consider the Northern Expedition as a mere trading adventure.

It is singular that bred up as Forster was in the hard school of poverty and experience, he should alway have displayed that carelessness in money matters, which was the cause of so many misfortunes. Instead of endeavouring to ameliorate his situation by retrenchment and economy, he plunged into all the hypotheses of the Rosicrucian system, and flatters himself that he should discover the alchemical process. After residing some years at Cassel, Forster received an invitation to the office of Professor of Natural History, at Wilna. But he was wholly wanting in the qualities necessary to raise an infant institution into eminence; 'he could never,' says one of his friends, 'build a hut without materials for constructing a palace.' The character of the Poles too, was by no means congenial with his disposition, and he therefore gladly accepted an offer made to him by Russia; on conditions which enabled him to leave the Polish service. The project was not at that time carried into execution, and Forster formed plan upon plan, until he at last settled at Mainz. Here he lived some time forming and devising plans, for he was never discouraged by the failure of his earlier ones. The only plan that succeeded was that of instructing a young Englishman, Lord Dacres, whose intercourse with Forster was of great service to him. In the commencement of the French Revolution, he in common with many others beheld the regeneration of Europe. Custine advanced against Mainz, which was too weak to present any effectual opposition, and the French troops marched into the town. Forster stood at the gates and welcomed them with the cry of *Vive la Republique! Elle vivra bien sans vous*, was the courteous reply of some among the unbidden guests. The conduct of Forster at this time gave great offence to his countrymen, and was the cause of the implacable hatred which was displayed against him.

A misinterpretation of an expression of Johannes von Müller by Forster, very naturally arising from the difference of their views, gave rise to a difference between them, and the historian (who was also in office at Mainz,) thus writes to his brother from Vienna, in a letter dated Dec. 7th, 1792.

'George Forster has played me a shabby trick. He announced in the clubs, and has printed, that I advised the people of Mainz to take the national oath, but he omitted the trifling addition that I advised them

to do so only when they should be compelled, and had reason to fear the scenes in Paris. Forster is an innate enthusiast, who only looks on one side. Ten years ago I knew him quite pious, and now he laughs at the bible as doctrine.'---vol. i. p. 90.

On the retaking of Mainz, the people were very violent against the memory of Forster. He could not return to his country, his wife and family suffered much on his account, and were obliged to wander from place to place, while he went to Paris, where he died.

We shall have frequent occasion to notice the peculiarities of his character, in the course of our observations on the very interesting correspondence contained in these volumes. It would, however, be ungallant, as well as unjust to the lady who has edited the work; not to introduce her to our readers. And yet, in truth, we hardly know how to characterise the manner in which she has discharged her duty in writing the life of her deceased husband. She is evidently a woman of cultivated understanding and much reflection; indeed, we think that sometimes she has wandered out of her way to display her philosophical and psychological acuteness. But for one or two personal descriptions of Forster, at different periods of his life, where we catch a glimpse of the petticoat, we should have imagined that it was the production of a man used to the press. In many parts it is a little too diffuse, but we cannot bestow too high praise on the perfect spirit of impartiality in which it is written, and this is the more to be commended when the relation in which she stood with respect to Forster is considered. The style is natural and simple, without betraying any instances of affectation or strained sentiment.

We commence our extracts with the following letter, that Forster's friends may not accuse us of partiality in omitting to quote what he himself says on the subject of his father's difference with the Admiralty. It is dated January 24th, 1779, and addressed to his father.

'At last I arrived here three days ago, and took up my abode immediately in Dietrich's house with our worthy friend Professor Lichtenberg. I have already paid my visits and respects to the principal professors, and hope that you will approve my resolution to become professor in Cassel.

'To return to Göttingen. At Baron Michaelis', where I dined yesterday, I received many remembrances for you from Heyne, Kästner, Murray, Blumenbach, Kulenkamp, &c., who all speak of you with great kindness. I was hardly arrived when Professor Lichtenberg told me that Mr. Meiners was very desirous to confess that he had done me injustice, and was wrong in his judgment of me, because he concluded from the indecision in my preface (for I was unwilling to speak out against Lord Sandwich, I merely distantly alluded to it) that we really had no right to publish a Narrative of the Voyage. But in the letter to Lord S. the matter was quite clear, every thing was explained, and he had reviewed

the latter so warmly, that Heyne would not allow it to be printed until he had softened some of the expressions, as his too great violence for us might injure himself and the university. *Heyne is very partial to you, he is an excellent man. His eulogy on Winckelman has obtained the prize in our Cassel society of Antiquity.'—vol. i. pp. 191---192.

Forster was received every where with enthusiasm, and during his whole life few persons visited the towns where he resided without calling on the companion of Cook. He was perhaps the first German who had performed the voyage round the world, and in those times when such splendid enterprises were rarer than in our days, when the knowledge of our globe was more limited than at present, a circumnavigator, even without the abilities which Forster certainly possessed, was an object of distinction for life. A few of the names of his correspondents will be sufficient to convey an idea of the extent and value of the letters here given to the public, whether we consider them as tracing the development of culture in a man, who, from the eventful circumstances of his life, well deserves the interest of his countrymen, or as the interchange of opinions with men, all of whom were distinguished in their day, and amongst whom are many honourably known abroad as well as at home, who have secured to themselves a lasting fame by their talents or genius; Johannes von Müller, Heyne, Lichtenberg, Jacobi Herzberg, and W. von Humboldt, with other names of less note, would be sufficient to rescue the work from oblivion, had it no intrinsic claims to attention.

But the discussions on all kinds of subjects which enliven the volumes, given as they are with a freedom and openness that augured not of the restraints of publication, render them not only amusing, but to a foreigner in particular, highly instructive. In a letter to Jacobi, the inhabitants of Berlin figure in no very favourable light.

'I arrived at the end of January, 1779, at Berlin, and remained only five weeks. I had erred very much in my ideas of this great city. I found the exterior much more beautiful, the interior much darker than I had expected. Berlin is certainly one of the finest cities in Europe, but the inhabitants!—Hospitality and tasteful enjoyment of life, degenerated into luxuriousness, gluttony, and gormandizing. A free and enlightened manner of thinking, into bold licentiousness and unrestrained libertinism. And then the *rational, clever* divines, who would cleanse religion from unreasonableness and make it quite comprehensible to *common* human understanding. I expected men of an extraordinary turn, pure, noble, enlightened of God with his clear light, simple and humble as children. But I found these men just as other men are, and what was the worst, I found the pride and prejudice of the wise and learned. Is it not therefore that the wise with seeing eyes, see not, and with open ears, hear not? Spalding pleased me best; Nicolai is a pleasant companion, a man of head, a little

* 'Heyne was Forster's father in law.'

conceited however. Engel—a whimsical but very learned creature, lively and again quite silent, like all hypochondriacs. Ramler—affectation, selflove, and vanity personified. Sulzer, for I spoke with him before his death, was cheerful and participating, in spite of his constant pains and sleeplessness, more I need not say. The French academy! Let me shake the dust from my feet and walk. In these five weeks I have dined and supped in fifty or sixty different families, and must always sing the same story, hear and answer the same questions, in short must serve to pass away the time for a thousand idle people. It is a pleasure to be questioned by sensible people, their questions and observations are important and instructive, they explain to me my own ideas, place things in a light in which I have not before seen them, and in which I can see farther, when I have once got the point of sight. But the empty shallow heads, the wigblocks that we sometimes meet with, who give themselves airs among their neighbours, as if they knew God knows how much, and therefore ask ten questions in a breath, and begin again afresh before the first is answered, that the gaping hearers may be lost in amazement at the rich copiousness of their ideas (and there are plenty of such *Sercatori* at Berlin) have almost teased me to death. Lastly, it annoys me that every body, even the most clever and clear-sighted people, deify the king, and adore with such foolish adoration, that what is bad, false, unjust, or capricious in him, must be extolled at the very lowest as excellent and superhuman. I will not even think of the fair sex. If it is spoiled any where it is here, where selflove, *i.e.* coquetry is quite as much at home as in Paris, where tasteless witticisms, compliments, and torturing the brain to invent some so called *jolis riens*, form the tone of good society, where nothing is thought, nothing felt but the greatest voluptuousness.'

We meet in these and many others of his letters the proofs of an observant and intelligent mind, and Forster in his youth had derived no inconsiderable advantages from his chequered life and the various scenes and countries he had beheld. His taste and feelings were manly and creditable to his understanding and his heart, but it is much to be regretted that the seed which was sown on such good ground, and bore such fair promise, should fail to produce corresponding fruit. Jacobi's philosophy, the tenets of which we have already frequently explained to our readers, found a warm disciple in Forster, and it is not a little provoking that one who was so clear-sighted in outward matters, and expressed his opinions with a distinctness and simplicity not often found in the writings of his countrymen, should fail so lamentably in after life. Forster's imprudence in money matters, constantly rendered his life anxious; his reserved disposition on this subject prevented his friends from applying a remedy, because they were ignorant of the disorder; acting more from impulse than principle and reflection (the fatal error which but too often results from a *partial* adoption of Jacobi's philosophy), he adopted a course, which, if it did not contribute to inflict misery on a portion of his country, involved himself too deeply to hope for rescue, and rendered him an exile and fugitive. But in our times of peace, we must not so

easily condemn what, after the event, may at first sight appear blameable. The French Revolution was ushered in under such happy auspices, that thousands of greater men than Forster were deluded by it—few had the prophetic power of Burke. Whether Forster was morally justified in the course which he adopted, is another question, which we shall leave his countrymen to decide. We shall now merely observe that it was totally impossible to defend the town against the French, and that whatever may have been his error, he atoned for it severely. The object of mistrust to those whose party he had espoused, he was held up to scorn and detestation by those whom he had left. But we must return to our letters.

The irritable temper of Voss is well known. Amongst the innumerable antagonists upon whom the vial of the giant's wrath was poured, was Lichtenberg; a man in temper, or at least in the want of it, if not in talents, equal to his formidable opponent. Forster briefly characterises them both as 'the very slaves of passion, who thought themselves partly free, partly happy in their chains.'—vol. i. p. 260. The historian Müller made no favourable impression upon our traveller.

'Herr Johannes Müller has been appointed professor here at his own request, and has not been called to the dignity as is stated in the journals. I have been four times in company with him, and he called upon me eight or nine weeks ago, I have not yet returned his visit. He is, and can be nothing to me, nor any one else who holds his mantle to the winds. In my presence he abused his country and ridiculed its freedom, spoke in praise of despotism to flatter the minister von Schlieffen. He blasphemed at the French ambassador's, and Voltairish Antithesis and Philosophism cannot be denied him.'

We shall add to this description Jacobi's account of the same celebrated historian.

'My brother, the Canonicus, became acquainted with Müller last winter, in Halberstadt, and from different causes considers his morality very suspicious, yet he did not believe that he would conceal his opinions through flattery or respect of persons, as he has frequently heard him contradict people whose approbation was of consequence, and was necessary to him. He held his wit in very low estimation; in this he considered every Frenchman equal to him, but his great learning compared with his age has astonished all who know him.'—vol. i. p. 276.

Forster had not mistaken Müller's character; with many extraordinary gifts and good qualities, he never possessed inward firmness. Although a more friendly intercourse afterwards subsisted between them, it never heightened into confidence. In a letter to his father, in which he discusses his own character, Forster thus writes:—

'I confess to you my weakness; I, a man of thirty, who have suffered and experienced much, who should be more indifferent to the world and its allurements, who should ridicule so many follies, I cannot always keep

in check this heart that has its own will, but let it go whither it will after an almost imperceptible opposition. I am too weak to be my own master, as the slave of another I should perhaps be more virtuous. I am swayed by every thing, and if any one were here, who wished to overreach me, he would have an easy victory, if he only brought my selflove into play.'

And further he says—

'I know very well that what I condemn in myself are not so much vices as weaknesses, which affect all men more or less, and which are most easily overcome, if not treated too lightly but constantly clipped and filed.'—p. 297.

He little imagined whilst he was thus complacently sounding his own praises for self-examination, and consoling himself with the idea that his failings were not vices but weaknesses, that he was nourishing the poison that embittered his whole life. So deceitful is the heart of man. If there is one virtue which it is more essentially necessary to keep always in view, it is that of self control; the man who pleads guilty to weakness, is on the high road to the commission of offences that differ but little in enormity from actual guilt. To say nothing of the contempt which want of firmness brings upon itself, it is impossible to look back upon a past life, without being sensible, by experience or observation, of the evils produced by indecision of character—evils so much the more fatal, from the apparent harmlessness of the source from which they sprung. The frequent expressions in Forster's letters prove that he had been accustomed to read the Bible from his youth, he would there have found warnings sufficiently energetic to have roused him into firmness, had not the turn of his mind unfortunately been so passive.

In passing through Freiberg on his way to Wilna, Forster became acquainted with Werner, to whom mineralogy and Saxony are so much indebted. The situation of this celebrated man was not always very comfortable, and whilst he contributed to science perhaps more than Linnæus himself, he was neglected and badly paid. But Werner's love of science rose superior to all difficulties, and his love of his country induced him to devote his powers to her service, although had he chosen to publish as diligently as he laboured, observed, and copied, he would have met with a welcome reception and honourable subsistence in all parts of the world.

Forster's abode in Wilna was not very happy; he was poor and had to wade through heaps of filth in the streets before he could afford to buy a horse, which was there absolutely a necessary of life. Of the state of society in Poland, we have no very favourable account. Both sexes, rich and poor, were infected with the unhappy passion for gaming, and nothing was more common than divorces; young girls frequently married to become their own mistresses, got speedily divorced, and lived without constraint, and but too frequently without any regard to decorum. The domestics had no idea of cooking, and all seemed to be of opinion that beastly

drunkenness was one of the delights of existence. To remedy the difficulty, Germans sent for servants from their own country, but this was not without its dangers, as acquaintances, or as they called themselves, friends, made no scruple of multiplying lying promises to entice them from their service. The poor creatures soon found the difference between serving the feudal Pole and the good natured German, but the mischief was already done.

Forster displays his sentiments openly, if not creditably to his understanding and foresight, in a letter to Heyne.

'I thank you sincerely for the books from London, which you had the kindness to forward. Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France is such wretched trash, that I will not venture to translate it. The Author's name may procure a sale for the book in England, but in Germany, where this interest is wanting, there is nothing in the book that could render it interesting. Stuart (Stewart) is not much better than a fool, who manufactures metaphysical phantoms, without knowing any thing of what others thought and did, and believes that the golden time is approaching when the true principles of moral actions will be discovered. Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments is however a good book. I do not think that he has exhausted the subject or satisfied the systematic spirit of our philosophers, but like Ferguson, &c., he furnishes a readable book, and our German philosophers cannot learn to do that.'—p. 49.

The Germans have inveighed bitterly against Dugald Stewart, and in our opinion unjustly. Forster's censure will not weigh very heavily upon the well deserved reputation of Stewart; but Schlegel has likewise taken up arms against him, though in our opinion, and we advance it with all deference to so great an authority, they consist more in invective than argument. And after all, what was Mr. Stewart's offence, and with what did he charge the Germans; with a fondness for hypothesis, a love of systematizing, accompanied with perpetual changes of systems, and this every one who has followed the history of German philosophy must admit to be true. These changes might take place repeatedly in Germany without material injury, but in our country, where theory is so quickly accompanied by practice, the consequences would have been serious. But the chief offence of Mr. Stewart was, that he ventured an opinion on the merits of Kant, without understanding the language in which he wrote. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*! And yet all that Mr. Stewart said was merely conclusive; he had never met with any one who could understand him, nor in the translations (philosophical works admit of accurate translations) did he find that clearness which he had hoped. We are ready to admit that Kant's merits were underrated, but we believe his warmest admirers will admit that he has not always strictly adhered to his own terminology; and when we find Germans themselves confessing that their philosophers have not learned how to write readable books, a foreigner may perhaps be pardoned. *Au reste*, the Germans themselves begin to be tired of this perpetual whirl

of systems and hypotheses, and to exhibit symptoms of indifference against philosophy itself; and this reaction was to be expected. Forster's penetration enabled him to foresee the revolution that was about to burst with such fury on Europe, but he was little aware of the price at which the improvement he so ardently desired was to be purchased. So early as 1779 he wrote to Jacobi—

'How true is all that you write of German party spirit. It is to me an unequivocal symptom of a total change. Things cannot remain so. All the symptoms are there, and not only in the learned, but, also in the theological and political world. Much as my soul wishes for rest, yet, I wish to see this crisis, on which my soul has founded great hopes.'—vol i. p. 237.

Again, in 1782, in a letter to his father:

'Europe is on the point of a terrible revolution; the whole mass is really so corrupt that nothing but bleeding can be of service. All ranks, from the throne to the peasant, are degraded from what they should be, and none more than our *soi disant* divines; of them we may truly say, that they are wolves in sheep's clothing, as the Pharisees and writers of old were; ignorant of the spirit of the scriptures, they turn from God and the Saviour, as the poor negro, who knowing no better adores his idol. It benefits Germany but little, that so much is said of the education of Youth; its clergy, in whom we should seek only the kingdom of God, and his works, is so corrupted, that they know nothing of him, of his ways and creation; and we must not blame the unbelievers of our days if they do not esteem their hypocrisy and dogmatic absurdities.'—vol. i. p. 286.

The conduct of the French emigrants, who fled to the courts and towns of Germany, was not of a nature to counteract the decided tendency to the new order of things, which declared itself in many places. The frivolous conduct which had characterised the nobility under the old régime, was displayed even in exile; and the ease with which the emigrants accommodated themselves to their new situations, and attempted to play Versailles in the towns in which they were received, disgusted their neighbours, and strengthened the bands of their enemies. Nay, the conduct of the women was in some places so bad, that they were forbidden at court. Even Heyne bears testimony against their conduct.

'That the emigrants may bear the greatest part of the blame is clear. They are the innocent causes of panic terror in remote districts; they go in troops through the villages, and commit excesses from want and necessity. We cannot imagine whither they will go, very few come to Hanover, a cordon is stationed at the boundaries to keep them off. The Aristocrats are here as much detested as elsewhere; we wish the people freedom and success, but yet we are not blind to the rest.'

Involved in the tumult of the storm which he foresaw, he had the mortification to find that the motives of those with whom he acted, did not arise from the same pure source as his own. It is at this time that Forster's character appears to the greatest advantage. An immediate spectator, in personal contact with

all the horrors of that dreadful period, he preserved a calm collected view, and saw through the darkness of the present, the glimmering of the light that was to dawn on future generations. It was the only consolation that was left him in his last days, when he was an exile, and an object of detestation to many of his countrymen, in want and solitude, separated from his family and friends, oppressed in a subordinate situation—that he had joined the cause from a sincere wish, and hope, of furthering the progress of humanity.

Thus in 1793 he writes to his wife:

'Every thing is now in a ferment, but it will certainly end otherwise than the Aristocrats hope.—I adhere to my assertion that we must consider the revolution not with respect to human happiness or misery, but as one of the great means of fate to produce changes in the human race. I am as little edified by the character of the French as their enemies and despisers; but beside their defects, I see likewise the good which they possess, and take no single nation for my ideal.'—vol. ii. p. 428.

And again:

'The more we are initiated into the miseries of the intrigues which abound here, or the better we become acquainted with the loathsome labyrinth in which every thing here is involved, the more do we require the presence of cool philosophy to keep us from doubting the existence of virtue, and to await calmly from the justice of heaven, a happy termination. But one additional aggravation to all my sufferings was wanting, the conviction that I had sacrificed my last powers to a chimera, that I had with upright zeal laboured for an object for which no one else labours sincerely, and which is merely a cover for the most raging passions. Is it then true, that disinterestedness and love of freedom are words that mean nothing, simulated feelings in the mouths of those who now guide the fate of nations, that egotism alone is the guiding spring where we hoped for disinterested sacrifice? that between deceivers and deceived there is no third party to be found, to whom we can adhere? Great courage is certainly necessary to endure these considerations which so forcibly intrude upon the mind, and in the retreat of our own consciousness to believe in humanity and truth. These pictures are as dark as the termination of the affair appears to me certain.'—vol. ii. p. 435.

The consistency of his conduct, and the evident uprightness of his intention, command for Forster our esteem and respect. He appears to greater advantage in adversity than in prosperity, but it was his misfortune to fall upon evil days. The state of the towns in which he lived was such as to place them in very unfavourable contrast with the ideas of freedom which he had contracted during his residence in England, and he hailed with delight the symptoms of reformation. But the harvest which was to be reaped from the field of blood, ripened not in his days. With a few failings, to which we have already alluded, Forster has many claims to our esteem. His piety was fervent and sincere; although tinged with a shade of mysticism, he was tolerant to all; clear sighted in what concerned others, yet in his own affairs yielding too much to

impulse; in his friendships he was eminently fortunate, and he never shrunk from expressing modestly but firmly his own opinion, even to those to whom he looked up with admiration; he was not blind to their faults, but made allowances for all their imperfections, and in his correspondence we have portraits of some of his contemporaries admirably conveyed by a few able touches. His marriage (we have the authority of his wife for our assertion) was not happy; united to a woman of talents who always remained his friend, he was too reserved in his communications, and much of his distress is to be attributed to this feature in his character. As a son, he may be presented as a pattern of filial piety, and we hardly think that his countrymen have done justice to his talents as an author. Baron Von Humboldt has, however, in his recent lectures, directed public attention to the merits of his friend, and such a powerful recommendation will hardly fail of success. We recommend the volumes before us not only as an interesting memoir, in which the character and culture of an individual are unfolded in an interesting and instructive manner, but as shewing the effect in detail of an epoch that must always be memorable in history. In the early part literary discussion is the principal feature, but in the second volume this is absorbed in the more momentous questions of the times. We regret that our limits would not allow us to give more extracts from these volumes, as from their nature and size we can hardly hope to see a translation of them. We shall not be suspected of severity, if we add, that there are one or two passages which our ideas of female delicacy induced us to wish that Madame Huber had omitted; she has likewise sometimes admitted her own praises, but in this she was perfectly justified, as she has judged herself with impartial severity.

ART. VII.—*Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, Wife of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Fanshawe, Bart., Ambassador from Charles the Second to the Court of Madrid, in* 1665. *Written by Herself. To which are added, Extracts from the Correspondence of Sir Richard Fanshawe.* London: Colburn. 1829.

INTERESTING as autobiography usually is, there are few works that have an equal claim upon our attention with this of Lady Fanshawe. She was the wife of a man involved in public business when every movement and event of life had a more than natural importance; she had good sense to understand the nature of the transactions which were passing about her, and she had the feeling and affection of a woman to make any narrative she should write of toil and peril, breathe of that grave tenderness which gives a double sweetness to the story of human life.

Sir Richard Fanshawe, the husband of this amiable woman, was the son of Sir Henry Fanshawe, of Ware Park, and was born in June, 1608. He studied at Cambridge, and afterwards entered the Middle Temple, but the law not suiting his disposition,

he visited the continent, and in 1630 received the appointment of secretary to Lord Aston, who was ambassador to the court of Spain. On his return to England, after some delay he obtained the office of Remembrancer of the Court of Exchequer, which was resigned to him by his elder brother, and on the breaking out of the civil wars, he went with the king to Oxford, at which place his acquaintance commenced with the author of the memoir, the daughter of Sir John Harrison. According to her own account of her girlish days, she was highly accomplished in the female learning of the times. She was skilled in all sorts of fine needle work—was acquainted with French, could sing, play the lute and the virginals, and dance. But she was, she says, notwithstanding this, what grave people call 'a hoyting girl,' that is, she loved riding, running, and all pastimes of that kind; but adds, that though skipping and activity were her delight, she never did any mischief either to herself or other people, nor once overstepped the modesty of maidenly nature. On her mother's death, she beautifully adds, she began to reflect, and 'as an offering to her memory, flung away those little childnesses that had formerly possessed her.' She thenceforward took the charge of the family, and by following her mother's example, gained the love both of her father and all her relatives. In 1643, Sir John Harrison fled from the fury of the republican army to Oxford, to which place Ann and her sister followed him, and found themselves obliged to change their home, which had been as good 'as any gentleman's in England,' for an obscure baker's house, where they were forced to take up their lodging in a garret, to lie on a very bad bed, have only one dish of meat, be without money, for they were 'as poor as Job,' and have no more clothes than 'a man or two brought in their cloak bags.'

But our heroine found an alleviation of no slight a nature for all troubles of this kind, for in the year following she married, her husband having been shortly before sworn in secretary of war to the prince. The king also had given him a promise of speedy promotion, and Mrs. Fanshawe was to have a portion from her father of ten thousand pounds. But it was all to come. They were merchant adventurers, she says, and their whole present capital did not amount to more than twenty pounds between them. Good spirits, however, and love, were a large addition to its value, and we may add the lively writer's admirable simile, or rather recipe for making twenty pounds as good as a thousand. It was, says she, 'as a little piece of armour is against a bullet, which if it be rightly placed, though no bigger than a shilling, serves as well as a whole suit of armour.' With this little stock the implements of the secretary's business were bought, and they lived as happily as if they had enjoyed ten thousand a year. In the early part of the year 1645 they suffered the first uneasiness of separation, Mr. Fanshawe being obliged to go to Bristol, and leaving his wife with a newly

born and dying infant, which so afflicted her that she was thrown into a sickness from which it was long before she recovered. At length the joyful news arrived which enabled her to rejoin her husband, and in company with her father and other friends, she repaired to Bristol, where Mr. Fanshawe met her with open arms, and as an earnest of better fortune put into her hands a hundred pieces of gold, saying, 'I know thou that keepest my heart so well, will keep my fortune, which from this time I will ever put into thy hands as God shall bless me with increase.'

In every part of this simple and delightful narrative, we meet with some beautiful trait of womanly feeling. Nothing can be more charming than the expression of her joy on again meeting her husband, and in these hopeful circumstances. She thought herself a queen, she says, and esteemed her husband as a glorious crown, rejoicing more to be called by his name than to be a princess. Equally delightful is the anecdote she tells of her first and last attempt to become a politician. Lady Rivers, 'a brave woman,' who had suffered considerably in her fortune by a devoted attachment to the royalist party, thought, it seems, that she might greatly increase her knowledge of state affairs by means of the young and amiable wife of the secretary. To this end she began to inspire her with a desire of rivalling the celebrity of Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, and other female ministers of state, and she so far succeeded, that on the occasion of letters coming from the queen, at Paris, Mrs. Fanshawe was induced to try her husband's affection by a new and formidable test—that is, whether his duty to his master was proof against the supplicating curiosity of his wife. But we must let her tell the story in her own words:

'I that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth what news, began to think there was more in inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it being a fashionable thing would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I was. When my husband returned home from council, after welcoming him, as his custom ever was, he went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more; I followed him; he turned hastily and said, "What wouldst thou have, my life?" I told him, I heard the Prince had received a packet from the Queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it; he smilingly replied, "My love, I will immediately come to thee, pray thee go, for I am very busy:" when he came out of his closet I revived my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew, but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed, I cried, and he went to sleep; next morning early, as his custom was, he called to rise, but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed, and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly and went to court; when he came home to dinner he presently

came to me as was usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said, "thou dost not care to see me troubled;" to which he taking me in his arms, answered, "My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that, and when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee, for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed, but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the Prince's affairs; and pray thee with this answer rest satisfied." So great was his reason and goodness, that upon consideration it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death I never thought fit to ask him any business, but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family.'---pp. 51—53.

From Bristol they removed to the Scilly Islands, to Jersey, and subsequently Caen, from whence Mrs. Fanshawe was dispatched by her husband to London to seek for money, and they both of them shortly after visited the unfortunate Charles at Hampton Court. An affecting account is given of the last interview which they had with the fallen monarch. Mrs. Fanshawe wept and prayed for his preservation, but he answered, 'Child, if God pleaseth it shall be so, but both you and I must submit to God's will, and you know in what hands I am in:' to her husband he said, 'Be sure, Dick, to tell my son all that I have said, and deliver those letters to my wife; pray God bless her! I hope I shall do well:' and embracing him, he continued, 'thou hast ever been an honest man, and I hope God will bless thee, and make thee a happy servant to my son, whom I have charged in my letter to continue his love, and trust to you;' and thus with promises of still greater favour if brighter times should come, he dismissed them; nor could there, perhaps, be anywhere found two more truly affectionate or devoted servants of either Charles or his son.

After parting with the king they returned to France, whence Mrs. Fanshawe was again obliged to return alone in search of means to restore their exhausted finances. To do this she sold three hundred a year for four thousand pounds, which she says was spent in seven years' time in the king's service, adding, 'and to this hour I repent it not, I thank God.' After this they resided for six months in Ireland, enjoying some little respite from trouble and danger, but at last, Cork, at which place our author was lying ill with a broken wrist, revolted. Her husband was providentially absent at the time, and with admirable dexterity and presence of mind, she informed him of the danger by a letter, packed up his cabinet, all his writings, money to the amount of a thousand pounds in gold and silver, and every thing which was of value in the house. She then, about three o'clock in the morning, hastened to the commander of the republican forces, and 'by the light of a taper,' and suffering the acutest pain, passed through long files of armed soldiers into the market-place, where she found their leader, and had the good luck to obtain a pass for herself and family.

Having hired a neighbour's cart, and got a couple of horses, she set off at five o'clock in the morning, a November morning, with her little daughter, her sister, three maids, and two men, and to her great joy arrived at Kinsale, where her husband was, in perfect safety.

A few days after the above occurrence, an order arrived from the king for Mr. Fanshawe to proceed immediately to the court of Philip IV. of Spain. In order to fulfil this mission, they took their passage on board a Dutch vessel bound for Malaga, taking their lodgings sometime previous to their departure, at Galway, where the plague had been lately raging with great violence, and was hardly yet subdued. The master of the house, in bidding them farewell, observed that he had buried nine persons out of it within the last six months. Our author says, that she left Ireland in a miserable condition, but only as it had been in the reign of most kings. 'God knows why,' she adds, 'but the natives seem to me a very loving people to each other, and constantly false to all strangers, the Spaniards only excepted.' Of the Dutch, she appears not to have had so favourable an idea, for she says that they had prosperous winds on their voyage, but 'a most tempestuous master, a Dutchman, which is enough to say, but, truly, I think the greatest beast I ever saw of his kind.' A few lines farther on, we have one of the many reasons which gave occasion to this violent hatred of the fair writer to the natives of Holland. Soon after they had passed the straits, they were threatened by a Turkish galley, well manned, and having every appearance of being more than a match for the over-laden merchantman, though armed with sixty guns. The commander, however, drank brandy, and ordered the ladies to be stowed away; 'this beast,' says the fair writer, 'had locked me up in the cabin!' and then prepared for the combat. The Turk, on seeing the warlike array of his intended prize, would not venture the attack, and Mr. Fanshawe, who had taken his arms, was about to return to his cabin, when, to his utter surprise, he found his gentle little wife had been prepared to fight by his side in the 'tarred coat and blue thrum cap' of the cabin boy; which, having effected her escape by much knocking and crying, she obtained the loan of for half-a-crown. There is something very amusing in the account which she gives of her first arrival in Spain.

'In the beginning of March we all landed, praised be God, in Malaga, very well and full of content to see ourselves delivered from the sword and plague, and living in hope that we should one day return happily to our native country; notwithstanding, we thought it great odds, considering how the affairs of the King's three kingdoms stood; but we trusted in the providence of Almighty God, and proceeded.

'We were very kindly entertained by the merchants, and by them lodged in a merchant's house, where we had not been with our goods three days, when the vessel that brought us thither, by the negligence of a cabin

boy, was blown up in the harbour, with the loss of above a hundred men and all our lading.

'After we had refreshed ourselves some days, we went on our journey towards Madrid, and lodged the first night at Velez Malaga, to which we were accompanied by most of the merchants. The next day we went to Grenada, having passed the highest mountains I ever saw in my life, but under this lieth the finest valley that can be possibly described, adorned with high trees and rich grass, and beautified with a large deep clear river over the town, and this standeth the goodly vast palace of the King's, called the Alhambra, whose buildings are, after the fashion of the Moors, adorned with vast quantities of jasper-stone; many courts, many fountains, and by reason it is situated on the side of a hill, and not built uniform, many gardens with ponds in them, and many baths made of jasper, and many principal rooms roofed with the mosaic work, which exceeds the finest enamel I ever saw. Here I was showed in the midst of a very large piece of rich embroidery made by the Moors of Grenada, in the middle as long as half a yard, of the true tirian dye, which is so glorious a colour, that it cannot be expressed: it hath the glory of scarlet, the beauty of purple, and is so bright, that when the eye is removed upon any other object it seems as white as snow.

'The entry into this great Palace is of stone, for a Porter's-lodge, but very magnificent, though the gate below, which is adorned with figures of forest-work, in which the Moors did transcend. High above this gate was a bunch of keys cut in stone likewise, with this motto: 'Until that hand holds those keys, the Christians shall never possess this Alhambra.' This was a prophecy they had, in which they animated themselves, by reason of the impossibility that ever they should meet. But see, how true there is a time for all things. It happened that when the Moors were besieged in that place by Don Fernando and his Queen Isabella, the King with an arrow out of a bow, which they then used in war, shooting the first arrow as their custom is, cut that part of the stone that holds the keys, which was in fashion of a chain, and the keys falling, remained in the hand underneath. This strange accident preceded but a few days the conquest of the town of Grenada and kingdom.

'They have in this place an iron grate, fixed into the side of the hill, that is a rock: I laid my head to the key-hole and heard a noise like the clashing of arms, but could not distinguish other shrill noises I heard with that, but tradition says it could never be opened since the Moors left it, notwithstanding several persons had endeavoured to wrench it open, but, that they perished in the attempt. The truth of this I can say no more to; but that there is such a gate, and I have seen it.'—pp. 94—98.

On going from St. Sebastian to Hantz, on board a small French vessel, they were overtaken by a terrible storm in the Bay of Biscay, which is described with great natural pathos. For ten days and nights it continued to rage with fearful violence. It was 'a hurricane which drew the vessel up from the water;' the sailors are described as running, 'swearing about like devils,' while any hope remained, and 'when that failed them, they ran into holes, and let the ship drive where it would.' On the third night, the storm suddenly ceased, but the joy which they began to feel was

instantly stopped by the discovery that in the tumult of the tempest the compass had been lost, and the crew again set up 'such horrible lamentations, as were as dismal as the storm past.'

Many of these graphic descriptions occur throughout the volume; nothing, indeed, can be more amusing than the whole account which she gives of her several journies, which were as full of incident, and frequently of peril, as any of which we read in much more formidable narratives.

On arriving at Calais, our author bid her husband farewell, and proceeded to England, where she could much more safely transact his affairs than he could himself. But she had not been long arrived, before she had the grief to learn that their separation, owing to the state of the king's affairs, and the disposition of his ministers, must be for some time, and for seven months she remained closely immured in a lodging, and receiving only four letters during the whole time. At the expiration of this period, news was brought her of the battle of Worcester, and she suffered the unspeakable anguish of not knowing, for three days, whether her husband was alive or dead. At last, the *news-book* arrived, and she learned he was a prisoner. She was then in the country, but on receiving this intelligence, immediately hastened to London. This is the most interesting part of the narrative.

'Then with some hopes I went to London, intending to leave my little girl Nan, the companion of my troubles, there, and so find out my husband wheresoever he was carried; but upon my coming to London, I met a messenger from him with a letter, which advised me of his condition, and told me he was very civilly used, and said little more, but that I should be in some room at Charing-cross, where he had promise from his keeper that he should rest there in my company at dinner-time; this was meant to him as a great favour. I expected him with impatience, and on the day appointed provided a dinner and room, as ordered, in which I was with my father and some more of our friends, where, about eleven of the clock, we saw hundreds of poor soldiers, both English and Scotch, march all naked on foot, and many with your father, who was very cheerful in appearance, who after he had spoken and saluted me and his friends there, said, 'Pray let us not lose time, for I know not how little I have to spare; this is the chance of war; nothing venture, nothing have; so let us sit down and be merry whilst we may;' then taking my hand in his and kissing me, 'Cease weeping, no other thing upon earth can move me; remember we are all at God's disposal.'

'Then he began to tell how kind his Captain was to him, and the people as he passed offered him money, and brought him good things, and particularly Lady Denham, at Boston-house, who would have given him all the money she had in her house, but he returned her thanks, and told her he had so ill kept his own, that he would not tempt his governor with more, but if she would give him a shirt or two, and some handkerchiefs, he would keep them as long as he could for her sake. She fetched him two smocks of her own, and some handkerchiefs, saying she was ashamed to give him them, but, having none of her sons at home, she desired him to wear them.

'Thus we passed the time until order came to carry him to Whitehall, where, in a little room yet standing in the bowling-green, he was kept prisoner, without the speech of any, so far as they knew, ten weeks, and in expectation of death. They often examined him, and at last he grew so ill in health by the cold and hard marches he had undergone, and being pent up in a room close and small, that the scurvy brought him almost to death's door.

'During the time of his imprisonment, I failed not constantly to go, when the clock struck four in the morning, with a dark lantern in my hand all alone and on foot, from my lodging in Chancery Lane, at my cousin Young's, to Whitehall, in at the entry that went out of King Street into the bowling-green. There I would go under his window and softly call him, he, after the first time excepted, never failed to put out his head at the first call, thus we talked together, and sometimes I was so wet with the rain, that it went in at my neck and out at my heels. He directed how I should make my addresses, which I did ever to their general, Cromwell, who had a great respect for your father, and would have bought him off to his service upon any terms.

'Being one day to solicit for my husband's liberty for a time, he bid me bring the next day a certificate from a physician, that he was really ill. Immediately I went to Dr. Batters, that was by chance both physician to Cromwell and to our family, who gave me one very favourable in my husband's behalf. I delivered it at the Council Chamber, at three of the clock that afternoon, as he commanded me, and he himself moved, that seeing they could make no use of his imprisonment, whereby to lighten them in their business, that he might have his liberty upon four thousand pounds bail, to take a course of physic, he being dangerously ill. Many spake against it, but most Sir Henry Vane, who said he would be as instrumental for aught he knew, to hang them all that sat there, if ever he had an opportunity, but if he had liberty for a time, that he might take the engagement before he went out; upon which Cromwell said, 'I never knew that the engagement was a medicine for the scorbutic.' They, hearing their General say so, thought it obliged him, and so ordered him his liberty upon bail. His eldest brother and sister Bedell, and self, were bound in four thousand pounds; and the latter end of November he came to my lodgings, at my cousin Young's. He there met many of his good friends and kindred, and my joy was inexpressible, and so was poor Nan's, of whom your poor father was very fond.'—pp. 114—119.

Sir Richard and our authoress now went to reside in the country, and, during his retirement, the former employed his leisure in translating Camoens. But he still felt the iron hand of his enemies, and was obliged repeatedly to appear before the council, till he at length got liberty to go to Paris, whither it was intended Lady Fanshawe should follow him. She accordingly prepared herself and family for the journey, but on requesting a passport, found no intercession could persuade the Council to grant her one. Again, therefore, she was obliged to employ her woman's wit, which she did to no little advantage. Having dressed herself as meanly as she could, she went to the passport office, and demanded a pass for herself as Ann Harrison, the wife of a young

merchant in France. The man could not deny the truth of her plain account of herself, and only told her it would cost five shillings; 'said I,' she continues, 'that is a great sum for me, but pray put in a man, my maid, and three children! all which he did, telling me a malignant would give him five pounds for such a pass.' Having obtained this valuable treasure, the next point was to make it available to her purpose. For this, she immediately, on getting to her lodgings, changed the great H into two ff's, the rr's into an n, and so on till she saw her maiden name of Harrison again changed into that of Fanshawe, as neatly as it was before done by a few words at the altar. The contrivance succeeded to her heart's content. She hired a barge that evening for Gravesend, and from thence proceeded to Dover, where her passport was examined, and only occasioned an expression of surprise that it should have been granted to 'so great a malignant.' She arrived at Calais safe, from a voyage of eleven hours! and after a short stay in France, again returned to England for the accustomed purpose of all her journies, namely to raise funds, which in those days, even when possessed, were not always at the command of their owners. On her return, however, to the continent, the joyful news shortly reached them of the King's restoration, and a bright prospect was now opened them of speedily reaping the reward due to the long and hard-tried fidelity of both these devoted friends of the unfortunate Charles and his son. The King immediately promised Sir Richard the office of one of the Secretaries of State, which promise, however, was broken through the influence of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, who meets with the special reprobation of her ladyship for his conduct to her husband; 'that false man,' says she, 'made the King break his word for his own accommodation, and placed Mr. Norris, a poor country gentleman, of about 200*l.* a year, a fierce presbyterian, and one that never saw the King's face.'

This was one of those instances in which Charles might, perhaps, be fairly accused of ingratitude. That he could reward all who had followed him in his exile was not probable—that he could place all in the highest offices of the State was not possible. The hue and cry, indeed, which appears to have been set up by the royalists after places and pensions, as soon as the king was restored, was not the most creditable part of their procedures. We are compelled to believe, that the greater number who did so had only thrown a bad lot into the troubled stream, in the hope that the fury of the torrent might by chance throw them up a better. But there were many whom private interest could never have influenced either one way or the other; who never sought a reward for their services, which, in truth, belonged not so much to their king as to their country, and who, therefore, merited the gratitude of the restored monarch, and the highest trusts which circumstances enabled him to confer. The culpable part of Charles's conduct

was that he neglected to employ the means he possessed for properly rewarding his attached followers; that he suffered himself to be influenced by different motives to those which should have been paramount to all others in his mind; and, as in the case of Sir Richard Fanshawe, allowed some domineering minister or favorite to make him forget the services which had been rendered him when he stood most in need of friends and counsellors.

The Duke of York, the new-made admiral of the fleet, appointed the *Speedwell*, a third-rate frigate, to bring home Sir Richard and his family, but the king desired them to come on board his own vessel, which they did on the 23d of May, and set sail at four o'clock the same morning. Great, indeed, seems to have been our author's delight at this voyage. The calm sea, the nobleness of the ships, the great company, and magnificent appearance of the whole rejoicing country, from Dover to Whitehall, filled her with joy. The entry of the monarch into London was, she says, 'the most pompous show that ever was, for the hearts of all men in this kingdom moved at his will.'

Though disappointed of the particular appointment which had been promised, Sir Richard Fanshawe was not without considerable favour at the court. His majesty gave him his picture, taken when he was a child, and set round with small diamonds. We must pass over the complaints of our author regarding political affairs, and the rivalships of the ministers, and only mention that her husband was at last appointed ambassador to Portugal, and set out for his destination on the 10th of August. A very particular journal appears to have been kept by her ladyship as to where they dined every day, and slept every night, but as this is not very different from what a modern lady would write in her note-book on a journey, it is sufficient to say that they landed at Lisbon, August 31, 1662. The reception of our author at court is amusingly described.

'Saturday, the 14th, her Majesty sent her best coach for me and my children. When we came there, the captain of the guard received me at the foot of the stairs; all my people going before me, as the custom is. On each side were the guards placed, with halberds in their hands, as far as the presence-chamber door. There I was received by the queen's lord chamberlain, who carried me to the door of the next room, where the queen was. Then the queen's principal lady, as our groom of the stole, received me, telling me she had command from the queen to bid me welcome to that Court, and to accompany me to her Majesty's presence. She sat in the next room, which was very large, in a black velvet chair, with arms, upon a black velvet carpet, with a state of the same. She had caused a low chair, without arms, to be set at some distance from her, about two yards on her left hand, on which side stood all the noblemen; on her right, all the ladies of the Court.

'After making my reverences due to her Majesty, according to custom, and said those respects which became me to her Majesty, she sat down; and when I presented my daughters to her, she, having expressed much

grace and favour to me and mine, bade me sit down, which at first I refused, desiring to wait on her Majesty, as my queen's mother; but she pressing me again, I sat down; and then she made her discourse of England, and asked questions of the queen's health and liking of our country, with some little hints of her own and her family's condition, which having continued better than half an hour, I took my leave. During my stay at Court I several times waited on the queen-mother; truly she was a very honourable wise woman, and I believe had been very handsome. She was magnificent in her discourse and nature, but in the prudentest manner; she was ambitious, but not vain; she loved government, and I do believe the quitting of it did shorten her life.

'After saluting the ladies and noblemen of the Court, I went home as I came. The next day the secretary of state and his lady came to visit me: she had, at my arrival, sent me a present of sweetmeats. My husband had left in this person's family one of his pages to improve himself in writing and reading the Spanish tongue, until his return again to that Court, when he went the last year to England, in consideration of which we presented his lady with a piece of India plate, of about 200*l.* sterling. They were both very civil, worthy persons, and had formerly been in England, where the king, Charles the First, had made his son an English baron. She told me in discourse one day this of a French ambassador, that had lately been in that Court, and lodged next to her.'—pp. 155—158.

In the August of the following year they returned to England, and Sir Richard, in reward for his services in Portugal, was made a privy counsellor; the warrant for swearing him in arriving while they were at dinner at her sister's, not the minutest circumstance, which is a great charm in this truly personal natrative, being omitted in the detail of events.

After having a short time enjoyed the honour of his offices of privy counsellor, master of requests, and Latin Secretary, Sir Richard was sent out Ambassador to Spain, and the narrative of this expedition forms the largest portion of the volume. They arrived at Cadiz, in February, 1664, and were received with great honour by all the authorities. The governor informed the ambassador that the king had ordered, as a mark of extraordinary honor, that he should receive the first salutation of the ships and forts, and that he was to be entertained at all the places through which he passed in the best manner possible, and at his Majesty's expense. Nor was less honour paid to the ambassadress. The Duke of Albuquerque having called with his brother to offer her his compliments, and having seated himself covered in her presence, said, 'Madame, I am Don Juan de la Cueva, Duke of Albuquerque, Viceroy of Milan, of his majesty's privy council, general of the galleys, twice grandee, the first gentleman of his majesty's bed chamber, and a near kinsman to his Catholic Majesty, whom God preserve;' after saying which, he rose, and making a profound bow with his hat off, he concluded his most royal speech by adding, 'these, with my family and life, I lay at your excellency's feet.'

Having enjoyed for some days at Cadiz all the honours that can be bestowed on the representatives of royalty, they proceeded on their journey towards Madrid, receiving at every place through which they passed the same demonstrations of respect. Feasts and processions, Persian carpets, gold and silver plate, dukes and marquisses, appear in profusion in this gay and glittering narrative, which forms a striking contrast to the tale of distress and anxiety which occupied the previous part of the volume. The description of her husband's retinue on going to an audience with the king, is too good a specimen of our author's taste for this kind of painting, to be omitted.

'About 11 o'clock set forth out of his lodgings my husband thus: first went all those gentlemen of the town and palace that came to accompany him, then went twenty footmen all in new liveries of the same colour we used to give, which is a dark green cloth with a frost upon green lace; then went my husband's gentlemen, and next before himself his comaradoes two and two.

Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Lorim,
Mr. Godolphin, Sir Edward Turner,
Sir Andrew King, Sir Benjamin Wright,
Mr. Newport and Mr. Bertie.

Then my husband, in a very rich suit of clothes of a dark fillemonte brocade laced with silver and gold lace, nine laces, every one as broad as my hand, and a little silver and gold lace laid between them, both of very curious workmanship; his suit was trimmed with scarlet taffety ribbon; his stockings of white silk upon long scarlet silk ones; his shoes black, with scarlet shoe-strings and garters; his linen very fine, laced with very rich Flanders lace; a black beaver, buttoned on the left side, with a jewel of twelve hundred pounds value. A rich curious wrought gold chain, made in the Indies, at which hung the King his Master's picture, richly set with diamonds, cost 300*l.* which his Majesty, in great grace and favour, had been pleased to give him at his coming home from Portugal. On his fingers he wore two rich rings; his gloves trimmed with the same ribbon as his clothes. All his whole family were very richly clothed, according to their several qualities. Upon my husband's left hand rode the Marquis of Malpica, Captain of the German guard, and the Major-domo to his Majesty, being that week in waiting: by him went all the German guard, and by them my husband's eight pages, clothed all in velvet, the same colour as our liveries; next them followed his Catholic Majesty's coach, and my husband's coach of state, with four black horses, the finest that ever came out of England, none going in this Court with six but the King himself. The coach was of rich crimson velvet, laced with a broad silver and gold lace, fringed round with a massy silver and gold fringe, and the falls of the boot so rich that they hung almost down to the ground: the very fringe cost almost four hundred pounds. The coach was very richly gilt on the outside, and very richly adorned with brass work, with rich tassels of gold and silver, hanging round the top of the curtains round about the coach. The curtains were of rich damask, fringed with silver and gold; the harness for six horses was richly embossed with brass work; the reins and tassels for the horses of crimson silk, silver and gold. This coach is said

to be the finest that ever entered Madrid with any Ambassador whatsoever. Next to this followed the French Ambassador's coach, then my husband's second coach, which was of green figured velvet, with green damask curtains, handsomely gilt, adorned on the outside, with harness for six horses, suitable to the same. The four horses were fellows to those that drew the rich coach when we went out of town, using always six: after this followed my husband's third coach, with four mules, being a very good one, according to the fashion of this country; then followed many coaches of particular persons of this Court.'—pp. 213—217.

Equally sparkling are the accounts given of the various sights and grand festivals which they emplcyed their leisure in seeing, and which lost none of their charms in being viewed by a woman full of good nature, ready to imbue every object she saw with the gay colours of her lively imagination.

But there is a deep pathos in this little history which adds infinitely to its value. In their young days this excellent woman and her husband had to endure most of the distresses which can assail existence. A fair and even brilliant prospect opened before them as they took the downward turn of life. Their spirits were unsubdued, their love unlessened, and both had good consciences, light hearts, and ingenuous minds, to keep the splendour of public life free from the gloom of inward discontent. There is something exquisitely delightful in the tenderness of feeling which is every instant breaking out in the author's gayest description of the gayest scenes. She evidently enjoyed them as much as woman can enjoy gaiety and splendour, but her husband is always the principal figure in the picture; and his goodness and love the charm of everything she enjoyed. It is with sad thoughts, therefore, we read shortly after, a detail of all the honors and attentions which were lavished on the ambassador, that he was taken ill of an ague which soon turned to a malignant inward fever, of which, in a few days, he died, and only a fortnight before he intended to return to England; no language could so well express the feelings of the lonely and disconsolate widow, as that of the prayer into which she bursts the instant after having simply mentioned the sudden circumstance of her husband's death.

'O all powerful good God, look down from Heaven upon the most distressed wretch upon earth. See me with my soul divided, my glory and my guide taken from me, and in him all my comfort in this life; see me staggering in my path, which made me expect a temporal blessing for a reward of the great integrity, innocence, and uprightness of his whole life, and his patience in suffering the insolency of wicked men, whom he had to converse with upon the public employment, which thou thoughtest fit, in thy wisdom, to exercise him in. Have pity on me, O Lord, and speak peace to my disquieted soul, now sinking under this great weight, which, without thy support, cannot sustain itself. See me, O Lord, with five children, a distressed family, the temptation of the change of my religion, the want of all my friends, without counsel, out of my country, without any means to return with my sad family to our own country, now in war with

most part of Christendom. But, above all, my sins, O Lord, I do lament with shame and confusion, believing it is them for which I receive this great punishment. Thou hast showed me many judgments and mercies, which did not reclaim me, nor turn me to thy holy conversation, which the example of our blessed Saviour taught. Lord, pardon me; O God, forgive whatsoever is amiss in me; break not a bruised reed. I humbly submit to thy justice; I confess my wretchedness, and know I have deserved not only this but everlasting punishment: but, O my God, look upon me through the merits of my Saviour, and for his sake save me: do with me and for me what thou pleasest, for I do wholly rely on thy mercy, beseeching thee to remember thy promises to the fatherless and the widow, and enable me to fulfil thy will cheerfully in this world; humbly beseeching thee that, when this mortal life is ended, I may be joined with the soul of my dear husband, and all thy servants departed this life in thy faith and fear, in everlasting praises of thy Holy Name. Amen.'---pp. 284---287.

Lady Fanshawe immediately returned to England and employed her time in superintending the education of her children. Her character appears to the end in the most amiable light, and is a model of female excellence in the most trying and opposite of situations.

There is a very well written introductory memoir prefixed to the volume by the Editor, who merits the gratitude of the public for the manner in which he has executed his interesting undertaking.

ART. VIII.—*Simplicity of Health, Exemplified.* By Hortator. Mr. Abernethy's character of this work is inserted by his permission. Second Edition, greatly enlarged. pp. 264. London: E. Wilson, Royal Exchange. 1829.

AMONG the mental disorders arising out of a continued and continuing state of ignorance and idleness, we know none so pertinaciously progressive as the passion for medical prescribing. Even the proverbial *cacoethes scribendi* falls infinitely short of imparting to the person affected therewith so impressive an air, accompanied by the grave look, the keen glistening eye, the tension of the facial muscles, the oracular attitude of body, the half-opened lips, and the tongue quivering for utterance, which indicate that the mind is wound up to the highest pitch of morbid interest. A patient in this disease, with a head full of recipes, must get rid of their goading stimulus by prescribing, or there is considerable hazard of some still more serious derangement of intellect being superinduced. To remain quietly by, and see people eating, drinking, sitting, walking, or doing any thing else in an ordinary manner, is to such a patient impossible. Every thing must be done by recipe; every movement and every position must be regulated by the adopted whim of the prescriber, or the transgressors have administered to them, in unmeasured doses, the comfortable assurance that they will speedily bring upon themselves all the diseases in the Nosology; nay, even their death-warrant may be pronounced without hesitation by the same weighty authority.

We have hitherto met with this increasing species of mania, chiefly among old women, who being themselves beset with a thousand nameless disorders, for which they are always under some course of drugging, find no great difficulty in arriving at the persuasion that others are similarly afflicted, or at least ought in all conscience to be so; and, of course, that every person whom they happen to meet, should have the benefit of their experience. We gave a pretty strong sketch of the proceedings of this class of persons in our number for March; but we certainly did not anticipate the apparition of a goodly octavo volume, like the one now before us, from a member of the fraternity—and what is more singular, a male member too—the secretary, mayhap, to the Old Woman's Prescribing Society; though, with a modesty altogether surprising in such a personage, he has determined to 'wear his honours meekly,' by concealing his name, titles, and heraldric bearings.

That his book has sold, we are not at all surprised, seeing that it is published close by the Royal Exchange, the very hot-bed of metropolitan quackery, in all its multifarious shapes; for, extraordinary as it may sound to many of our readers, our shrewdest and most intelligent merchants—those whom it would be almost impossible to cheat or over-reach in a bargain about goods—will listen with ready ears, and believe the most bare-faced impositions of pretenders to medical skill. Merchants also are exceedingly subject to those minor derangements of health, which fret and annoy the patient, without being severe enough to confine him to his bed or even to his house, and these are precisely the sort of complaints which a quack delights to meet with, as he can give them what terrific names he pleases, and infer from a few indefinite symptoms a train of fatal diseases which will require a long course of his most expensive nostrums to counteract. It is not our intention at present to enter at length upon the causes of these minor disorders which prevail among the mercantile classes, though it must be obvious that they often originate in the anxiety of mind unavoidably consequent upon speculations, losses, and the various fluctuations of success and disappointment incident to commerce, as well as to counting-house confinement, all of which cannot fail to affect injuriously the stomach, the liver, and the head.* Merchants besides are much inclined to conviviality, and frequently indulge in good dinners and good wine, when, from the preceding causes, they are ill able to digest them. It requires no prophet to predict the certain effects of all this; and when disorders are thus produced, the quack, who promises a speedy cure without confinement or hindrance of business, is usually preferred to the regular practitioner. In what manner an honourable man of the latter class would treat such patients, is so strikingly exemplified by the following anecdote, which occurred with the late celebrated Dr. Gre-

* See Monthly Review for Feb. 1829, p. 161.

gory, of Edinburgh, that, though it is somewhat long, we are tempted to give it entire; the more so, that we can vouch for the facts, though not for the precise words, to which the narrator has perhaps imparted a few touches of his own peculiar humour. We may premise that the patient was a Glasgow merchant, and strongly characterised by the habits of life which prevailed about ten or a dozen years ago in that city. The consultation ran thus:

'" *Patient.* Good morning Dr. Gregory, I'm just come into Edinburgh about some law business, and I thought when I was here at ony rate I might just as weel take your advice sir, anent my trouble."

'" *Doctor.* And pray what may your trouble be my good sir?"

'" *Pa.* 'Deed Doctor, I'm no very sure, but I'm thinking its a kind of weakness that makes me dizzy at times, and a kind of pinkling about my stomach.—I'm no just right."

'" *Dr.* You're from the west country, I should suppose sir?"

'" *Pa.* Yes sir, from Glasgow."

'" *Dr.* Aye:—pray sir, are you a gourmand—a glutton?

'" *Pa.* God forbid sir, I'm one of the plainest living men in all the west country."

'" *Dr.* Then perhaps you're a drunkard?"

'" *Pa.* No, Dr. Gregory.—Thank God no one can accuse me of that, I'm of the dissenting persuasion Doctor, and an elder, so ye may suppose I'm nae drunkard."

'" *Dr. Aside.* [*I'll suppose no such thing, till you tell me your mode of life.*] I'm so much puzzled with your symptoms sir, that I should wish to hear in detail what you do eat and drink, when do you breakfast, and what do you take to it?"

'" *Pa.* I breakfast about nine o'clock. I take a cup of coffee, and one or two cups of tea. A couple of eggs, and a bit of ham, or tripper'd salmon, or may be both, if they'r good, and two or three rolls and butter."

'" *Dr.* Do you eat no honey, or jelly, or jam, to breakfast?"

'" *Pa.* O yes sir, but I don't count that as any thing."

'" *Dr.* Come, this is a very moderate breakfast, what kind of dinner do you make?"

'" *Pa.* O sir, I eat a very plain dinner indeed; some soup, and some fish, and a little plain roast or boiled, for I dinna care for made dishes, I think someway they never satisfy the appetite."

'" *Dr.* You take a little pudding then, and afterwards some cheese?"

'" *Pa.* O yes—tho' I dont care much about them."

'" *Dr.* You take a glass of ale or porter with your cheese?"

'" *Pa.* Yes, one or other, but seldom both."

'" *Dr.* You west country people generally take a glass of Highland whiskey after dinner?"

'" *Pa.* Yes, we do, its good for digestion."

'" *Dr.* Do you take any wine during dinner?"

'" *Pa.* Yes, a glass or two of sherry, but I'm indifferent as to wine during dinner?—I drink a good deal of beer."

'" *Dr.* What quantity of port do you drink?"

'" *Pa.* O very little, not above half a dozen glasses or so."

'" *Dr.* In the west country, it is impossible to dine without punch?"

' " *Pa.* Yes sir, indeed it's punch we drink chiefly, but for myself, unless I happen to have a friend with me, I never take more than a couple of tumblers or so, and that's moderate."

' " *Dr.* O exceedingly moderate indeed! You then, after this slight repast, take some tea and butter and bread?"

' " *Pa.* Yes, before I go to the counting house to read the evening letters."

' " *Dr.* And on your return you take supper, I suppose?"

' " *Pa.* No sir, I canna be said to take supper, just something before going to bed. A rizzer'd haddock, or a bit of toasted cheese, or half a hundred of oysters, or the like o' that, and may be two thirds of a bottle of ale, but I tak no regular supper."

' " *Dr.* But you'll take a little more punch after that?"

' " *Pa.* No sir, punch does not agree with me at bed time, I tak a tumbler of warm whiskey toddy at night, its lighter to sleep on."

' " *Dr.* So it must be no doubt. This you say is your every day life; but upon great occasions you perhaps exceed a little."

' " *Pa.* No sir, except when a friend or two dine with me, or I dine out, which, as I am a sober family man, does not often happen."

' " *Dr.* Not above twice a week?"

' " *Pa.* No, not oftener."

' " *Dr.* Of course you sleep well and have a good appetite."

' " *Pa.* Yes sir—thank God I have.—Indeed any weel harl of health that I hae is about meal time."

' " *Dr.* (*Assuming a severe look, knitting his brows, and lowering his eye.*) Now sir, you are a very pretty fellow indeed: you come here and tell me you are a very moderate man, and I might have believed you, did I not know the nature of the people in your part of the country; but, upon examination, I find by your own shewing, that you are a most voracious glutton; you breakfast in the morning in a style that would serve a moderate man for dinner; and from five o'clock in the afternoon you undergo one almost uninterrupted loading of your stomach till you go to bed. This is your moderation! you told me too another falsehood—you said you were a sober man, yet by your own shewing you are a beer swiller, a dram-drinker, a wine bibber, and a guzzler of Glasgow punch; a liquor, the name of which is associated in my mind only with the ideas of low company and beastly intoxication. You tell me you eat indigestible suppers, and swill toddy to force sleep—I see that you chew tobacco.—Now Sir, what human stomach can stand this? Go home, sir, and leave off your present course of riotous living—take some dry toast and tea to your breakfast—some plain meat and soup for dinner, without adding to it any thing to spur on your flagging appetite; you may take a cup of tea in the evening, but never let me hear of haddocks and toasted cheese, and oysters along with their accompaniments of ale and toddy at night; give up chewing that vile—narcotic—nauseous—abomination, and there are some hopes that your stomach may recover its tone, and you be in good health like your neighbours."

' " *Pa.* I'm sure Doctor I'm very much obliged to you [*taking out a bunch of Bank notes*] I shall endeavour to"———

' " *Dr.* Sir, you are not obliged to me, put up your money, sir,—do you think I'll take a fee from you for telling you what you knew as well

as myself? Though you're no physician sir, you are not altogether a fool. You have read your Bible, and must know that drunkenness and gluttony are both sinful and dangerous, and whatever you may think, you have this day confessed to me that you are a notorious glutton, and drunkard. Go home sir, and reform, or take my word for it your life is not worth half a year's purchase."

(*Exit Patient, dumfounded and looking blue.*)

"'" *Dr. (Solus.)*—Sober and temperate!——Dr. Watt tried to live in Glasgow, and make his patients live moderately, and purged and bled them when they were sick; but it would not do. Let the Glasgow doctors prescribe beef steaks and rum punch, and their fortune is made."'*

Such are the sort of patients who greedily devour the pages of books like the one before us. They find out that their physician laughs in his sleeve at their trivial ailments, even while he so far condescends (as some physicians will do) to play the rogue, and gravely prescribes for them a *placebo* of bread-pills, or a draught of water coloured with saffron or cochineal, and scented belike with rosemary, or (proh pudor!) with assafœtida. It may be well, however, to take a glance at the qualifications, or at least the assumed qualifications of our author for the task he has undertaken. On opening the volume we are met by the following account of his reasons for inditing the book:

'It is natural enough for people to look to the medical profession. That it should have herein any exclusive privilege, I cannot, however, admit. I respect the faculty, and I hope that I justly appreciate their important labours. In the preservation of health, private individuals have often furnished very useful assistance—they have contributed information of the most valuable character, solely derived from unstudied, or, at least, from unprofessional experience.

'We may instance the art of pugilistic training. The faculty had no share in this important *discovery*, although it is so intimately connected with their particular business. To be able to bring a man to the utmost pitch of vigour, strength, wind, hardness of flesh, energy of muscle, and general sound health, must be of great consideration to the physician, yet his science availed nothing in this respect. It was by common men, whose advice we would despise, that those objects were accomplished, which now furnish him with such ample materials for the enlargement of his studies, for the most curious and useful inquiries, and for the basis of the most important experiments. Cornaro was no physician. Yet, since he reduced to practice and infallibility of rule, what was only known before as a general, but not systematized position, he has done more than all the faculty of ancient or modern times united. He is our Euclid of Physic. His maxims are axioms, from which we all may now work in perfect security. He fixed and demonstrated the self-evident principles of corporal sanity, and their important corollaries; and if every one followed his instructions, the physician would be useless, except to children, and the whole therapeutic art beside, must be confined to the surgeon.

'Indeed, if no one presumed beyond the line of his calling, improve-

* Dumfries Courier, Sept. 20th, 1826.

ment would languish most miserably. Tradespeople and journeymen have a great dislike to any extraneous interference in their business, and they laugh at such observations as are not couched in their regular technical language and terms. But we well know that the most important improvements, in artificer's and handicraft work, have been made by the peér and the gentleman. By their studies and intellectual toils, the arts and machinery are centuries in advance. Claude Perault, a physician, produced the finest specimen of modern architecture—the Louvre. And it is upon these considerations, and believing the liberal professions of physic to be above any petty jealousy, that I take leave to offer suggestions for attaining, or opening the way to, health and longevity.

'Now, although I may venture to say that some valuable directions will be found in this little work, yet, as I shall offer nothing but what must appear too simple to involve any hazard, I think it is unnecessary to announce the name of the author—too humble in the scale of society, it could add no weight to the undertaking. In the previous publication I said, that my treatise would not be confined to a single edition—that its merit would be proved by experience; but not having a great name, my progress might be slow. An unusually rapid sale confirmed my first conclusions, and agreeably disappointed the latter. I also said that, as I recommended nothing but what I either proved myself by the test of fair trial, or received from unquestionabe authority, I could not reasonably entertain a doubt of its ultimate success. If I might be charged with vanity for such an assertion, before my work received Mr. ABERNETHY'S important approval, for it was printed without any alteration from the manuscript shewn to him, I may now calculate, with increased confidence, upon the public support.

'From my chidhood I have been extremely curious concerning everything connected with the preservation of health by simple means. Always averse to medicines, my attention has ever been directed towards rendering myself independent of them, and I have most triumphantly succeeded. From books I have derived but little assistance, having seldom met any that were not, whatever the titles might indicate, more devoted to cure than to general prevention. I have, therefore, always set a much higher value on facts coming directly within my own observation.'---pp. 3, 4.

Now we confess that not a little of this sounds very plausible; but when a man talks largely of his own authority for facts, we naturally inquire what the value of his authority may be. We have heard a naval officer assert that he had seen an alligator swallow a stone 70lbs. weight, for the purpose of aiding it in diving!* and we have also heard a gentleman assert that he had seen a surgeon turn a patient's eye out of its socket, and after cleaning it, return it into its place, as an optician would do with the lens of an opera glass!!! Our author, we think, is about equally clear sighted in observing similar extraordinary facts, in consequence, we suppose, of the torrents of cold water which he squirts into his eyes every morning (see pp. 23, 26, 27), and to which we shall presently allude. Amongst these facts, it will no doubt surprise many of our

* Recollections of Venezuela, &c., by an Officer. Page 173.

readers to hear that, he has ascertained coffee to be the cause of cancer in the stomach as well as of inflammatory fever: while tea, as he avers, produces apoplexy, epilepsy, the fear of insanity, [*dementiæ metus*, as he calls it] and even insanity itself. The evidence against coffee is derived from the dissection of Buonaparte and the death of Lord Byron !!! Our readers will no doubt like to see the author's own statement of such important *facts*.

'It is necessary to notice another effect of tea. There is a malady, of which I do not recollect the regular name, though I think I have heard it called *Dementiæ metus*, in which the unhappy sufferer is tormented by an apprehension that he shall become insane. He grows low-spirited, watchful, and distrustful of his own correctness or capability upon the most ordinary occasions. This makes him behave similar to, and exhibit the same anxiety of, a man who has been tippling, and does not wish the effects to be perceived. It no doubt arises from those irregularities in the course of the blood to the head that have been already mentioned, and, as this is felt, the patient, when alarmed, usually leaves off all kinds of strong liquors, from a conviction, natural enough, that they must be injurious. But he never thinks of lowering the strength of his tea or coffee; on the contrary, believing them innocent, it is often increased, in order to rouse and exhilirate him. Yet, perhaps, nothing can be worse in such a case. The object should be to promote a moderate circulation, and abate the secretion of blood; and, strong tea or coffee being particularly calculated for aggravation, the disorder too often proceeds to insanity.

'I cannot resist expressing an opinion that, of the two most celebrated persons who flourished in the present century, one was much injured, and the other lost his life by strong coffee. Though I shall not dispute that Buonaparte died of a cancer in the stomach, I believe that those fits of oblivion or insensibility, to which there can be no doubt that he was subject, were heightened by his unsparing use of that fascinating beverage. The report, on posthumous inspection, stated, that a quantity of something resembling the grounds of coffee were found in his stomach; but I do not mean to call in that circumstance to aid my conclusions. I only mention it as a thing not entirely unworthy of medical consideration.

'As for Lord Byron, I have no hesitation in saying that strong coffee caused his death. His head was one remarkably unsuited to bear it. Let the faculty ponder well upon all the symptoms some time previous to, and during, his last illness—let them consider his general affections and constitution—let them condescend to reflect upon my assertion that the effects may be in progress for years, and then it is not improbable that they would allow my observations some claim to attention.'—pp. 133—135.

His professed inattention to book knowledge has prevented him from adducing the more striking example of Voltaire, who died, if we recollect aright, while holding in his hand the empty coffee-cup whose contents he had just drunk off. Coffee, however, though our author alleges it has to answer for the deaths of two great men, (and we have just helped him to a third) is harmless—quite harmless,—to the dreadful effects of tea, in proportion to the infrequency of cancer in the stomach, compared with the prevalence of apoplexy, epilepsy, and insanity. Listen to the learned secretary of the Old Woman's Club:

'Its power in determining blood to the head is as astonishing as that it should have remained unknown. I cannot hesitate to call it my own discovery, and I feel satisfied that its importance will yet be highly estimated. Long before I had an opportunity of proof, I more than suspected this effect of tea, but I can now speak on the subject with the most perfect confidence.

'The effects of tea are very slow, and consequently the more dangerous and deceptive. It is hardly necessary to say, that I mean strong tea—when taken weak, it is comparatively harmless. Many years may go over without any serious apprehensions, but all the time it is imperceptibly progressing in accomplishing its baneful tendencies. Its effects are different according to the various peculiarities of constitution. Some feel their nerves affected. Those I consider the most fortunate, because they immediately lay it to the right cause—it being generally considered as the principal, if not the only bad consequence from tea. Others have an occasional headache, without knowing that it proceeds from this favourite exotic. From many, it gradually takes away the appetite for breakfast, and in short it is the cause of many complaints, with which it is not supposed to have any connexion. But its quality of preventing sleep, ought to be a convincing proof of its power in disturbing the head. However, as long as it does not affect the nerves, the general opinion is, that it is incapable of doing any other injury. I am anxious to show that this is a very erroneous belief, and perhaps I cannot expose it better, than by relating two cases that fortunately came under my own observation.

'A man of a spare habit, who lived a regular and abstemious life, but who took his tea or coffee for breakfast very strong, found occasionally an uneasy sensation in his head, a strong pulsation or beating, something like an inclination to faint or to go into a state of insensibility. But as it used to be soon over, and as he was long subject to a headache, he did not much mind it. This continued for four or five years, when it assumed a character calculated to excite the most serious alarm. The fits, if they might be so called, increased in duration and intensity, so that the strongest sensations were excited by only closing the teeth or touching the knees together. The sensibility in the head became so delicate, that the least collision of one part of the body with another, caused a sudden dash of what one generally calls a fulness in the head, or rather something like a violent or almost overpowering rush of some fluid or heavy body. It required the greatest exertions to prevent his sinking under these attacks, and he has assured me that he was often tempted to give way to them, but the fear of "falling into nought" prevented him. Besides, being in a public situation, the dread of exposure operated, and the possibility that he might be recovered from the trance with the loss of his senses, which was equally alarming as death, made him unwilling to risk the awful trial. He has sometimes been obliged to sit or stand, without suffering his teeth, or his knees, or legs, to touch each other, or his arms to come in contact with any part of his body, for nearly a minute together, as he perceived that this somewhat moderated those sudden flushes, which threatened to bring him to the ground.

'When such attacks came towards evening, he went to bed as early as he could, finding that keeping the head motionless lessened the accession of flushing. But the last time that he had it very bad, it got worse in

bed—insomuch that, until the access abated, he was afraid to go to sleep, lest he might awaken in another world! It was then that he saw there was no time to lose in seeking for a remedy or palliative. This he felt satisfied could not be done by medicine, as his bowels were always perfectly free, and yet his regularity of living left no change open, unless to discontinue malt drink. But, as he had observed that he was never affected by taking a pint, or even more, of porter or ale, he could expect no relief from abstaining from them. He would have turned his attention to the strong tea and coffee that he used at breakfast, but as his nerves remained remarkably vigorous and steady, he dismissed that idea as altogether erroneous. In the deepest distress of mind he half resolved, as a last resource, to apply to an eminent physician. But he knew that bleeding would be ordered, to which he had a strong objection—believing that repetitions are, in such cases, the inevitable consequence.

'Whilst in this state of appalling indecision, I fortunately saw him. After detailing what I have just given, suspecting that his strong tea and coffee must be the cause of his complaint, I asked him if he were accustomed to take tea in the evening, and he said very seldom. I then begged him to try and recollect if he, latterly, felt those symptoms of hurry and flushing accelerated after evening tea, and he said that he thought he did. To me this was conclusive. From all considerations, I was now satisfied that his strong breakfast, tea and coffee, must be the cause of his complaint, and, by my advice, he reduced them to one-fourth of their usual strength, which left them weak enough.

'The rapid cure that this effected was astonishing. He assured me that in less than a week, the symptoms were so completely eradicated, that, with all the efforts of imagination, he could not perceive the slightest trace of any affection in his head.'—pp. 122—126.

Though scarcely worth our trouble to refute such vague trash as this; yet, as many have a violent prejudice against tea, we shall mention a few facts somewhat better founded than the preceding. That venerable physician Sir Gilbert Blane says, that the substitution of tea for intoxicating liquors would be of the utmost advantage to society, and with this view, he advises the extension of its use in the navy. Those, who declaim against its supposed relaxing property, may be answered by our again asking whether, since the universal use of tea, British courage and hardihood appear, in the late exploits by sea and land, less splendid than at Cressy or La Hogue—whether there is to be found in the results of the battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo, any proof of British nerves being unbraced by the habitual use of tea; and whether the physical and moral energies of our officers and men will not stand a comparison with those of their forefathers, or of their enemies, neither of whom were drinkers of tea. Every body knows that astringents are the most powerful tonic or strengthening medicines which we possess; now as tea is a strong astringent, it is a gross error to say, that it debilitates, or that it contains no nourishment. We have a still more striking proof: Mary Noble of Penrith, Cumberland, lived the 107th year of her age, and, as the intelligent Dr. Barnes informs us, tea was her chief food for the last sixty-five years of her life. When

advanced to a hundred, she was still vigorous and healthy, and was near that age before she used a stick to walk with. Now, what will the slanderers of tea say to this? The fact is indisputable, let them explain it if they can.

We doubt not, indeed, that cases may occur in which individuals may feel the worse for tea, in the same way as there are persons who cannot eat cheese; and Dr. Gall, the founder of the system of phrenology, was thrown into convulsions when he eat mutton; but this would no more deter us from drinking tea than from dining on mutton. "I have seen," says Madame de Sevigné "the Princess de Tarente, take every day twelve cups of tea, infusing it the usual way, but always adding more than a half of boiling water to it. It has cured her, she affirms, of all her evils; and she assures me that her nephew, the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, took *forty cups* every morning!!!" "So many," said Madame de Sevigné; "I should have thought thirty more than enough." "No;" said the Princess, "*forty*, I assure you; he was dying—given up—and the tea has restored him under my very eyes." We need not add another syllable: our author will not find it easy to get over such facts as these, which are worth a waggon load of such rubbish as his.

The learned secretary however, does not, as we have seen, depend altogether on his own authority, but dexterously throws the whole burden of his delinquencies upon the shoulders of Mr. Abernethy, not only on the title page, in the prefixed notice, in the introduction, and in the body of the work, but on the very cover we are presented by a wood-cut, pretending to represent "Hygeia," the Goddess of Health, supporting a scroll thus inscribed,

'Mr.
ABERNETHY'S
character of
this Work
is inserted
by his
permission.'

The puff thus pompously announced says, "Your suggestions and advice are in general judicious, and would, if acted upon, greatly contribute to the preservation of health." The secret, however, of the whole appears to be, that Abernethy, discovering the author to agree with him about his grand hobby of Cornaro, read no farther, but supposed the book was little more than a panegyrical comment upon his own works. Had he looked at the cases of Buonaparte and Byron, they would have "given him pause." But even Abernethy, famous as his name has become, must not be permitted to lord it over fact and philosophy, nor compel the lieges to swallow both his blue pills and his absurdities at the same time. Mr. Abernethy, like many other men of talent, has hit upon a

theory by which he traces every thing, from the smallest scratch to the most terrific sword-wound, and from a little pin's head pimple to the most alarming cancer, to disorder in the organs of digestion. We shall suppose that you scratch your finger by accident—a small scratch, let it be scarcely discernible, and though your stomach and other organs of digestion be all the while sound and strong, no sooner is your finger scratched, than these same organs take alarm at the accident, and begin to twinge and gnaw, and get out of order from sheer terror of threatened danger, of which the finger scratch is an undeniable token. The liver and bile are consequently involved in the effects of the scratch; and as good blood cannot be manufactured without a proper portion of good bile, the blood also becomes deteriorated and corrupted—all by the little scratch upon the finger. The nerves at the same time are put upon the alert, and watch with anxiety for a second attack of scratching, and it will be well if they do not in the bustle begin by pulling and twitching till they give you a violent cramp, or a fit of gout, and end by landing you in a terrible fit of tic douloureux, or a fatal paroxysm of lock-jaw—all, all from a single trifling scratch on the finger. Such is a specimen of Abernethyism, somewhat *en haute*, we confess, but true to the letter, as may be proved by comparing it with the principles maintained in his published works.

With regard to his opinion of old Cornaro, however, the bait, we have no doubt, which entrapped him into a puff opinion respecting the work before us, we should not willingly pass it over without remark. With all deference, then, to Mr. Abernethy's superior discernment, (our author himself must be contented to pass for nobody), he has entirely misunderstood Cornaro's secret, which, we are well convinced, was not so much his attention to a measured quantity of food and drink, as his daily following the old and excellent maxim of 'laugh and grow fat:' Cornaro's whole book, and all the particulars known of his life, show that this was his practical secret for longevity, his universal remedy for all diseases; and how Mr. Abernethy could have missed perceiving it, as he evidently has done, we cannot divine, more particularly as it appears to be his own secret, no less than Carnaro's; for we are persuaded that Mr. Abernethy has been greatly indebted for his good health to his inexhaustible humour, his jovial, laughing, quizzical, broad wit, and the cheerfulness and incessant dance of the spirits and the blood, which these kept, and (we hope) now keep alive in his corporation. Mr. Abernethy is well known to break all his own rules with respect to diet and drink, every day of his life; but he never forgets his jokes, and his laugh, and his gleesome chuckle of genuine and ingenious humour, and these neutralize (if we may speak chemically) the derangements of his digestive organs, caused by accidental finger scratches and potations, pottle deep, during dinner, contrary to the example of Indian savages, horses, and other cattle, which he so strongly recommends all invalids to follow.

Let us 'laugh, then, and grow fat,' and follow the Doctor's practice rather than his precept. Our author has hit upon some little glimpse of the truth respecting that same natural diet, so much dreamt about by fanciful theorists, which we think better worth quoting than his erroneous accounts of Cornaro's leading principles.

'An attempt to shape our living to that which is designated a natural state, is equally absurd as not to eat any thing requiring chewing, in order to save the teeth. But, perhaps, the best argument of all is, that, notwithstanding our numerous temptations to injure the health, and the many maladies we have *created*, unknown to savage nations, the duration of life seems pretty nearly balanced in one state and the other—indeed I think we have generally the advantage in point of longevity.

'I think it quite unnecessary to enter into a discussion upon that superiority over us which savages possess, in some of the senses. If their sight, smelling, and hearing be more acute, it is referable to causes too obvious for disquisition. We cannot have, at once, all the advantages of civil and barbarous life.

'Those who are so enamoured with a state of Nature, may see a valuable specimen of the aborigines of New Holland. They are supposed, by experienced travellers, to be the most uncivilized and unimproved race ever discovered. So impenetrable are they to any alteration either in their comprehension or manners, that their intercourse with our settlements have worked no change amongst them. Their debasement is so great, that the pen would revolt at recording some of their indecencies and disgusting habits. Dogs are far superior to them even in memory, for they will not do that for which they know instant punishment will follow, but the New Hollander seems to be devoid of instruction or education by any means. The only approach that he makes to a rise above the brute creation, is in the use of fire, nor would he know this but for a particular circumstance. A sort of moss, peculiar to the country, kindles by being blown upon when slightly rubbed between two boards. It seems quite unlikely that he could ever have exerted the ingenuity, so common amongst other savages, of the friction of two sticks.

'He chiefly lives on the kangaroo, and some large birds which he easily surprises; and though often sorely distressed by hunger, when he gets abundance, he will throw away what he leaves. I have myself known a dog to hide a surplus of meat, by scraping a hole in a garden and covering it with the earth. But this wretched being seems to have no prescience whatever, and he consequently suffers terrible privations in the winter, such as it is. In that season numbers of those savages are starved to death, and the survivors are so much injured by their improvidence and stupidity, that the term of life is most remarkably abridged. None whom we would call old men are found amongst them,—it is thought that but few of them arrive even to the age of forty.

'Those miserable creatures have a profound horror of darkness. When it is no longer light they run to hide, and, like the goose, they are satisfied if the head only be concealed. On moon-light nights they assemble together, and express their joy by strange gambols, and by exultations, perhaps in gratitude for what they consider a special favour. This appears to be what we would call their religion, or that belief or fear of something supernatural, to which man in every state is prone.'—pp. 14—16.

To follow Nature, however, is undoubtedly, we should say, our very best rule of health, if we could find out what it is, and how we are to do it; but without practical explanation this is always too general a maxim to be turned to useful account, and in this respect it is very like the boasted doctrine of utility, and the general good so glibly talked about, and so little understood by moralists and politicians. It is all very well to tell us to follow Nature for our health, and to attend to the general good, and conform to expediency in our actions; but it is a very different thing to discover how we are to do this in every little action of our lives, and for this plain reason, that we cannot tell whether one action in a hundred will conduce to our health, or be in uniformity with general utility, or, as Paley would have it, with expediency. We are plain practical men, and give no quarter to such pithless and fruitless talking—such mock philosophy, which may do to talk about, and serve Jeremy Bentham, or a college tutor, to write about, but cannot be made to direct our conduct or actions in our every-day life. "Vain man would be wise," says Solomon, "though he be born like a wild ass's colt;" a dead home thrust, we should say, at all these unintelligible doctrines of following Nature, attending to utility and the general good, and conforming ourselves to expediency, when we cannot tell him to do so in any one case; and nobody, not even the men who prate about it, can inform us. The whole of these doctrines, then, we make bold to say, are splendid nothings, quite incapable of being practised by man, woman, or child, and therefore we make no ceremony of kicking them aside, and coming to what all can both understand and practise, if they will take the trouble. The beasts, as they act by instinct, certainly follow Nature; but we, who are, or ought to be, guided by reason, conduct ourselves by art; yet, in respect of health (the subject before us), we often appear less rational than the beasts. Cattle will rarely over-eat themselves, and poison themselves by eating deleterious plants, in the same way as men who are ignorant of the rules of good living, will surfeit themselves with good things, and enjoy what will injure them.

Whether it is most natural for man to live on vegetable or on animal food, or on a portion of both, is a question—an idle one, it must be confessed—but one which has, in all ages, been most keenly discussed, though, as might have been expected, without leading to much useful information. The distinction, indeed, between natural and artificial diet, though it is adopted by some eminent physiologists, and among others by Abernethy,* and Bush of Philadelphia,† seems to us to be altogether founded on a mistaken analogy derived from the instincts of the lower animals, and unphilosophically applied to man. Wild animals select their ap-

* "Abernethy's Lectures on Physiology, and on local Diseases."
† "Bush's Medical Observations."

propriate food by instinct, independent of experience, and it is inferred that man, in a state of nature, would have a similar power. But where, or when, is man found in this state of nature, without reason and experience to guide him, and society to instruct him? The lowest savages yet discovered do not even approach to this fanciful state, upon which is built so much of the false reasoning about natural and artificial food. The lowest savages employ fire in cooking their food; and, according to the decree, that "man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow," all the principal vegetables which he uses for food, are such as are no where found wild, at least in a state fit for food, but have been improved by artificial cultivation. It may be superfluous to mention corn and esculent roots, and fruits, as well known examples of vegetable, now no where to be found wild. The potatoe * is small, bitter, and unpalatable; and the same is true of the wild carrot, and the wild cabbage,† both natives of Britain: the crab-apple is perhaps a still more familiar example. Man, therefore, has no natural food, and for this reason, perhaps, that he is endowed with understanding, and is not dependent on instinct. The doctrine, even as it respects the inferior animals, does not always hold good. A species of American thrush often falls a victim to its eating poisonous berries; and cows, in the early spring, frequently feed on the shoots of the water hemlock, and die in multitudes on the meadows.‡ Wild animals, it is also asserted, are, from living on natural food, exempt from all disease. No assertion could be more false, or improbable. On a similar erroneous analogy, (for all analogies, in natural history are more or less erroneous), it has been attempted to show whether animal or vegetable food is best adapted to our nourishment. The human teeth, however, are unlike those of any other animal, either herbivorous or carnivorous. We have cutting teeth, like the animals which feed on grain and nuts; canine teeth, or tusks, like animals of prey; and grinders, like herbivorous animals, with some little difference in the form of these, as Linnæus has well remarked:‖ but this was to have been expected. By comparing these several kinds of teeth, M. Broussonet inferred, that for every twelve parts of animal food we should eat twenty parts of vegetable food. This, however, is a mere fancy, for, by the same rule, infants should eat twelve parts of animal for eight of vegetable food: a conclusion which even Broussonet would not, we think, admit.¶ The same adaptation for both kinds of food is very remarkable in the motions of the human jaw. In animals of prey, the jaw only moves perpendicularly; in herbivorous

* Molina's Hist. Chili, vol. 2; Brande's Journal, No. 19; Paris Pharmacologia, l. iii.

† Fordyce on Digestion, p. 88. In the time of Henry VIII. neither cabbages, carrots, nor any esculent vegetable grew in England, and before his Queen could have a salad, it had to be imported from Flanders.

‡ Linnæus's Lachesis Lapponica, July 11. ‖ Idem, August 25.

¶ Blumenbach's Physiology,

animals, they only move horizontally, as may be observed in their chewing the cud;—in man, alone, there are both motions of the jaws—the perpendicular for animal food, and horizontal for vegetable food.* Animals also, which feed on vegetables, have four stomachs, while man has only one; like the beasts of prey, and like the hog, which feeds on both animal and vegetable food. The whole of the intestines of the hog, indeed, have a near resemblance to those of a man; and it is important to remark, that they are of an intermediate length, proportionate to the body between the long intestines of herbivorous animals, and the short intestines of animals of prey. One argument, not often brought forward in this controversy, appears to us to be very striking, namely, that all herbivorous animals, not even excepting the ass, are very short-lived, in comparison with man; while many animals of prey can boast of great longevity—as the eagle and the raven,† which are said to live for centuries. Linnæus thinks it one of the chief causes of longevity among the Laplanders, that their food is wholly animal; a conclusion more probable, though directly opposed to that of the advocates for an exclusive vegetable diet.‡ It should seem to follow, then, from considering this controversy impartially, that God intended us to be prepared for every exigency which might happen to us in the varied round of human life; that we might conform to the circumstances of climate and of supply, in which we might be placed; and, in diminishing our powers of instinct, gave us reason to guide us in our choice of food. The Hindoo, therefore, lives and thrives on rice and pepper; the Greenlander lives and thrives on fish and whale oil; some Indian tribes live wholly on the produce of the chase; and the luxurious European must have all the varieties of what is eatable from all quarters of the globe; and all these have much the same share of health and of disease, of longevity and premature death. It appears to us, from this, that confining us exclusively to vegetable food, is a topic only fit for theorists or declaimers, or sentimentalists or poets, and for affording all those doubtful and indistinct notions which are so admirably adapted to writers who round off pretty sentences. The most recent discovery which we have met with in this way, is contained in a book entitled Somatopsychonoologia, in which it is gravely asserted that vegetable diet 'clarifies the intellect,' and produces 'ethereal corruscations of genius.'‖—

* Blumenbach's Physiology, No. 335. † Lachesis Lapponica.

‡ It is not easy to prove the fact; the wit in Hieracles, in order to ascertain it, procured a raven to try!!!—*Facetiæ.*

‖ "Somatopsychonoologia." 8vo. London: R. Hunter, 1823, p. 87. Note. We would say to the author, in the words of his favourite poet Shelley, that

——— "Human pride
"Is skilful to invent most learned names,
"To hide its ignorance."

Following up this principle, the writer has discovered that Dr. Paley was a bad reasoner, because he "was known to be an extravagant gourmandizer," and "often ate a whole shoulder of mutton at one meal." Dr. Johnson too, we suppose must, for the same reason, be ranked low in the scale of genius and rationality, by our somatopsychonoologist, while Dr. Gall, the craniologist, who had an instinctive horror of mutton, will stand high as a man of talents!!

The directions which the author has given for morning washing, are, we think, no less peculiar than bad,—very bad, and calculated to produce the precise complaints which he maintains they will prevent. Listen:—

'No one should rise immediately on awaking, unless well used to it, for custom will do much in all cases; one feels a temporary stupor, which is often succeeded by a slight headache. On awaking, if one be determined or obliged then to get up, he should remain two or three minutes until he be perfectly collected. He should next throw off the quilt, or some of the outside covering, so that he may cool gradually, and remain a minute or two longer; and this is the more necessary if he awake in a heat. He should then proceed to wash himself, dressed only to the waist, it being impossible to do it otherwise effectively.

'Dip the face two or three times in a basin of cold water. The eyes may be either open on immersion, or, as it may be easier on beginning, while under the water. After this, water should be squirted briskly into the eyes by a syringe. On the first trials they may be closed, and opened immediately after the dash, but they will soon be able to bear the shock when open. Water should then be squirted against each ear. You must next, with the hands, and using soap, wash well the armpits, the back of the neck, behind the ears, the arms up to the shoulders, the breast, loins, and entirely round the waist. After having dried well with a coarse cloth, you may finish with a fine towel, and then rub with a hard flesh brush over the body, wherever you can conveniently reach, particularly the chest, arms, abdomen, and small of the back. The arms should then be thrown back very briskly, twenty or thirty times, which will open the chest, and may promote a salutary expectoration. This will, altogether, occupy, even when well accustomed to it, about twelve minutes, but it will be time well bestowed.

'The advantages arising from this are considerable. I say with confidence that it is, when assisted by cleaning the teeth, a certain preventative of that galling pain the tooth ache, and also a cure for those afflicted with it. It will also prevent rheumatism in the limbs and rheumatic affections. It so fortifies and strengthens the system, that those who are long in the practice are not nearly so apt to take cold as others, nor are they so liable to coughs. It clears and improves the sight, and contributes much to its duration. And any benefits, whether real or imaginary, that may be derived from an air-bath, are here attained.'—pp. 23, 24.

'I have before shown how a beginning may be made by directing the water against the eyes shut. Four or five discharges against each eye every morning, will be sufficient, and if the syringe be large, it may be carried backwards and forwards across both, which will be more agreeable than throwing the entire contents into one. In some time after, say about half

in water, the eyes should be bathed with warm water. The simplest way to do this is with a soft linen rag, kept for the purpose. The eyes should then be well dried with a clean towel.

'Sight is so valuable for the enjoyment of life, that its importance is justly appreciated by every one. What I have recommended will augment its strength and durability. It merits the most serious attention. I have no hesitation neither in recommending the syringe and cold water for the ears, every morning—one or two applications to each will suffice. This will serve the hearing, contribute to its duration, and fortify the ears against many complaints to which they are liable.'—p. 27.

How any body who follows such a system can escape ear aches, tooth aches, rheumatisms, &c., we cannot divine. It could be endured we think by none but the descendants (if such there be) of the water-nymph, Undine. It is about equally preposterous with his recommendation of standing as an excellent exercise, in the very face of experience and common sense. As he condescends to tender his advice to ladies, recommending them to stilt up their piano-fortes and work tables breast high, running down stairs to the hall to call servants, with other things of like pith and moment, we cannot resist the temptation of allowing him to exhibit his own nonsense.

'If the conformation of women were not very different from ours, it would be a matter of wonder how so many arrive to old age. Numbers of them living almost entirely on mere slops, seldom eat nourishing food; they lie in bed late, and take no exercise. Few men could long support such continued inanition and inactivity. Yet, after all this, a slight delicate female will tire out a strong man in dancing! Though I have touched on this subject only for the purpose of warning indolent fellows from excusing their lazy propensities by comparative examples drawn from the other sex, it may not be amiss to make an observation for the benefit of the female world.

'Ladies of rank or independence may be said to take no exercise at all, save dancing. When they go out, it is in a carriage; or, if on foot, as it is considered coarse and masculine to walk fast, they move so slowly that exertion is out of the question. When at home they are constantly seated—they have not the exercise of going up and down stairs, or indeed hardly across the room, as a touch of the bell brings up the obsequious domestic. Now I promise them that their health would be improved by smart walking, going up and down stairs, and by standing occasionally. A pianoforte, or a work table, might be readily raised or lowered by a simple contrivance, and by which constant sitting would be obviated. As I am aware that a notion prevails, that standing tends to enlarge or thicken the lower parts of the legs, and to which the ladies will naturally have an objection, I beg to refer them to any eminent gentleman of the faculty, and I am sure I shall be borne out in my assertion that it does not. For I do not insist on constant standing as I have recommended to the sedentary amongst ourselves. I only require that they vary the positions, and I am satisfied that their shape will become more graceful, and generally improved.

'There are many very useless novelties every day introduced, purely

because they are new; and there can be no doubt that a pianoforte which could be elevated to standing height at pleasure, and which should, at the same time, provide for the free management of the pedals, would be an elegant and useful improvement, and one which could not fail to well reward the inventor. It would save the instrument from the intermeddling of children, without the trouble of locking, and might possess other unthought-of advantages. A harp could also be constructed on a similar plan, than which nothing could be better adapted to the display of the female figure.'—pp. 57—58.

The reasons which he deduces for all this, from what he has observed in the instance of coachmen, furnish an exquisite specimen of the utter absurdity which runs through the book.

'Even where sitting is presented in its most attractive and *wholesome* form, it furnishes no desirable result. Let us therefore look to the coachman. He comes forward as a sitter with unquestionably great and uncommon advantages. The nature of his occupation compels him to be constantly in the open air; his arms are unceasingly exercised, by which his chest is opened, and, notwithstanding his position, his legs are in occasional activity. I have seen a young able-bodied coachman obliged to throw off his coat in a most severe frost, being literally sweating from the labour of correcting, what he called, a rogue of a horse. Yet he is by no means an example for him who consults health, or who hopes for longevity. Look at his heavy unwieldy step, and his bloated appearance, after he has been some years in practice. No painter would take him as a model for a fine stout man, and I am sure no doctor would recommend him as a good figure for constitutional sanity. The truth is, that coachmen are far from being a healthy race. There are few of them without some complaint, more or less grave,' and their ruddy, wholesome looking countenances, are generally as deceptious as those of brewers' servants.'—p. 60.

He makes no account, it will be perceived, of the irregular mode of living which coachmen follow; but deduces all from their *sitting* on the coach-box. An admirable fellow, certainly, for thrusting his preposterous advices upon the public. After such a specimen of the sort of 'facts' which he has collected from his 'own observation,' we need not add another syllable in characterising his book as a tissue of the grossest nonsense ever put in print, upon the subject of health. The unintelligible title indeed, —'Simplicity of Health,'—is a very good indication of the trash which it has been selected to designate.

ART. IX.—*A Catalogue of the Library of the College of St. Margaret and St. Bernard, commonly called Queen's College, in the University of Cambridge, methodically arranged.* By Thomas Hartwell Horne. 2 vols. 8vo. Printed for the College.

BIBLIOGRAPHY is a subject so uninteresting to the mass of our readers, that we despair of obtaining much attention, unless we can assuredly and honestly tell them that particular circumstances render the immediate subject of criticism important to

every one who is not absolutely indifferent to the state of literature in this country. To review even a classed catalogue of a college library, which makes no claim to the rank of literary history, is to impose upon ourselves a task of no small difficulty, inasmuch as we have to create and keep alive at every sentence an interest in the topic, under pain of losing the reader's attention. We shall endeavour to sketch the principal systems of Library-Classification, with especial reference to the arrangement now going on in the library at the British Museum, and which is, in fact, identical with the plan adopted in the Catalogue of the Queen's College Books, to which we first call attention. Among those who have studied English history, many otherwise familiar with the name and deeds of Margaret of Anjou, are not aware that in emulation of her royal consort Henry VI. (who had founded King's College, in 1441,) she five years afterwards commenced the foundation of the College of Saint Margaret and Saint Bernard*, in the University of Cambridge, since generally denominated Queen's College.

Through the influence of the first President, Andrew Dokett, in the court of the new sovereign (Edward 4th), what the original foundress had begun was prosecuted, and auspiciously completed, partly by the donations which he procured from several of the most distinguished adherents of the House of York, particularly by the very munificent benefactions of Elizabeth, Queen-Consort of Edward IV., who became the second, or co-foundress of the College, in 1465.

The library of Queen's College is coeval with the erection of the College itself. Mr. Horne gives a long list of the principal contributors during more than three hundred years; amongst them all we find not more than six names which are generally known. John Smith; Dr. Wallis, the Savilian Professor of Mathematics at Oxford; Wasse, (whose erudition obtained the praise of Dr. Burney); Henry Taylor, the Arian, alias Ben Mordecai; Philip, Earl of Hardwicke; and Dr. Isaac Milner, the late President of the College, and Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, in the year 1777; the Rev. David Huges bequeathed more than two thousand volumes, including a very valuable collection of tracts; but even this bequest was surpassed by Dr. Milner's, which amounted to more than three thousand volumes, amongst which were many scarce and important works illustrating the history of the Reformation, and a large portion of the best mathematical treatises of modern Europe. We are here forcibly reminded of a remark that we have often heard from students at Cambridge, on the neglect of the works of the great mathematicians who have unfortunately been born in northern latitudes. Whilst

* The land on which this college was erected was given by Andrew Dokett, he being then Principal of Saint Bernard's Hostle, which also in 1484 he bequeathed to the College.

every library has the works of second and third-rate French mathematicians, those of Leibnitz are not to be found even in Queen's College! his name occurs only once—as the author of "Theodicee." Of the writings of Dr. Gauss, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Gottingen, and who is probably the first mathematician now living in Europe, we only find a French translation of his "Disquisitiones Arithmeticæ," under the title "Recherches Arithmétiques."

The fact, of the German language not being studied in the University, will not account for, and still less justify, these important omissions; nearly all of Leibnitz's works being written either in French or Latin, and Professor Gauss having chiefly used 'the common language of the learned.' We cannot find the name even of Kæstner, who preceded the present occupant of the mathematical chair at Gottingen. Surely his "History of the Mathematics," though written in German, and though wanting the eloquence of Montucla, deserved a place where Bossu has found one. Mr. Rose has made great and meritorious efforts to increase the degree of attention at present paid to the Teutonic philosophers; we hope that ere many years elapse he will find his labours have been effectual, and the beneficial nature of the results will make him glad that they have been so.

We think it quite needless to enter into any arguments for proving the importance of minute and systematic catalogues of large libraries; every one who has been in a great depository of books, with the purpose of studying a particular subject, must have lost much time when he had only an alphabetic list of all the volumes, of which he wanted to consult a portion. To display the manner in which a successful effort at book classification has been made, is to provoke useful attempts at rivalry. To point out omissions and errors, is to assist future labourers in this very useful occupation. Many learned and ingenious men have endeavoured to form systems for the arrangement of libraries. The French have perhaps a greater number than any other people; we shall, in passing, animadvert on their merits. Mr. Horne's grand divisions are, Class I., RELIGION: including, section 1, Treatises on Toleration. Natural Religion. Section 2. Editions of the Bible; Sacred Philosophy; Ecclesiastical Policy; Systematic and Polemical Theology; Hortatory Theology, &c. Section 3. History of Religions. First and second, the Jewish and Christian Religions, including the Reports of the Proceedings of Bible and Missionary Societies, and others, with like objects:—these are followed by an arrangement of the books illustrating Paganism in general,—then, the Greek, Roman, Egyptian, and Persian Mythologies.

The Northern Mythologies would, we presume, have appeared next, if the library had not been quite destitute of books which relate to them; strange it is, that we, who derive the very names of our days from those of the Septentrional idols, should so generally neglect a subject, replete with interest to the historical

inquirer, and so rich in materials which poetical genius might use to the delight of those who have long been wearied with the triteness of classical fables!

The succeeding section on "Mohammedan Religion," begins with an Arabic and Latin edition of the Koran, and ends with Professor Lee's edition of the Controversies between some recent Missionaries, and certain Persian followers of the "Prophet of Mecca."

When we consider how few of the "Pantheons" are written with any other view than the illustration of history, poetry, or antiquities, we demur at the propriety of classing them all with theology.

Peignot absurdly affects to draw out a Bibliographical System, in conformity with Lord Bacon's division of the faculties of the human mind—Memory, Imagination, and Reason.

His three great classes consequently are, HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, and IMAGINATION: under the first of these heads he puts books on the History of Religion, which are immediately followed by those on Natural *History*! *i. e.* descriptions of animals, vegetables, and minerals; under PHILOSOPHY, we find Natural Theology, and Revealed Theology. The class IMAGINATION, begins with Poetry, Treatises on Poetry, and Treatises on *Mythology*, general or particular. The good sense of the present editor has prevented him from falling into the fanciful refinements with which the ingenious Frenchman entangles himself, and confuses his readers.

We still wish, however, that Mr. Horne either had with Leibnitz, Middleton, Brunet, and others, classed Mythology under Polite Literature, or like some other Bibliographers, (such as the authors of the Jena Repertory of Literature, M. Denis, of Vienna, Mr. Harris, of the Royal Institution), with *Antiquities*, which come under the more comprehensive title of HISTORY.

The system observed in the classification of books in the National Library at Paris, agrees with Mr. Horne's in many respects, particularly in the two first classes,—*i.e.* Theology and Jurisprudence. We learn also from M. Peignot (Dictionaire de Bibliologie, vol. 2, p. 208,) that the sub-divisions of the five classes are twenty-three in number, to each of which, a letter of the alphabet is attached, and to each letter numbers corresponding to the places which the books have on the shelves.

Ecclesiastical History in this system appears only as a portion of General History, and we also find in it an additional authority against the before-mentioned location of Pagan Mythology.

DIVISIONS DES BELLES LETTRES.

X. Les Grammariens et les Orateurs.

Y. La Mythologie, les poétes et les fabulestes *rangés par Nation et suivant l'ordre chronologique.*

It now remains for us to present a few specimens in detail of Mr. Horne's execution of his task. It is a part of his plan to put

in brackets the names of authors and editors (when they could not be ascertained) who have not distinctly avowed themselves; for example:

Novum Testamentum, Græce post priores, Steph. Curcellæi et D. D. Oxoniensium labores. Cum Prolegomenis G. D. T. M. D. [*i. e.* Gerardi De Trajecto Mosæ, Doctore] et Notis in fine adjectis. 8vo. Amstelodami, 1711.

The Byble, that is to say, the Holy Scripture, in which are contayned the Olde and New Testament truly and purely translated in English [by Richard Taverner.] Folio. Imprynted at London by Ihon Daye and William Seres. MD. XLIX. p. 114.

An Enquiry into the meaning of Demoniacks in the New Testament. By T.P.A.P.O.A.B.I.T.C.O.S. [The Precentor And Prebendary Of Alton Borealis, In The Church Of Salisbury that is Arthur Ashby Sykes, D.D.] 8vo. London, 1737.

A Dissertation on the Religious Knowledge of the Antient Jews and Patriarchs concerning a future state. [By Stephen Addington.] 4to. London, 1757. pp. 89.

This valuable disquisition is now very scarce: it deserves the perusal of every one who has read the "Divine Legation," and may one day obtain the compliment of a Retrospective Review, though it is not very likely to be completely revived in a reprint.

A Defence of Pluralities, or holding two Benefices, as now practised in the Church of England. [By Henry Wharton.] 8vo. London: 1703. pp. 103.

Pluralities indefensible; a Treatise humbly offered to the consideration of the Parliament of Great Britain. By a Presbyter of the Church of England. [Richard Newton.] 8vo. London, 1743.

Letters of certain Jews to M. de Voltaire, containing an Apology for their own People and for the Old Testament; translated from the French, [of the Abbé Guénee], by Philip Lefance, D.D. 2 vols. 8vo. Dublin, 1777. pp. 207.

It is much to be wished that some competent person would reedit this version of a very lively and able book; the recent circulation of an English copy of the one of Voltaire's works, against which it was chiefly directed, without the smallest hint even of the existence of this triumphant exposure of Voltaire's extreme ignorance of all those things, the knowledge of which alone qualifies a man to write on the subject.

We have given only a few specimens of hundreds of articles in these volumes which communicate curious information; we shall, in noticing other divisions of the work, quote a few more; we have looked for errors and omissions, and we have found some; they bear, however, a very small proportion to instances in which our ignorance of fictitious and concealed authorships has been removed. We hope that some one will at no distant period undertake and effect for the literature of England, what Barbier has

so ably and usefully accomplished for the Literature of France, in his "Dictionaire des Ouvrages Anonymes et Pseudonymes."

If we supply an item towards the completeness of such a work, we shall not regret our present labour.

It is as certain that the "Observations on Dr. Macknight's Harmony, 4to. London, 1764," (Queen's College Catal. p. 20,) were written by Dr. N. Lardner, as, that the "Jewish and Heathen Testimonies," were compiled by him. His name is not affixed.—A pamphlet is ascribed (p. 179) to Matthew Tindal, which all the biographers of Antony Collins affirm to have been written by the subject of their memoirs.

We find "Reflections upon Polygamy, and the encouragement given to that practice in the Scriptures of the old Testament, by Phileleutherus Dubliniensis." 8vo. London, 1729. pp. 547.

The well-known name of the very respectable author, Dr. Patrick Delaney, is not attached to the copied title of the pamphlet.

We now proceed to the class which is second in order—JURISPRUDENCE. In making it follow the department of Theology, without the intervention, either of the works of Metaphysical, Moral, and Political Philosophy, we think Mr. Horne has segregated subjects which have a close natural affinity, to bring into contiguity those which have but a remote one. How few are the lawyers who have ever attended to sacred literature; whilst a very considerable number of distinguished divines have also made themselves eminent as the authors of works which decidedly belong to either intellectual or moral philosophy. The names of John Smith, Cudworth, Norris, and Balguy; of Drs. Henry More, Clarke, Butler, Berkeley, Law and Price, Hutcheson and Reid, illustrate and justify our assertion. May we not also fairly infer,—when the more intellectual men professionally devoted to Theology, almost universally attend to speculative philosophy and ethics, and students of law generally attend but little to these matters,—that jurisprudence ought not immediately to follow the vry highest subjects of human inquiry?

The first section of the second class begins with general Treatises on Laws; Law of Nature and of Nations.

The second article contains a short item relating to the English edition of a well-known book of Goguét, President of one of the French Parliaments, which we transcribe, expecting it to be re-transcribed by the possessors of the work.

The Origin of Laws, Arts and Sciences, and their progress among the most ancient nations. Translated from the French, (by Dr. Dunn and R. Spearman). 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1761.

The whole of this is repeated under the head, Philosophy, so that the student who might be ignorant of the existence of the work, would, when seeking the extant treatises on the progress of science, find it indicated amongst them: this kind of repetition has it uses, and we find that in some other cases, as in "Winder's History of

Knowledge," it has been resorted to. But desirable as it is on account of the numerous books which have almost equal claims to places in two or three distinct classes, (and which would be missed by different inquirers into the various subjects, unless they were put under each head) that this plan should be pursued; we fear that it would be found an interminable task in such vast libraries as the Bodleian at Oxford, and that of the British Museum.

Ancient, civil, feudal, and canon law, succeed the subdivisions, and are sufficient for distinctness, but not perplexingly numerous—the anonymous books are often supplied with the author's name in brackets, as we have before explained; nothing remarkable however occurs till after we have passed many sections on 'British Law.' We then find that more has been done in this catalogue than was promised by its editor, or expected by ourselves; the *descriptive* portion has a claim upon the attention of the conservators of those numerous libraries to which the Commissioners of the public Records have presented copies of the invaluable documents which they have rescued from the oblivion that threatened them.

The section entitled 'RECORDS OF THE KINGDOM OF ENGLAND,' describes the contents of various volumes, which, though replete with matter that is highly instructive to every historical inquirer, are more likely to repel than to attract the attention of those who are unacquainted with the characters in which some of them are written, and who are impatient under the perusal of a book, that is without any previous display of its own riches. To such persons an analysis, like the one we are about to quote, will be most acceptable; veteran antiquaries apart, we think that it will both instruct and delight every studious reader. Those who wish to know more about the "Domesday Book," we refer to the masterly preface of Mr. Ellis (of which Mr. Horne's description is avowedly an abridgment,) and when they have read it, they may be disposed to learn the doomsday-book character, and study the book for their own profit.

'Libri Censualis, vocati DOMESDAY BOOK, Wilhelmi Primo Regis Angliæ Indices. Accessit Dissertatio generalis de Ratione hujusce Libri.

'(Auctore Henrico Ellis) folio, Londini, 1816. (S.R.S. et S.A.)

'Domesday Book, one of the most antient records in England, is the register made by command of William the Conqueror, from which judgment was to be given upon the value, tenure, and services of the lands therein described. The exact time of the Conqueror's undertaking this survey is stated by historians, who have designated it by different appellations, which it is not necessary to enumerate. From the memorial of the completion of the survey, at the end of the Second Volume, it is evident that it was finished in the year 1586: and from an attentive comparison and consideration of several passages, contained in the record, that date is not only confirmed, but there is also reason to believe that, by the multiplication of subordinate inquests, the work must have been completed in a short time; and that, from a transcript or abridgement of the returns or breviates from the different counties, the great register was afterwards formed, which has ever since been known by the name of Domesday.

'The original manuscript of this invaluable record, which is carefully preserved in the Record Office, at the Chapter House, Westminster, is in two volumes. It is written on vellum, of singular fineness and beauty, partly with red, but chiefly with black ink; and, notwithstanding the long series of years that have elapsed since it was finished, it is still legible with great ease. The first is a large folio, written on three hundred and eighty-two pages of vellum, in a small but plain character, and in double columns on each page. It contains a survey of most of the counties of England, with the exception of Northumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and part of Lancashire, which were never surveyed. The second volume is a small folio, written on four hundred and fifty double pages of vellum, in single columns, and in a character somewhat larger than that of the preceding volume. It contains the counties of Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk. Part of the county of Rutland is included in Northamptonshire, and part of Lancashire in the counties of York and Chester. The order pursued in each county is this:—The king's name and lands are first set down, and then those of the church, which are succeeded by the names and lands of the nobles according to their rank, who held of the king *in capite*.

'For the adjusting of this survey, certain commissioners, called the King's Justiciaries, were appointed; who (it appears) associated to them some principal person in each county: and these inquisitors, upon the oaths of the sheriffs, the lords of each manor, the presbyters of each church, the reeves of every hundred, the bailiffs and six villans of every village, were to inquire into the name of the place, the person who held it in the time of King Edward the Confessor, who was the present possessor; how many hides (an uncertain measure) of land the manor contained; how many caruucates or plough-lands (that is, as much arable as could be managed with one plough, and the beasts belonging thereto in one year) were in demesne; how many homagers, villans, cotarii, servi, freemen, and tenants in socage there were: what quantity of wood, meadow, and pasture; how many mills and fish-ponds; how much was added or taken away; what was the gross value in King Edward's time; and how much each freeman or soc-man had or has. All this was to be *trebly* estimated:—first, as the estate was held in the time of the Confessor, then as it was bestowed by King William; and, thirdly, as its value stood at the formation of the survey. The jurors, moreover, were to state whether any advance could be made in the value. The inquisitions having been taken, were sent by the Justiciaries to Winchester, and there classed and methodised, and entered in a register such as we now view it.

'By the completion of the Domesday Survey, the Conqueror acquired an exact knowledge of the possessions of the Crown. It afforded him the names of the landholders who, (as may be expected from the very numerous forfeitures that were caused by the prodigious slaughter of the English nobility at the battle of Hastings, and by the subsequent fruitless insurrections of those who survived) were chiefly the soldiers and ministerial dependants of William the Norman. The churches and monasteries, however, continued to retain their ancient patrimony, in some instances, with considerable additions from the Conqueror himself. Further, the Domesday Survey enabled him to fix the proportion of *Danegeld* (the tribute, imposed by the Danes upon the Saxons, of twelve pence upon every hide of land through the realm of England) on the property of each landholder. This

odious tax, from the payment of which the Confessor had absolved the English, was revived at an early period of William's reign, and had become subject to numerous exemptions in favour of the clergy and religious houses, as well as of the great lords and barons, &c., who held by military service, and also in favour of persons who claimed to be exempt from it under especial grants from the king. Thus the produce of the tax was greatly diminished.

'Independently of the immediate uses of this survey to the Conqueror, it is to this day a record of no small importance to the historian and to the antiquary, for the light it throws on the different classes of persons into which the English people were divided—the different denominations of lands, their culture and measurement—the different denominations of money, and the persons and places that enjoyed the liberty of coinage—territorial jurisdictions—and franchises—tenures and services—criminal and civil jurisdictions—ecclesiastical and historical matters therein noticed—besides many curious illustrations of ancient manners.

'But the historian and antiquary are not the only persons interested in this venerable document: it has always been considered as the highest authority in the Courts of law, and has been preserved from the time of William the Conqueror until now, with the most scrupulous attention. Appeals to the decision of this survey occur as early as the reigns of Henry I. and King John: in subsequent reigns, the pleadings in ancient demesne are extremely numerous, and the proof of ancient demesne still rests with the Domesday survey. Other cases, in which its evidence is yet appealed to in our Courts of law, are, in proving the antiquity of mills, and in setting up prescriptions *in non decimando*, that is, to be discharged absolutely from the payment of tithes. By the statute 9 Edw. II. called *Articuli Cleri*, it was determined that prohibition should not lie upon demand of tithe for a *new* mill. The mill, therefore, which is found in Domesday must be presumed older than the ninth year of Edward the Second, and is of course discharged, by its evidence, from tithe. Again, as most of the religious houses were exempted generally from paying tithes of lands in their own hands, from the paucity of duties in early documents, the Domesday survey is very frequently the only evidence which can be adduced that the lands claiming a discharge were actually vested in such monastery or religious house.

'In 1767, in consequence of an Address from the House of Lords, his late Majesty George III. commanded the publication of Domesday Book, which after various unavoidable delays was finally completed in two volumes, folio, in the year 1783, under the editorship of Mr. Abraham Farley, Deputy Keeper of the Records in the Chapter-House, at Westminster, and with tolerably exact fac-simile types. Accurately as Mr. Farley accomplished the task which had been assigned to him, the printed Domesday was comparatively of little value for want of minute indexes. This deficiency has been supplied, under the direction of the Record Commission, in a folio volume, containing indexes of names of persons, of places, and things, so minute that the object of enquiry, if in the work, may be speedily ascertained. These indexes have been compiled by the clerks in the Record Office: and to them is prefixed a very elaborate introduction to Domesday, by Mr. Ellis, one of the librarians of the British Museum, containing dissertations on the formation and execution of the

Record, the principal matters therein contained, its original uses, conservation and authority in courts of law.'—Queen's College Catalogue, (Vol. I. p. 486—489.)

Descriptions follow of the "Exon. Domesday;" the "Inquisitio Eliensis;" the "Winton Domesday;" the "Boldon Book;" or the "Survey of the Palatinate of Durham," which was executed by the command of Hugh Pudsey, Nephew to Stephen, King of England. Of this last record, which appears to be on several accounts of great importance, Mr. Horne gives an analysis, brief indeed, but too long for us to quote after so lengthy an extract as we have just given place to.

The Calender of the "PATENT ROLLS" in the Tower of London* (which was printed by order of the Record Commissioners from the Manuscript volumes formerly in the possession of Mr. Astle,) and the printed calender of the "*Charter Rolls,*" (also in the Tower) which commence in the first year of the reign of King John, 1199, and end with the reign of Edward IV. 1483, next obtain instructive notice. Many very curious and valuable records besides these are noticed, and we cannot resist the temptation to give one short specimen of the purposes to which certain portions of the public money have been laudably employed—to wit, in showing how we were taxed of yore.

'"TAXATIO ECCLESIASTICA Angliæ et Walliæ auctortate P. Nicholai IV. circa A.D. 1291. Folio. London, 1802." In the year 1243, Pope Nicholas the Fourth, granted to King Henry III. for three years, the first fruits and tenths of all ecclesiastical benefices, which had for a long time been paid to his predecessors in the see of Rome. In consequence of this grant, a survey, or taxation of them, was made in the following year. The same Pope, in 1288, granted the tenths to Edward the First for three years, to defray the expense of an expedition to the Holy Land: and in order that they might be collected to their full value, a taxation was commenced in that year, and finished in 1292. And a third taxation of part of the province of York was made in 1318, on account of the invasion of the Scots, by which the clergy of the border counties were rendered unable to pay the former tax. The taxation of Pope Nicholas IV. is a most important record, because all the taxes both to our Kings and to the Popes, were regulated by it, until the survey made 26 Henry VIII.; and also because the statutes of such Colleges as were founded before the reformation, are interpreted by this criterion, according to which their benefices, under a certain value, are exempted from the restriction concerning pluralities in the statute of 21 Henry VIII.—Q. C. C. Vol. 1, p. 492.

The second volume of the Queen's College Catalogue begins with the third class, PHILOSOPHY, which is divided into intellectual, moral and political, and natural (including Chemistry,

* They begin in the third year of the reign of King John, and end in the 23rd year of that of Edward IV.

Natural History, and Medicine); Mathematical Philosophy, comprising pure and mixed Mathematics, Optics, Catoptrics, Perspective, Music, Navigation and Military Science.

There is nothing in this part to call for any particular observation, except the poverty of the Library in some of the best books on the History of Speculative Philosophy. The work of Tenneman, which we consider to be the best extant on this subject, will be looked for in vain.

Lord Shaftesbury published in 1713, separately, and without a name, his "Notion of the Historical Draught, or Tablature of the Judgment of Hercules:" it was afterwards inserted in the 'CHARACTERISTICS;' its title is put down by Mr. Horne as if it had always remained unacknowledged (p. 547). It will be but fair after this to give another instance of Mr. Horne's skill in decyphering initialed title pages.

"An Inquiry into the Grounds and Nature of the several Species of Ratiocination, in which the argument made use of in the Philosophical Essays of D. Hume, Esq. is occasionally taken notice of. By A.G.O.T.V.O.C. [A Gentleman Of The University Of Cambridge, the late Mr. Owen Manning.] 8vo. London, 1805."

"Thoughts on Education, by the Author of Britain's Remembrancer. [James Burgh.] 8vo. London, 1747."

We expected to find Dr. Priestley's Correspondence with Dr. Price on Immaterialism, amongst the books on the Nature of the Soul (p. 522—528): this work is, however, quite inconsistently and indefensibly put amongst "Treatises against and in defence of Divine Revelation" (p. 208). As Mr. Horne occasionally makes references to parts of works which are various in subject, when they contain matter animadverting upon any book which he has registered, we regret that there are in the library in which he has laboured so meritoriously, only the three first volumes of the "Memoirs of the Manchester Society for the cultivation of Literature and Philosophy;" otherwise he would probably have availed himself of the opportunity, after giving the title of Mr. Thomas Cooper's Tracts (p. 989), of referring to a very valuable and important paper, by Dr. Ferriar of Manchester, in the *fourth* volume. The Memoirs were addressed to Mr. Cooper, and containing some Facts, which prove the continuance of the power of thinking, in persons whose brain had been greatly injured. Whence Dr. Ferriar argues the fallaciousness of the Hypothesis of Materialism, which Mr. Cooper had advocated in the Tracts we have just named.

We regret to observe the absence of the "CONSIDERATIONS ON THE NATURE AND MEASURE OF VALUE, addressed to the followers of Mr. Ricardo." London, 1826. And the author's defence of them against some anonymous criticism, under the title of a 'LETTER TO A POLITICAL ECONOMIST:" they ought to be in every library which gives, or intends to give, a place to Mr. Ricardo's "Elements of Political Economy and Taxation,' which we find in the Queen's

College Catalogue (p. 552). We know few specimens of reasoning on such subjects which equal, in depth and clearness, these which assail the reasonings of the late member for Portarlington.

The contents of this Division nearly agree with those which Debure, Achard* and other Bibliographers have also put under the Class PHILOSOPHY.

Mr. Horne has, we think, with great judgment separated from the Sciences the books which treat of Arts and Trades; Citizen Thiebaut's System (see Peignot de Bibliologie, vol. 2, p. 255) has three parts:—first, Instrumental Knowledge, including Grammar, Rhetoric, Poetry, and Mathematics. Second, Essential Knowledge, *i.e.* Morals, Metaphysics, Natural History, and Medicine: and thirdly, Suitable Knowledge, (Connoissance de Convenance), comprising, History, civil and sacred, Jurisprudence, Experimental Philosophy, Practical Philosophy, Building, Fortification, Printing, Fencing, Swimming, Engraving, Fishing, &c.

Superiority to such a ridiculous arrangement as this would hardly give a claim to praise. M. Peignot is much less unreasonable than some of his compatriots, though he places works on Sculpture and Architecture along with those of Fable and Romance; (and also, as being alike the products of human imagination) the volumes on the Military art between those which relate to Engraving, and which are devoted to Music. Our consciences would accuse us of injustice, if we were not to add that Peignot† is a writer from whom much may be learnt; he has very considerable knowledge of books, and he has only proved in detail, though unconsciously, the utter absurdity of any attempt to class books according to the particular faculties from which they proceed. It seems to us impossible that such an effort should be otherwise than futile; the three faculties to which it refers all the operations of the understanding are perpetually blended together in their actual exercise, insomuch that there is scarcely a branch of human knowledge which does not, in a greater or less degree, furnish employment to them all.

The fourth Class in Mr. Horne's Catalogue has our unqualified approbation; we find nothing in it that we can imagine to be altered for the better.

Class the Fourth.—Arts and Trades.

History of Arts.

Section I.—THE LIBERAL ARTS.

I.—Mnemonics, or the Art of Memory, Natural and Artificial.

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* See his "Cours de Bibliographie," vol. 2, p. 168.

† He is sometimes gravely facetious, as when in his article "Insectes qui rongent les livres," he describes those which eat a book sinuously, and those which devour a volume in a right line. He then states, that in a Library little frequented, some of these straight-forward Insects went so completely through twenty-seven folio volumes, that the whole of them could be lifted at once by passing a piece of cord through a round aperture the little creatures had made. This is marvellous, but quite credible!

II.—Arts of Writing and Printing.
Treatises on Stenography, or Short Hand Writing.
III.—Arts of Design.
Painting and Engraving.
IV.—Architecture.

Section II.—THE ECONOMICAL ARTS, TRADES, AND MANUFACTURES.

I.—Rural and Domestic Economy.
Antient Writers.
Modern Writers.
Agriculture and Husbandry.
Horticulture.
II.—Manufactures.

Section III.—RECREATIVE ARTS, which will be understood to include "Books of Games," "Compleat Anglers," &c., &c.

It strikes us that the terms used to distinguish the different kinds of Art are very happy. We find a passage naming the author of an ingenious volume, which appeared about sixteen years ago.

"The new Art of Memory, founded on the principles taught by Gregor Von Feinagle. p. 665, [by John Millard]." 12mo. London, 1812. Another on a work by the author of Polymetis. "Crito, or A Dialogue on Beauty, [by Joseph Spence]." 8vo. London, 1752. p. 666.

After one specimen from the economic portion, we shall proceed to the next Class.

"Systema Agriculturæ: the Mystery of Agriculture discovered. By J. W." [John Worlidge] pp. 669.

The fifth Class is devoted to HISTORY, in which Geography, Chronology, Antiquities, Ecclesiastical History, and Biography are embraced. It begins with treatises on the manner of studying History, and proceeds from Universal to Particular History. The well-known work which was completed in the reign of George the Third, is very properly mentioned as a whole; and the parts of it which relate to different Countries are mentioned in the sections devoted to the History of those countries; for example—

Universal History, from the earliest account of Time to the present, compiled from original authors, by the Rev. John Swinton, George Sale, — Shelvocke, George Psalmanazer, John Campbell, LL.D., Archibald Bower, &c. &c.; 23 vols. folio, 1736—1765.

The History of Germany, and of the Modern Empire, Electorates, and Imperial Cities. Modern Universal History. Fol., vols. 10, 11, and 15.—p. 846. Q.C.C.

The Library of Queen's College appears to be particularly rich in Historical Tracts, published during the reigns of Queen Anne, George the First, and George the Second: to these the names of their authors have been instructively attached in very numerous instances. We cannot better prove our sense of this, than by pointing out a solitary instance in which an ascertained authorship is not inserted; Dr. Disney, in his Life of Sykes, inscribes to him, with-

out contradiction, the pamphlet entitled, "Thanks of an honest Clergyman for Mr. Paul's† Speech at Tybourn. July 13th, 1716, 8vo. London, 1716." This, however, occurs in the Queen's College Catalogue, (p. 784) without any name.

It is a part of Mr. Horne's plan to put in contiguity books which are expressly hostile to each other, and, in some cases, he has, like Dr. Burney, when revising the Royal Institution Catalogue, inserted the titles of books not actually in the collection, but which ought to be there, and which will be obtained eventually; for instance, after Hume's History we find with an asterisk, (the attached mark in such cases),

"Brodie* (George). A History of the British Empire, from the accession of Charles the First to the Restoration;" *including a particular examination of Mr. Hume's Statements relative to the Character of the English Government.* 4 vols. 8vo. London 1824.

No library, indeed, pretending to possess English History, should be without this very important work. Monsieur Guizot may have imputed partiality to the author, and English Quarterly Reviewers may have eagerly quoted his remarks, but the real merit of Mr. Brodie is not affected by this; he has brought forward a great mass of new evidence, and he may sometimes attach more importance than really belongs to some portions of it, but this lessens the value of his *opinions* only. He may at times judge unwisely; but, has he ever dealt unfairly with evidence? or, has he failed to prove that Mr. Hume did so habitually and infamously? The pert and superficial observations of Mr. D'Israeli, are not worthy of any remark, but that they are beneath criticism.

Amongst the works on Oriental History, we find with an asterisk, "Mill's* (James.) The History of British India." 6 vols. 8vo. London, 1820.

We will recommend an accompaniment to it.

"Kennedy (Major) Remarks on the 6th and 7th chapters of Mill's History of India, respecting the Religion and Manners of the Hindoos."

"Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay." Vol. III. p. 117, 171.

So much of historic matter is included in the celebrated Athenian Letters, that an editor of a catalogue is warranted in putting them amongst the modern works of Grecian history: should any future Bibliographer determine rather to class them with the Adventures of Telemachus, and the Travels of Cyrus, he will, nevertheless, gladly copy this authentic and complete account of their authors.

"Athenian Letters, or the Epistolatory Correspondence of an agent of the King of Persia, residing at Athens, during the Peloponnessian War. [By Philip, Earl of Hardwicke; the Right Hon. Charles Yorke (Lord Morden); George Henry Rooke, D.D.; Bishop Green; Daniel Wray; Rev. Henry Heaton, M. A.;

† He was executed for high treason, during the Rebellion of 1715.

William Heberdeen, M.D.; Rev. John Lawry, M.A. Henry Coventry; Thomas Birch, D.D.; Samuel Salter, D.D.; and Mrs. Catharine Talbot,] 2 vols. 4to." London, 1798.

We now approach the last part of this elaborate performance. Under the class 'LITERATURE,' there will be found Literary History and Bibliography, Literary Journals of all countries, grammars, lexicons; the works of orators, rhetoricians, philologists and essayists; of poets, romancers, and dramatists; of critics, adage-collectors, letter writers, and polygraphists: by these we mean those who have written on such various subjects, and in such various styles, that their collective works could not be correctly classed under any division but that which, like the present one, is devoted to miscellanies.

The collection of English poetry appears to be but scanty. Mr. Horne inserts the titles of some works, with his recommendatory asterisk, and amongst them is Mr. Alexander Chalmers's edition of the English Poets, in 21 stout octavos. We thought that the almost unanimous condemnation which this work has justly received from those who have any pretensions to the knowledge necessary to estimate it, would have prevented any inconsiderate, though merely implied praise of it. We have, on a former occasion, given some grounds for our opinion, (see *Monthly Review*, for *May*, 1829, p. 17, et seq.) and we would renew our critical indictment with many additional counts, if we thought it necessary to convince any one that a tolerable edition of the English Poets, is yet a desideratum. We think too highly of the enterprising spirit of many of our publishers, of the appropriate learning and skill of some lovers of old English poetry, who may yet be found amongst us, and of the taste and liberality existing in some wealthy members of the community, to suppose that we shall have to complain of this glaring deficiency much longer.

Amongst the anonymous and pseudonymous poems, we observe one that we had not heard of before, and which we presume to be rare. We recommend it to the attention of those who wish to employ themselves in illustrating antient laws by modern instances, and many, we doubt not, could be brought which corroborate the statements of this metrical moralist. In copying his title we scrupulously retain his orthography.

"Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatise intitulit Philotus. Qvhairin we may persave the great inconveniences that fallis out in the Mariage betvvene age and zouth." 4to. Edinburgh, 1603.

This surely would be a precious morsel for an editor in the 19th century! if he were well read in the scandalous chronicles of the time, he might enrich his reprint with "delectable" anecdotes; the man of the town, as well as the antiquary, would then buy the book! To speak seriously, we think it is likely to possess sufficient interest to the lovers of antient poetry, merely as such; and we should be grateful for an attempt even at a partial revival.

In no part of these volumes is Mr. Horne's minute acquaintance

with literary biography more evinced, than it is in the division comprehending the various writers which we have before intimated; to very many of the essays the names of the various writers are attached, and also those which belong to the poems, fictitious histories, &c.

Twenty pages of our work would not contain the whole of what we might reprint from the class of LITERATURE alone, were we to copy all the paragraphs of such a kind as the following:—

"Letters, writ by a Turkish Spy, who lived five and forty years undiscovered at Paris. [By John Paul Marana.]" 8vo. 12mo. 1691, 1694. p. 987.

But we can hardly, after a long and close inspection, fill half a page with the omissions we have been able to discern. We will however state our deductions at length; they take away but little from the sum of Mr. Horne's merit, which is large enough to bear a few fractional subtractions.

"The Essay on Punctuation, 12mo. 1796," (p. 922) was the work of the very learned and ingenious Mr. Joseph Robertson. "The Essay on original Genius," (p. 922) which is itself a work of meritorious originality, 1767, was written by a Mr. Duff; he, we believe, was a native of the country which has produced Dr. Goldsmith, whose earliest work, "An Essay on the present state of Polite Learning in Europe," 12mo. London, 1759, is here unaccompanied by the author's name; though we never heard that he disclaimed it, even when at the height of his fame. We learn from the "Walpoliana," and from the Memoirs of Dr. Beattie, by Sir William Forbes, that Dr. John Armstrong, the author of the poem on the "Art of Preserving Health," published his prose works under the name of "Lancelot Temple, Esq." Mr. Horne (p. 991) records the book as if the name were either a real one, or the assumption of some individual whose actual cognomen had not yet been discovered.

For volumes which include nearly twelve hundred pages, and more than thirty thousand titles, the proportion of error and omission is surprisingly small. Their general correctness may partly result from the fact, that each title was taken from actual inspection of the book, whereas some professed bibliographers, whose command of library has been limited, though their aims may have been comprehensive, have only copied with care the erroneous items in other catalogues. Such being the case, an arranged catalogue of all the books in the library of the British Musem (which is nearly twenty times the extent of the Queen's College Library) must, if conducted carefully on the same principle, be superior in extent, correctness, and usefulness, to any work of bibliography yet existing in the English Language.

ART. X.—*Memoires de Vidocq, Chéf de la Police de Sureté jusq'en 1827 ; aujourd'hui Proprietaire et Fabriquant de Papier à St. Mandé.* Vols. iii. iv. Paris: Tenon. 1829.

THE previous two volumes, entitled the 'Memoirs of Vidocq,' having met with a ready sale, the publisher, loth to let so good a speculation drop, has here presented us with two more; but these are very different in character from the preceding, which we reviewed in our number for December last. That the first volumes, like those before us, contain several real adventures, there can be no question, but there can be as little doubt that these have been dressed up and embellished, in order to render them more readable and piquante, by the ingenuity of the redacteur, by whom the whole has been composed, Vidocq himself being entirely innocent of inditing a single paragraph of the book. This may be learned from internal evidence, but we have farther testimony in private information which we have just received from Paris, that the redacteur, finding a deficiency in the quantity of matter actually furnished by Vidocq, has collected from other sources whatever he found suitable to his design; and whenever this failed him, he has not scrupled to invent incidents, and even whole narratives, such as a tedious story of nearly 200 pages in the fourth volume, meant to be tragical, and altogether in the style of French novel writing.

We cannot help thinking that this mode of getting up a work like the one before us, is exceedingly injudicious on the part of the publisher; for the narrative would be infinitely more interesting in the rough naïve style of the subject of the memoir, than in the best manner which any redacteur could impart to it. We borrow more than one case in proof of our opinion: Mungo Park, the ill-fated African traveller, wrote himself the account of his first expedition, and his narrative was universally read with intense interest; the account of his second expedition was carefully redacted, and of course set forth in what was supposed to be the best guise of polished paragraphs and rounded periods. The booksellers, however, found, to their cost, that the money thus spent for the purpose of improving the work, in effect injured it, as seldom fails to be the case. Who, for example, does not prefer the simple narrative of old Dampier, to the pretty sentences manufactured by Hawkesworth, to describe the discoveries of Captain Cook? Or, to come nearer the subject before us, who would not more readily believe the plain unvarnished tale of David Hoggart, rather than the semi-tragic romance in Vidocq's fourth volume?

It does not, however, require much penetration to be able to distinguish the genuine from the fictitious in the volumes before us, and in the selections which we shall make, we intend to keep as much as we can to the former. Scenes of the description here sketched, when taken from real occurrences, are valuable in giving

us an insight into human nature, which we cannot otherwise, or elsewhere obtain,—the depraved part of human nature, we confess;—but even this is rich in instruction to those who can take advantage of it, and may often be of important use to all who have occasion to mix with what is called "the world." Then, as a young poetess prettily expresses it:—

> "Let us go to the hall, where the red wine flows,
> And roses and myrtles are gaily wreathed;
> Where many a cheek with its deep joy glows,
> And the sweet, sweet music of lutes is breathed.
>
> 'Ere morning comes, the scene will be fled;
> Faded will be the dream of bliss;
> The song will be hushed, and the music dead:—
> Is there naught to be learned by this?"*

The leading lesson to be learned from such narratives as Vidocq's, is the old maxim, that "honesty is the best policy;" that the most superlative cunning, and ingenious deception, is always sooner or later discovered, or, what is much the same in its consequences,—successful fraud tempts on the delinquent to a repetition of others till detection ensues. At the same time, it would be wrong to conceal, that when such books fall into the hands of young persons, whose principles have been previously unhinged, they may be the means of doing incalculable injury. Young persons, on the contrary, already imbued with correct principles of honourable conduct, may still derive much important information, which may be the means of securing them from falling into the snares of sharpers and pick-pockets. To those who are engaged in merchandise of any description, the knowledge of the different sorts of fraud here described must be invaluable. The kind of tricks practised here and in France, is sometimes considerably different in consequence of the difference of customs; but so far as ingenuity is concerned, it does not appear that English thieves are surpassed in dexterity by our ingenious neighbours, the French, at least if we are to go upon the published evidence of the book now on our table. The following is an account, apparently genuine, of a species of shoplifting practised in Paris, but we cannot help thinking, that it would not be very likely to succeed in London, were the shopkeepers not under some spell of fatuity, which very frequently appears to be the case in such transactions.

M. Vidocq denominates those engaged in this species of fraud, "*Under-Counter Thieves.*"

'This species of robbery is quite a modern invention, and it is important for the interests of commerce to describe the manner in which it is accomplished. Persons, more particularly females, dressed as servants, endeavour to find two shops in a rather large street, situate almost directly

* "Mary Ann Browne's Repentance, and other Poems."—p. 12.

opposite to each other. Suppose that the establishments belong to a watchmaker, and a hatter. She enters that of the hatter, charges herself with the purchase of a hat, that which she chooses is never ready, it may require an hour to make it so. During this time, she continues to enter in and go out of the hatter's, contrives that she may be observed at the door, and when she is certain that she has been noticed by the watchmaker, she rapidly crosses the street, and presents herself to the latter, in these terms. "Mr. So and So, (giving the name of the hatter) begs that you will trust me with two gold watches, valuing from 120fs. to 130fs. I wish to make a present to my brother: but Mr. So and So will choose for me." The watchmaker never suspects that she is not Mr. So and So's servant, feels quite in security, and places the watches in her hands. Away she trips. The watchmaker from his counter can see her enter into the hatter's, he can almost assist at the examination of the objects—he fancies he can see them pass from the hands of the master to the apprentices; his only fear is, that they should not be approved of. An instant afterwards the trimming of the chapeau is completed, she receives it, and immediately repairs to the watchmaker's. "Sir," says she, "I shall keep that of 130 fs.: I am going a few steps further to carry this chapeau; on my return I will come and settle with you; but you must take off something!" "Very well, very well," replies the watchmaker. An hour passes, or two, or three. Nobody appears. He resolves then to go over to the hatter's, and the affair is soon developed.

'Frequently two merchants are robbed by the same person. One of these soi disant domestics, known by the name of Counrade, presented herself to a milliner, and begged that she would allow her to carry over a quantity of lace to the goldsmith's wife who lived opposite. The milliner did not hesitate to let her have it. Counrade proceeded to the goldsmith's with a band-box in her hand, and asked for two gold chains for her mistress, who lived facing, on the other side of the street. Then going out immediately without leaving the band-box, she returned to the milliner's. "Madame," said she "my mistress wishes to shew one of her friends the lace." "It's of no consequence," observed the milliner, "tell her not to be uneasy on that account;" Counrade immediately went back to the goldsmith's, and said: "My mistress wishes to examine your chains, and in the mean time employs me upon a small commission."

'The domestique dissappeared; both parties became uneasy at her absence. At length, the milliner could no longer resist her impatience, and repaired to her neighbour. "Well! how do you like the lace? I assure you, you will do well to keep it all." "Do you believe that I will take lace from you in exchange for my chains?" "Did I not send you a box-full of lace this morning by your servant?" "That is to say, that your servant came here to fetch two gold chains for you." "Neighbour, are you not doubtless dreaming?" "It is you rather, who are taking your coffee." "Coffee! no, no, no, I am in earnest! I speak of my lace." "I am not less serious, Madame; my gold chains—you have two belonging to me."

'High words began to issue from both parties; the dispute was growing very hot, when the goldsmith himself arrived in very seasonable time, to inform both ladies they had been robbed.'—vol. iv.---p. 307.

Now we submit that this contrivance is exceedingly clumsy, and

must require almost miraculous management on the part of the perpetrators to be successful. It is infinitely surpassed by the following theft, practised on a London jeweller, by Hardy Vaux.

Having learned while in prison that Bilger, a jeweller, in Piccadilly, was a good *flat*, as a person easily imposed upon is called by the thieves, Vaux determined, upon his liberation, to pay him a visit in the character of a dashing Bond Street lounger; he took with him his accomplice, Bromley. Bilger having none of the brilliants at hand, which Vaux pretended to want, he made an appointment to return at a particular hour. We shall give the occurrences at his return, in his own words:

'I proceeded to examine the rings he produced, one of which was marked sixteen guineas, another nine guineas, and the third six guineas. They were all extremely beautiful, but I affected to consider them as too paltry, telling Mr. Bilger that I wanted one to present to a lady, and that I wished to have a ring of greater value than the whole three put together, as a few guineas would not be an object in the price. Mr. Bilger's son, who was also his partner, now joined us, and was desired by his father to sketch a draught, in pencil, of some fancy rings, agreeable to the directions I should give him. The three rings I had viewed were now removed to the end of the counter, next the window, and I informed the young man that I wished to have something of a cluster, a large brilliant in the centre, surrounded with smaller ones; but repeated my desire that no expence might be spared to render the article strictly elegant, and worthy a lady's acceptance. Mr. Bilger, however, declared he had not any by him. It is probable he spoke the truth, or he might have lost such numbers by shewing them, as to deter him from exhibiting them in future. Without having made up my mind on the subject, I now requested to see some of his most fashionable brooches or short pins. Mr. Bilger produced a shew-glass, containing a great variety of articles in pearl, but he had nothing of the kind in diamonds. I took up two or three of the brooches, and immediately sunk a very handsome one, marked three guineas, in my coat sleeve. I next purloined a beautiful clasp for a lady's waist, consisting of stones set in gold, which had the brilliancy and appearance of real diamonds, but marked only four guineas. I should probably have gone still deeper, but at this moment a lady coming in, desired to look at some ear-rings, and the younger Mr. Bilger immediately quitted his father to attend upon her at the other end of the shop. It struck me that now was the time for a decisive stroke. The card containing the diamond rings, procured from the maker, lying very near the shew-glass I was viewing, and many small articles irregularly placed round about them, the candles not throwing much light upon that particular spot, and Mr. Bilger's attention being divided between myself and the lady, to whom he frequently addressed himself, I suddenly took the three rings from the card, and committed to my sleeve to join the brooch and lady's clasp, but had them so situated that I could in a moment have released and replaced them on the counter, had an inquiry been made for them. I then looked at my watch, and observing that I was going to the theatre, told Mr. Bilger that I would not trouble him any further, as the articles before me were too tawdry and common to please me; if I did not meet with a ring of the kind I wanted before Monday or Tuesday I would

certainly call again, and give him final directions. I was then drawing on my gloves, being anxious to quit the shop while I was well; but Mr. Bilger, who seemed delighted with the prospect of my custom, begged so earnestly that I would allow him to shew me his brilliant assortment of gold watches that I could not refuse to gratify him, though I certainly incurred a great risk by my compliance; I therefore answered, "Really, Mr. Bilger, I am loth to give you that unnecessary trouble, as I have, you may perceive, a very good watch already, in point of performance, though it cost me a mere trifle, only twenty guineas; but it answers my purpose as well as a more valuable one. However, as I may probably, before long, want an elegant watch for a lady, I don't care if I just run my eye over them." Mr. Bilger replied, that the greater part of his stock were fancy watches, adapted for ladies, and he defied all London united to exhibit a finer collection. He then took from his window a shew-glass, containing about thirty most beautiful watches, some ornamented with pearls or diamonds, others elegantly enamelled, or chased in the most delicate style. They were of various prices, from thirty to one hundred guineas, and the old gentleman, rubbing his hands with an air of rapture, exclaimed, "There they are, Sir; a most fashionable assortment of goods; allow me to recommend them; they're all a-going, Sir—all a-going." I smiled inwardly at the latter part of this speech, and thought to myself, "I wish they were going with all my heart, along with the diamond rings." I answered, they were certainly very handsome, but I would defer a minute inspection of them till my next visit, when I should have more time to spare. These were ranged in exact order, in five parallel lines, and between each watch was placed a gold seal, or other trinket, appertaining to a lady's watch. It was no easy matter, therefore, to take away a single article without its being instantly missed, unless the economy of the whole had been previously deranged. I contrived, however, to displace a few of the trinkets, on pretence of admiring them, and ventured to secrete one very rich gold seal, marked six guineas. I then declared that I could stay no longer, as I had appointed to meet a party at the theatre; but that I would certainly call again in a few days, and lay out some money in return for the trouble I had given. Mr. Bilger expressed his thanks in the most respectful terms, and waited upon me to the door, where he took leave of me with a very low congé, à la mode de France, of which country he was a native. I now put the best foot foremost, and having gained a remote street, turned my head, and perceived Bromley at my heels, who seized my hand, congratulating me on my success, and complimenting me on the address I had shewn in this exploit; for he had witnessed all that passed, and knew that I had succeeded in my object, by the manner in which I quitted the shop. He informed me that Mr. Bilger had returned to his counter, and without attending to the arrangement of the articles thereon, had joined his son, who was still waiting upon the lady, and that he, Bromley, had finally left them both engaged with her.'*

The following account of money-droppers is precisely a counterpart to what may be seen in our own police reports. Our author gives them the name *Floueurs*, but says that,

"*Joueurs*, or gamesters, would be a more applicable title to this sort of

* "Memoirs of James Hardy Vaux, written by himself." Vol. ii. p. 60.

persons. They are ordinarily observed in companies of three, or four. One of them walks in advance—he carries in his hand a piece of twenty or forty sous, and when he perceives a man whose attire announces him to be a stranger in the land—such as the fashion of his clothes, the make of his boots, the shape of his hat, the cut of his hair, the sun-burnt cast of his complexion, inquisitive looks and embarrassed air—all which are indexes by which a provincial may be known—when, I repeat, the *Floueur* who is in advance, meets with a man who is distinguished by these characteristics of *étrangeté*, he adroitly lets the piece fall from his hands; then stooping down, he picks it up in such a manner that the passer cannot do otherwise than perceive him. "Sir," says the thief as he raises himself—"has this not accidentally fallen from your pocket or purse?"—"No, Sir," the stranger generally replies. "Ma foi, Sir," resumes the sharper, "if it were of greater value, you should certainly go halves—but for a mere trifle such as this, it is not worth the trouble: if you will permit me, at least, I will offer you a good bottle of wine." If the stranger consents, the sharper puts his hand to his cravat, or takes off his hat, as if he saluted somebody. By this signal, a rendezvous, the Saint Jean, is indicated. The allies now form the van, and hasten to install themselves in the cabaret, where they fall to cards. An instant afterwards, the individual who is supposed to have found the pieces arrives with the *stranger*, whom they propose to *take in*. Both sit down, but the stranger is invariably placed in such a situation as to be able to discover the cards of one of the players: a hand is soon shuffled up, which is to attract his attention; the fellow who led him there requests him to notice what an excellent game the person has in his hand. Wagers are made pro and con: the stranger is induced to take a part in them: he must win; he cannot do otherwise. He takes the cards himself, and after having put his money into the hands of his new acquaintance, which is most natural, since the latter is as much interested in the event as himself, he plays; but by an inconceivable fatality, he loses—the sharpers laugh and drink at the expence of the flat. The *coup* by which these gentlemen render the blind goddess their friend at cards, is called the *Verre en Fleur*.

'A simpleton, who had suffered himself to be drawn in such a sort of way into a cabaret, saw a *coup* of the above description. "Sacre Dieu," said he, "if one might bet, I would lay twenty-five louis, I will make the point." His offer was accepted, "done! done!" was exclaimed by each party. They prepared for the game, but before a card was thrown down, the flat cried out, "Stop a moment, gentlemen—short reckonings make long friends," and at the same time drawing from his pocket scales for ascertaining the proper weight of gold, he said—"I desire to see if your louis are bona fide sterling metal. I will answer for my own, besides as you will not have to pocket them, that must needs be a matter of indifference to you." He weighed the louis, the whole number was thirteen grains minus, for which deficiency he required a surplus of three francs, and when the whole amount was properly made up to his satisfaction, he played, lost, and remained thunder-struck at the event, for he had king, queen, the nine of trumps, and two other kings.

'It is not an effectual and insuperable charm to carry a pair of scales in the pocket, and to have a critical knowledge of the exact weight of gold pieces to secure an individual from being made the dupe of sharpers,'—vol. iv. p. 333.

The class of thieves who rob coaches and waggons, are perhaps less numerous in England than the preceding, but we seem far to out do the French in this species of depredation, at least, if we take our comparison from the coach robberies of bankers' parcels and other valuable property committed in this country, and Vidocq's account of those whom he calls *rouletiers:*

'The *rouletiers* are those who steal trunks, or any sort of packages from vehicles of every description. The generality of these fellows originally belong to the working classes: they are almost always dressed as *commissaires* or waggoners: and when they have formed any designs upon a cart or waggon, they follow it, and at the first halt accomplish the robbery. There are few vehicles which do not pay them contribution. Their manner of doing business is this: one of them enters into conversation with the driver, and detains him at the head of his team, whilst his accomplices ransack the carriage, and carry off what packages they please.

'The following is an anecdote that was told me upon this subject. The brothers, Servier, and two other *rouletiers*, were in the Champs Elysées about night fall. The eldest having entered into chat with the carter, endeavoured to divert his attention, whilst his comrades were exercising their calling in the cart. Suddenly the carter, by a movement of the shafts, was satisfied the cart was too heavily charged behind, he wanted to ascertain the cause of it. "I forbid you," said Servier, and the carter obeyed.

'I have also been assured that Goupi, an adroit and enterprising thief of this class, has several times, in broad day, mounted upon the top of a diligence, and descended from it with a trunk upon his shoulders, as if it were his own.

'One day I pursued a famous *rouletier*, named Gosnet. On arriving in the street St. Denis, he sprung upon a voiture, muffled himself up in a cloak, as well as a yellow cap which he found at hand, and in this dress descended with a portmanteau under his arm. It was not two o'clock; but in order to remove suspicion, Gosnet on setting his foot upon the ground, went directly to the conducteur, and after having spoken to him, he slunk off to the corner of a street, where I expected him; he was arrested and condemned.

'The *rouletiers* are not the most enlightened people in the world. In their expeditions it sometimes happens they meet with objects of which they do not exactly know the proper and high value. One of them who had stolen a trunk belonging to the Queen of Naples, was rendered possessor of a diadem, which he gave as a present to a girl with whom he cohabited, in place of a comb which he had promised her for some time. For the want of better, his *princess* bound on the royal ornament, and with this head dress appeared at a ball in the Rue Trépillon in the court Saint-Martin. It was doubtless the first time that diamonds had been seen there.'—vol. iv. p. 320.

In the still more common practice of pocket picking, the dexterity of our own countrymen, we are grieved to say, appears no less to excel that of the French, at least we infer so from comparing their narratives; but this may arise more from the superiority of the historians than of the delinquents, in the same way as the ancient

Greeks, if we believe Sallust, have had their superiority in war established. For example, Haggart and Barney Mc Guire, two notorious pick-pockets, made an expedition to Morpeth-fair, but found themselves anticipated by a gang of six from York, who were already on the ground. "We did nothing," says Haggart, "till the after part of the day, when we obtained 32*l.* by two separate adventures. The first was 15*l.* which we got off a gentleman who was looking at some cattle. We observed two of the Yorks watching him. The screaves [*Bank notes*] were in his benjy clay [*waist-coat pocket*]. One of the Yorks succeeded in raising the screaves to the mouth of the clay, when Barney neatly interposed his forks [*fingers*] and brought them with him. It was the duty of the other to have taken them when raised, but Barney was too quick for him. So neatly was this done that the two suites [*thieves*] saw nothing of it."* Haggart in another place describes the manner in which a pocket is to be picked when the coat is buttoned. The coat is first, he says, to be unbuttoned by slipping past, then bring the pocket book down between the flap of the coat and the body, keeping one arm across the man's breast and so slip it to an accomplice, at the same time abusing the former for jostling.†

Hardy Vaux, on the other hand, had recourse to a small pair of scissars, with which he cut pockets open at the bottom and extracted the contents. It was in this way he cut out several snuff-boxes at a public meeting at Hackney, for one of which he was transported to New South Wales for life. The following is Vidocq's account of the French pickpockets, whom he denominates *Tireurs*.

'These sort of gentry had at first the name of *Fleueurs*, which signified those who sought for crowds. They exercise the knack of relieving pockets of their contents. Purses, watches, snuff-boxes, &c. &c., are familiar to their fingers. They are in general very secret in their operations. Canes and gloves never form part of their personal equipments. They not only require to have their hands at full liberty, but also require in them a very nice and sensible power of touch. These fellows commonly associate in bands of three or four. Their business is for the most part transacted in the midst of crowds, while other people's heads are full of confusion, and their attention distracted by the contemplation of surrounding objects. They visit all descriptions of societies, fêtes, balls, concerts, and all places of entertainment at the time of *entrée* or *sortie*. Their favourite post is the bureau, where canes and umbrellas are deposited, because in that place a concourse of persons is always to be observed. They frequent in like manner churches, but only when some solemn rite is likely to attract a vast conflux of the faithful. They are at the beginning of all mobs, or street assemblies, and oftentimes provoke them by a pretended quarrel, or by other means. They are the associates of jugglers. The proprietor of the learned ass, the recollection of which all Paris still

* "Life of David Haggart," page 26. † Page 17.

retains, was the chief of a band of thieves. When the ass kicked up his heels, the *tircurs* took good care not to keep their hands in their pockets. Singers in streets, conjurors, ventriloquists, have almost invariably acquaintance with cut-purses; almost all draw benefit from the draught. In Paris scarcely a tumult occurs, which does not swarm with pickpockets: in fact these gentry are every where.

'One day as an Englishman, with both hands engaged in his pantaloons, was observing the repairing of a part of the parade, a young pickpocket, named Duluc, cut the ribbon of his watch. A moment afterwards the gentleman perceived that something was missing about his person. He looked upon the pavement, then examined his ribbon, and as soon as he perceived it had been cut, he searched himself from head to foot. At length, astonished at not finding what he had lost, he exclaimed, swearing, "the devil has taken my plaything." But the same time the little imp, with one of his comrades, was standing not far from the spot and diverting himself with mimicking Jean Bull, or Jack Ros-biff.

'Nothing is so easy as to recognise a pickpocket, from his habits: he cannot rest in one place, he must walk to and fro perpetually. This mobility is very necessary to him, because it multiplies his opportunities of meeting people, and of assuring himself of the existence of booty. When a pickpocket approaches a crowd, he lets his arms swing at random, in such a manner as that they make strike against the pocket or fob, as a sound to its contents. If he thinks they may be worth the trouble of appropriating to himself, two fellows, whom the pickpocket denominates his *nounes*, or *nouneurs*, are each at their post, that is, near the person whom they wish to rob. They push and squeeze him as tightly as if he were locked in a vice, endeavouring to conceal the hand of the operator. A watch, or a purse is the result, which instantly passes into the hands of a confidant, the *coqueur*, who marches off with it as quick as possible, but without affecting to do so.

'It is essential to remark, that on the coming out of a theatre, or church, or any other public place, pickpockets appear as if they were desirous of going in, when every body is eager to get out. Readers, when you see one or more individuals making such a manœuvre, looking in the air and pushing on hastily, be upon your guard. It is neither upon the watch-guard, nor upon the button of the fob, that you should depend—they are not obstacles.—Pickpockets, on the contrary, are very well satisfied if precautions of this description are taken. With such a defence the citizen thinks himself secure. He puts on his chain, buttons up his fob, has no apprehension about him, and no longer keeps a careful eye over his watch. It appears a superfluous care:—What is the consequence? The chain is snatched at, the button is forced off, and the watch disappears in the space of an instant. Pickpockets have not the manner of shewing their disposition or desire for any particular object—but they have eyes in their fingers' ends.

'However, there is a means of reducing this cunning to nothing; twist your fob, one or two turns will suffice. After having observed this precaution, you may bid defiance to all those pickpockets, who excel in the art of abstracting purses, watches, and snuff-boxes.

'There lived in Paris a pickpocket of such inconceivable dexterity, that he was without an equal in his profession. He would place himself in

front of a person, put his hand behind him, and in this manner deprive him of his watch, or any other jewel within his reach. This species of robbery is what is called *vol à la chicane.*

'One Moulin, named Moulin the hatter, being under the peristyle of the Theatre François, was desirous of taking a gentleman's purse. The latter, who was standing near a wall, suspected that his pockets were in danger. Moulin, full of presence of mind, pushed rudely against him, snatched the purse from his pocket, opened it, took a piece of money from it, and at the bureau requested a ticket. At the same moment the person from whom he had stolen it, said to him:—"Sir, you have taken my purse, pray return it to me." "Troun dé Dious," replied Moulin, affecting astonishment, "are you sure of it." Then, regarding it attentively, he exclaimed "Bagasse! I thought it was my own. Ah! Sir, I beg you a thousand pardons," and at the same time restored him the purse."

'At the epoch of the great fog, Moulin and one Dorlé posted themselves in the environs of the Place des Italiens. An old man happened to pass. Dorlé stole his watch and handed it to Moulin. The obscurity was so intense, they could not discover if it were a repeater. To be satisfied on this point, Moulin pulled the button, the hammer struck upon the bell, and at the sound which it produced, the old man recognised his jewel, and cried out, "my watch! my watch! Oh! give me my watch; it was my grandfather's; 'tis a family relic." Uttering these lamentations, he followed the sound, in order to regain possession of his object. He approached Moulin. The latter then advanced by favour of the fog, and holding the watch at some distance from the ear of the good man, pulled the button again, and said "Harkee, friend, hear it chime for the last time," and left him with that cruel adieu.

'Old pickpockets recite, moreover, among other memorable circumstances relating to their profession, the following anecdote of the youngest Verdure. There were two brothers of this name; the eldest had been condemned to death in consequence of his participation in the perpetration of some crime. When the day of execution arrived, the youngest, who remained at liberty, desired to see his brother, and for that purpose posted himself on the way the criminal would be conducted from the place of his imprisonment. When thieves rush into the midst of a crowd at night time, they have generally a cry by which they make themselves known to their allies. Verdure, the younger, perceiving the fatal cart in which his brother was conveyed, uttered his. It was *lirge*, to which the criminal, gazing around him, replied *lorge*. It will, perhaps, be imagined that after this singular salutation had been given and returned, Verdure, the younger retired. On his way there he had already stolen two watches. He saw his brother's head fall from the block; and either before or after, wished to make the circumstance remarkable even to its end. The crowd being dispersed, he went into a cabaret with his comrades. "Well," said he, as he exhibited four watches and a purse upon the table, "I hope I've played no bad game to day; I never dreamed of having such a run of excellent luck at my brother's death. I am only grieved at one thing, that is, that he is not here to take his share."

'What will the favourers of capital punishment say to this trait? They have a proof of its efficacy.'---vol. iv. p. 329.

This last anecdote is one of the most shocking instances of

heartless conduct which we recollect to have met with, and exhibits, in a prominent light, the effects of an unprincipled mode of life in debasing the mind. We much suspect, indeed, that the common opinion of thieves being true to one another, is more talked about than practised. From the above it would appear, indeed, that the ties of brotherhood are made little account of in such fraternities; and an instance leading to the same conclusion is mentioned by Haggart, though it is nothing to the diabolical scene in Vidocq; being nothing more than when Haggart and M'Guire, formerly mentioned, employed the brother of the latter as an accomplice, they often cheated him out of his share of the plunder.

Among the apparently real incidents which we find in the memoirs before us, the following struck us as worth extracting on account of its singularity, though it is not without some traces of the redacteur's workmanship.

'"The year 1814 was one of the most remarkable in my life, in respect of the important captures I successively made. Some of them were attended with rather singular incidents. I will recount one.

'"For the space of three years, a young man of an almost gigantic stature had signalized himself as the author of a great number of thefts committed in Paris. From the description given of him, it was impossible not to recognise a fellow called Sablin, a very adroit and enterprizing thief, who, liberated from many confinements,—twice from irons—continued the exercise of his profession with all the advantages of prison experience. Several mandates had been issued against him; the most skilful agents of the police were baffled in all their attempts to secure him; he evaded all pursuit; and if it were announced that he had been seen in any district of the city, not a trace of him was to be discovered on arriving there. At length, when all the inspectors of the prefecture were tired of running after this invisible individual, the task devolved upon me to search him out, and, if possible, to apprehend him. During more than fifteen months I neglected no means which appeared likely to favour the accomplishment of this object: but in Paris his appearance was only as an apparition; he remained but a few hours, and, as soon as a robbery was committed, he vanished and it was impossible to obtain a trace of his retreat. Sablin dreaded me more than any other agent of the police, and took such good care to avoid me, that I had not even once an opportunity of catching a glimpse of his shadow.

'"However, as a want of perseverance was not a blot in my character, I learnt that Sablin had just established his residence at St. Cloud, where he had rented an apartment. At this news, I set out from Paris in such a manner as to arrive there about the fall of night: it was then November, and the weather was exceedingly bad. When I entered St. Cloud, my clothes were soaked through with wet; I took no means to have them dried, such was my impatience to ascertain that I had not been put upon a false scent. I made enquiries respecting the new inhabitant, and was informed that a woman, whose husband was represented as a foreign merchant near five feet ten inches high, had recently resided in the house of the mayoralty.

'"Such statures are not ordinary, even among the Patagonians. That

they had faithfully pointed out to me the habitation of Sablin, I doubted not for a moment: nevertheless, as it was too late to present myself there at that hour, I deferred my visit until the morrow, and, in order to be quite certain that the bird should not escape me, I determined, notwithstanding the rain, to pass the night before the door. I was on sentry with one of my agents; at daybreak it was opened; I slipped into the house as quietly as possible in order to avoid observation, and to assure myself if it were the proper moment for action. But, on the point of setting my foot on the first step of the staircase, I stopped—some one was coming down, it was a woman whose distressed looks, and difficult movement, indicated a state of suffering. She shrieked out as soon as she saw me, and ascended the stairs; I followed her, and introduced myself into the chamber of which she had the key; I heard the words, "*voila Vidocq!*" pronounced with affright. The bed was in the second recess; I rushed there: a man was then lying in it; he lifted up his head; it was Sablin; I threw myself upon him, and, before he could recover from the surprise of such an event, I had secured him with handcuffs.

"During this operation, Madame had placed herself upon a chair, wrung her hands, groaned incessantly, and appeared a prey to the most horrible pain. "And what's the matter with your wife?" said I to Sablin. "Don't you see," replied he, "that she is in the pangs of labour? She has been in that condition all night. When you met her on the stairs she was going to Madame *Tize-monde*."

"By this time her cries became more frequent: "My God! my God!" she exclaimed, "I am lost,—I perish! Gentlemen, have pity on me! Oh! how I suffer—let me have help."

"Not to be moved at such a situation was to have a heart of brass.—What could I do? The service of a midwife was evidently necessary. However, by whom could she be sent for? There were but two of us to guard the strong and desperate Sablin. I could not go out, nor could I resolve to suffer the poor woman to die for want of assistance: between humanity and duty I was really the most embarrassed man in the world. On a sudden, an historical recollection excellently delineated by Madame de Genlis, relieved me from this perplexity. I remembered that the grand monarch once performed the office of accoucheur to Lavallière. Why, I began to reason with myself, should I be more delicate than he? Dispatch then; behold me a chirurgien. I was ready in an instant, and in less than twenty-five minutes Madame Sablin was delivered of a fine boy. I had soon the satisfaction to observe that the mother and infant were doing exceedingly well.

The form of entering the new-born on the Civil List was now considered; I offered to perform the part of witness, and when I had signed, Madame Sablin said "Ah! Monsieur Jules, since you are present you could render us a service." "What?" I demanded. "I dare not ask you" replied Madame Sablin. "Speak," continued I, "and if it be possible—" "We have no godfather," said Madame Sablin, "would you have the goodness to be godfather?" "As well myself as another. Where is the godmother?" Madame Sablin intreated us to call one of her neighbours, and as soon as the latter was ready, we went to the church, accompanied by Sablin, who was so secured as to render his escape impossible. The honours of office cost me not less than fifty francs.

'"Notwithstanding the chagrin which Sablin laboured under, he was so penetrated with my proceedings, that he could not prevent himself from evincing to me his gratefulness for them. After a good breakfast, which we had ordered to be served up in the apartment of Mrs. Sablin, I conducted her husband to Paris, where he was condemned to five years' imprisonment. Becoming *garcon de guichet* at the Force, in which he underwent his punishments, Sablin found not only the means of a comfortable subsistence, but even of acquiring, at the expense of the prisoners and persons who came to visit them, a small fortune, which he proposed to share with his wife: but, at the epoch of his liberation, Madame Sablin, who had also the propensity of appropriating the property of others to her own purposes, was expiating her transgressions at St. Lazarre. Poor Sablin, like many others, had not the resolution to abandon the path of evil; that is, having one evening converted his money, the fruit of his economy, into gold, he visited the gaming table, and lost all. Two days after this event, he was found suspended from a tree in the Bois de Boulogne. For the performance of this tragical spectacle he had selected the *Alleé des Voleurs*, or *thieves' alley*."'—vol.iii., p.168.

France, as well as England, produces sharpers, who contrive, by their appearance and address, to pass for persons of consequence, and who even obtain the *entrée* to good society. The celebrated George Barrington had the hardihood to go in the character of a clergyman to the King's drawing-room, where he successfully purloined jewels of considerable value. The following character, as given by Vidocq, is somewhat in a similar style, making due allowance for the difference of French and English customs:

'"Perhaps Paris was never overrun with a greater number of individuals who exercised the profession of thieves, and, at the same time, assumed the title of Chevalier, than in the first year of the Restoration. Amongst the most adroit and enterprising of this class was one Winter de Sarre Louis. Winter was not more than twenty-six years of age: he was of a most remarkably beautiful brown complexion; he had long eye-lashes, and a prominent nose. Winter had all the appearance and manner of an officer of light cavalry. In a military costume his person was set off with every advantage. One day he would wear the uniform of an hussar, the next of a lancer, and sometimes he would appear in one of mere fancy. On some occasions, he was chief of a squadron, an aide-de-camp, colonel, &c.; he never degraded from the highest stations, and to make himself a person of still greater consideration, he never failed to give himself a noble parentage. At times he was the son of the valient Lasalle, then of the brave Winter, colonel of the horse-grenadiers in the Imperial Guard; nephew of General Comte de Lagrange, and cousin-germain of Rapp; in a word, there was no name which he did not borrow—no family of distinction to which he did not belong. Born of parents in easy circumstances, he had received an education sufficiently brilliant to be at the height of these metamorphoses; the natural elegance of his actions, and the advantages of his figure, completed the illusion.

'"Few men had made their debut under more favourable auspices, than Winter. Thrown at an early period of life into the career of arms, he obtained rapid advance; but, in the quality and capacity of an officer,

he was not long in losing the esteem of his superiors, who, in order to punish him for his misconduct, sent him to the Isle de Rhé, in one of the colonial battalions. Here he acted in such a manner for some time as to inspire an idea of his amendment. He was, however, no sooner restored, than committing new frauds and insults, he was obliged to desert in order to escape punishment. It was then he made his way to Paris, where his exploits, either as spy or sharper, procured him, in a short time, the sad honour of being signalised to the police as one of the most skilful in that double calling.

' " Winter made a crowd of dupes in the most elevated classes of society; he frequented princes, dukes, the sons of old senators; and it was upon them, or upon ladies of their clandestine connections, that he exercised the power of his unhappy talents. The latter especially, however put upon their guard against him, could never resist yielding to the desire of playing with him, and consequently falling victims to his frauds. For several months the police had been in pursuit of this seducing young man, who, continually changing his attire and his abode, escaped them always at the moment in which they flattered themselves with his apprehension: but this task was finally left to be accomplished by me.

' " Winter was one of those Lovelaces of necklaces, who never deceive a woman without robbing her. I imagined, that among his victims, I should at least find one, who, from a spirit of revenge, would be disposed to set me upon the traces of this monster; after a very diligent search, I thought I had discovered a benevolent auxiliary of this sort; but abandoned as they are, it is repelling to their feelings to sacrifice a man, however perfidious he has been to them. I determined to proceed with every precaution. In the quality of aumônier of the regiment, of which he was supposed commander, I introduced myself near the person of the cidévant mistress of the pretended colonel. My costume, my language, and manner, being in perfect harmony with the part I had to perform, I obtained imperceptibly the confidence of the neglected belle, who gave me all the information I required. She made known to me her more happy rival, who, already ill treated by Winter, had yet the weakness to receive his visits, and even to make new sacrifices for him.

' " To this charming personage I announced myself as a friend of her lover's family, in order to ingratiate myself still more in her confidence and esteem. I declared that his parents had charged me with the payment of his debts, and that if she would consent to procure me an interview with him, she might depend upon having her claims first of all attended to. She was not sorry to find this occasion of repairing the breaches made in her small savings. One morning she sent me a note, stating, that in the evening she was to dine with her lover upon the Boulevard du Temple, at the Galiote. At four o'clock I went there, disguised as a *commissionaire*, and posted myself near the door of the *restaurant*. About two hours afterwards, I saw, approaching at a distance, a colonel of hussars, who was Winter, followed by two servants. I offered to take care of the horses. Winter had scarcely put foot on the ground, when his eyes having met mine, he darted upon his courser, and disappeared in an instant. Indeed, I thought it was impossible for him to escape. My disappointment was great, I sometimes despaired of apprehending him. Sometime after this happened, I was informed that he would repair to the Café Hardi, upon the

Boulevard des Italiens. I preceded him there with some of my agents, and when he arrived, all had been so well disposed, that he had nothing to do but enter a coach, of which I defrayed the expense. Conducted before the Commissary of police, he wished to sustain that he was not Winter; but, notwithstanding the honourable grades which had been conferred upon him, and the many decorations which were fixed upon his breast, it was clearly and duly proved, that he was the individual indicated in the mandate of which I was the bearer.

'Winter was condemned to eight years' confinement; he would then have been set at liberty, but a peccadillo committed during his detention at Bicêtre, procured him eight years at the gallies. At the expiration of the first punishment, he was sent to the Bagne, where he still is. This adventurer was not defective in understanding. He is reported to be the author of a number of songs, much in vogue among the forçats, who regard him as their Anacreon'.—vol. iii.—p. 294.

Another instance, which Vidocq has given of a fashionable rogue, is in a rather different style of procedure. The character of Chambreuil indeed seems well sketched, but we will not answer for the redacteur's touches, after Vidocq had traced the outlines:

'One Sunday, as I was upon the Place du Carousal, with one of my auxiliaries, we perceived, stepping forth from the *Pavillon de Flore*, a personage whose costume, not less rich than elegant, attracted universal observation. This personage appeared to be some distinguished lord, or nobleman. He was covered over with lace; the embroidery of his garments was extremely fine; his plume waved in the air with lofty grandeur; his sword dangled by his side with splendour, and haughtily struck upon the ground: notwithstanding, to the eyes of a police-man, all is not gold that glitters. He who accompanied me, requesting me to observe the great lord, pretended there was a striking likeness between him and a fellow named Chambreuil, with whom he had been at the Bagne de Toulon. I had had occasion to see Chambreuil. I placed myself before his lordship, in order to obtain a peep at his face, and notwithstanding his dress, without difficulty, recognised the *exforçat*. It was, indeed, Chambreuil, a famous forger, whose escapes had rendered his name celebrated at the gallies. His first condemnation was dated from our possessions in Italy. At that epoch, he had followed our phalanxes, in order to have a better opportunity of imitating the signatures of their contractors. He had a true talent for this kind of imitation, but being too lavish of proofs of his ability, he was condemned for three years in irons. Three years soon glide away; Chambreuil, however, could not resolve to endure imprisonment; he effected his escape, and came to Paris, where in order to live honorably, he put in circulation a great number of *Billets de Portufueilles*, which he made himself. His industry in this respect, was made a crime against him; brought before the tribunals, he was cast and sent to Brest, where, by virtue of his sentence, he should complete a sojourn of eight years. Chambreuil again contrived to break from his chains; but as deception was his ordinary resource, he was taken a third time, and formed part of a chain destined for Toulon. No sooner had he arrived there, than he attempted to elude the care of his guardians: overtaken, and reconducted to the Bagne, he was placed in the very celebrated *salle*, No. 3, where he completed the full term of his punishment, with an additional increase of three years.

'During this detention, he endeavoured to divert himself, by practising the part of an informer, and sharper: each of these characters was to his taste; but his chief predilection was for imaginary letters, which, on his leaving the Bagne, procured for him two years seclusion in the prison of Embrun. He had but just been conducted there, when understanding S. A. R., the Duc d'Angoulême, was passing through the city, he contrived to have a petition conveyed into the hands of that prince, in which he represented himself as an old Vendean, a devoted servant, whose royalism had made him the object of calumny and persecution. Chambreuil was immediately set at liberty, and soon afterwards, recommenced his former practices.

'When we discovered him, it was easy to perceive from his appearance, that he and fortune were on good terms; we followed him for a moment in order to assure ourselves that it was he, and as soon as there was no doubt of that being the case, I accosted him in front, and declared to him that he was my prisoner. Chambreuil thought, then, to impose upon me, by repeating to me a formidable series of qualities and titles with which he said he was invested. He was no other than the Directeur of the Police du Chateau, and chief of the Haras of France; and as for myself I was a wretch, whose insolence he would chastise. Notwithstanding his menaces, I insisted upon his entering a coach with us; and as he made some difficulty of complying, we obliged him to do so by violence. In presence of M. Henry, M. the Directeur of the Police du Chateau was not disconcerted; far otherwise; he assumed a tone of arrogant superiority, which made the principals of the Prefecture tremble; all imagined I had committed a mistake. "I have not an idea of such audacity," cried Chambreuil; "it is an insult for which I demand reparation. I will shew you who I am, and we shall see, if you will be permitted to exercise a power over me, which the Minister would not have dared to do." I saw, at that moment, they were on the point of offering excuses to him, and of reprimanding me. No one supposed that Chambreuil was an old *forçat*; they feared lest they had offended in him a man of great power, overwhelmed with the favours of the court. At length I sustained with so much energy, that he was only an impostor, that it was impossible to dispense with an order for the examination of his residence. It was my duty to assist the Commissaire of Police in the performance of this office, at which it was also necessary for Chaubreuil to be present. On the way, the latter whispered in my ear, "My dear Vidocq, in my secretary are some pieces of money, promise me that you will take them out, and you will not have cause to repent it." I promised. "You will find them," said he, "under a double spring, the secret of which I will explain to you." He pointed out to me in what manner I was to extract the pieces. I drew out also from the place in which the pieces were deposited, papers which rendered his arrest perfectly legal. No forger had ever erected a scaffolding of fraud with more care: a great quantity of printed papers were found there, some with this superscription, *Haras de France;* others with this, *Policé du Roi:* sheets to the *Telliére*, bearing the titles of the Minister of War, brevets, diplomas, and a register of correspondence always open, as if by neglect, in order the more effectually to deceive the spy, were confirming evidence of the high functions, which Chambreuil attributed to himself. He was reputed to be related to the most eminent personages; princes and princesses cor-

responded with him; and which appeared very strange, he sometimes wrote to the Préfet of Police, whose reply was found upon the false register on the margin of one of his own letters.

'The light which this examination furnished, corroborated so completely my assertions about Chambreuil, that they no longer hesitated to send him to the Force until judgment could be passed upon him.

'Before the tribunal it was impossible to induce him to confess that he was the forçat whom I was convinced he was. He produced on the contrary, authentic certificates, in which it was stated, that he had not quitted Vendèe till the year II. Between him and me the judges for an instant were unable to decide: but I summed up so many and such strong proofs in support of my declarations, that his identity having been acknowledged, he was condemned to hard labour for life, and shut up in the Bagne of L'Orient, where it was not long before he resumed his old habits of informer. At the time of the assassination of the Duc de Berry, in concert with one Gerard Carette, he wrote to the Police, that they had communications to make on the subject of that frightful crime. The character of Chambreuil was known, and consequently he was not believed; but some individuals, so absurd as to imagine that Louvel had accomplices, demanded that Carette should be brought to Paris. Carette made the journey, but nothing was learnt from him that was not known before.'—vol. iii. p. 305.

We shall only extract our author's account of one other character —Gaffrè, who seems to have been a thorn in Vidocq's side, and also an unfaithful agent of the police.

'One day, on which a solemn religious ceremony was about to attract a great concourse of people to the church of Saint Roch, Gaffrè came to me, and said, that he had received an order to repair there with me. "I bring, also," said he, "the *friends*, Compère and Manignant; as it is reported, that a great number of foreign thieves reside in Paris at this time, we will spell out their connections." "Bring whom you please," I replied; and we set out. When we arrived at the church, there was a very considerable assemblage of persons of affluence; duty required that we should not be all together; Manigant and Gaffrè went before. Suddenly, in the direction in which they were, I observed an old man jostled against a column. The poor fellow, from veneration of the holy place, uttered no cry: his whole figure was thrown into disorder; his peruque was displaced; his footing failed; his hat, which his eyes pursued with a remarkable expression of anxiety in them, bounded from shoulder to shoulder, now here, now there, in perpetual motion. "Messieurs je vous en prie," were the only words he pronounced, in a most piteous tone of voice,—"je vous en prie;" and holding a gold-knobbed cane in one hand, and his snuff-box and pocket-handkerchief in the other, his arms kept swinging in the air, when he would most willingly have applied them to his waist. I understood from this manœuvre, they were taking away his watch: but what could I do? I was too far from the old man; besides my advice would have been too late; and then was not Gaffrè an accomplice in the perpetration of the act? If he should be silent on the subject, without doubt, he would have his motives for it. I resolved to take no notice of it, and attended the result. The ceremony continued for the space of two hours, during which I observed five or six similar scuffles, in which I perceived that Gaffrè and Manigant were constantly engaged. The latter, who is now at the Bagne

de Brest, sentenced to twelve years' labour in irons, was at this epoch, one of the most cunning thieves in the capital: he excelled in making money pass from the pockets of others into his own; as for him, the transmutation of metals was reduced to a simple displacing, which he effected with incredible agility. His success at St. Roche was not considerable; however, he had contrived to pocket four purses and other objects of small value.

' " At the conclusion of the ceremony we repaired to a traiteur to dine, the faithful defrayed the expense of the repast; nothing was spared. The wine circulated freely; during the desert I was admitted into their confidence; at first the purses only were mentioned, in which were found 175fs. After paying the bill, there remained only 100fs.; 20fs. were offered to me as my share, and I thought there would be no inconvenience in accepting it. The guests appeared delighted to have won me over to their views, and two flagons of Bearne were tossed off to celebrate my initiation. No mention was made of the watch; I did not think proper to shew myself more instructed on this point, than they wished me to be; I was all eyes and ears; and it was not long before I knew without doubt that it was in the hands of Gaffré. Then assuming the manners and air of a man in liquor, and, under a certain pretext, I retired with the Garçon. No sooner, however, was I left alone, than taking out my pencil I wrote the following note:—

' " Gaffré and Manigant have just stolen a watch in the church of St. Roch; in the course of an hour, unless their intention change, they will proceed to the market place of Saint Jean. Gaffré is the bearer of the watch."

' " I descended with the utmost haste, and whilst Gaffré and his accomplices still believed me on the fifth story, I was in the street, and dispatched a courier to M. Henry. I ascended as soon as possible; my absence had not been very long; when I returned I was out of breath, and red as a turkey-cock. They enquired if I felt better: " Yes, much," I stammered out, and fell almost upon the table. " Take care," said Manigant. " He sees double," observed Gaffré. " The air will restore him," said Compere. Some *eau sucré* was offered me. " Diable," I exclaimed, " water for me! " Yes," they replied, " take it; it will do you good." " Do you think so," said I, and extending my arm, instead of taking hold of the glass, I turned it over, and broke it. After that I began to play the foolish tricks of a drunken man, and made the company merry; but when I supposed that sufficient time had elapsed for M. Henry to receive my dispatch, and to take his measures, I returned insensibly to myself.

' In retiring I saw with pleasure, that our rout had not been changed. We proceeded to the Marché Saint Jean. A corps de garde was there. When I saw the soldiers at a distance, I doubted much whether their presence upon the public way was the result of my message, or that they were there on other affairs. As we were passing, they came to us, and politely taking us by the arm, invited us to enter the *porte*. Gaffré could not conceive what it meant; he supposed the soldiers were mistaken. He was inclined to argue the matter; he was summoned to obey; and soon afterwards to submit to be searched. They began with me; nothing was found upon my person. It came in turn to Gaffré; he was not at his ease; finally, the fatal watch was extracted from his fob; he was a little disconcerted; but at the moment of his examination, and especially when the

Commissaris said to the secretary "write: a gold watch set round with brilliants," he grew pale and looked at me. Had he any suspicion of what had passed? I think not, for he was convinced that I knew nothing of the theft of the watch, and, moreover, he was certain that even being sensible of it, since I had not quitted him, I could not have reported the affair to the police.

'Upon being questioned Gaffré pretended that he had bought the watch. He was not believed; but as no one appeared to claim it, it was not possible to punish him. He was nevertheless detained by the administration for some time at Bicêtre, and then sent *en surveillance* to Tours, whence he returned to Paris. This wretch died in 1822.'—vol. iii. p. 33.

A considerable portion of the third volume is employed in defending Vidocq against his accusers, who alleged, and perhaps not without cause, that he was not very faithful to his engagements, or his promises, and that he took care not to allow his acquaintance with thieves to injure his own interest. We have already seen how he contrived to entrap some of the fraternity, and we may gather more from the defence which he chooses to set up. We shall make one brief abstract of this part of the work, from the chapter which he quaintly entitles:

'*Toujours Vidocq.*'

'"Such a one is *enfoncé*," a *friend* would observe to his wife, on his return home.—"Impossible!"—"Eh! by my faith it is so." "By whom then?"—"Why need you ask? By Vidocq, to be sure."

'"Should two *faiseurs d' affaires*, who are numerous in the streets of Paris, meet, they would thus converse—"Do you know the news? Poor Harrison is at the Force." "Tut!"—"Honour! He was treating for merchandise—I should have had my right of commission upon them—but the Devil interposed—in taking delivery of the goods he was arrested."—"And by whom?"—"Diable! by Vidocq."

'"If a capture of high importance was announced in the bureaux of the Prefecture; if I had apprehended some great criminal, of whom the most expert and cunning of the agents of the police had a hundred times lost all trace, they would buzz like a swarm of flies.—"It is still that detestable Vidocq, who has taken him." All along the streets of Jerusalem and Sainte Anne, from tap-house to tap-house, echo would repeat, in a tone of despite—"Still Vidocq! Always Vidocq!" And that name was more grating to their ears than the surname of "the Just," to the Athenians.

"What happiness would it have been for the whole tribe of thieves, rogues, and sharpers, if expressly to offer them the means of ridding themselves of me, the law of ostracism had been revived in their favour? With what unanimity and fellowship would they have heaped up their shells into one mass? But, except the conspiracies of such kind of persons of which M. Coco and his accomplices promised a fortunate denouément, what could they avail? In the bee-hive, silence was imposed upon the murmering drones. "See Vidocq"---said the chiefs,---"take example from him; what activity he displays! Always on foot, day and night he does not sleep. With four men, such as he, we might answer for the security of the capital."

"These praises enraged the sleepers, but they did not attempt to merit

them: if they aroused themselves, it was only to pass their time over the bottle; and instead of rendering themselves where duty called them, they formed small parties, and amused themselves by *travailler le casaquin* upon me---an expression which they applied exclusively to me. "No," one would say,---"it is not possible to apprehend in this manner run-away thieves---he must have secret communication with them!" "Parbleu!" would another continue---"it is he who sets them at work---he serves as the cat's paw,"---"Oh! he's a malicious fiend," would be added by a third. Then a fourth would sum up, by exclaiming in a sententious tone---'there are no thieves, he makes them.'"—vol. iii. p. 76.

We have now given our readers a very full, though rather a long detail of this singular book, from which we may say that we have extracted almost every thing worth reading,---perhaps even something more than this; but as it has made no little noise in periodical works, we deemed it fair to put it in the power of our readers to become acquainted with its principal contents.

ART. XI.—*An Essay on the Physiognomy and Physiology of the present Inhabitants of Britain, with references to their Origin as Goths and Celts, together with Remarks upon the Physionomical Characteristics of Ireland, and some of the Continental Nations.* By the Rev. F. Price. London: Rodwell. 1829.

THE narrow sightedness of sharp-witted, but not powerful intellects, has given birth to most of the crude and startling theories which offend the sober and amuse the idle. There is a wide difference in the characters of even very absurd speculators. The wild dreamer of dreams, and interpreter of omens, is gravely despised by the inventor of some extravagant system of nature, and the founder of an heretical sect is ridiculed as a madman, while an impudent empiric in philosophy will meet with supporters among the scoffers of his twin brother. It thus happens that notions may be started at a hazard in philosophy, and they will sometimes bring the propounder into sudden notoriety, and are seldom or never attended with any danger to his reputation. Men of some reading, of ready invention, and ambitious disposition, take heart from this tolerance of learned folly, and they publish their ideas on subjects which they have neither the power nor the comprehension to handle. When they are so fortunate as to meet with a topic in which their invention can be employed on the side of infidelity, the certainty of their success is doubled; the most vulgar style of sophistry passes for legitimate argument, and the mind that has no more the power to discover a new truth than it has to work miracles, is admired for its originality. There are certain times and seasons in which reasoners of this kind multiply with extraordinary rapidity, and we should not be surprised if, after the rage for novel-reading and writing cease, which it soon must, the whole gay perfumed troop were precipated into the depths of speculation. For the present, however, we have to do with graver professors of reasoning—not

yet termed a polite art—with men of learning, and, generally speaking, of sober minds, but manifesting, in the instance before us, a most wilful departure from right reason.

The idea of finding an entirely distinct origin for every division of the human race, is not one of short standing. Its originator in this country was Doctor Pinkerton, and his most distinguished supporter, according to our author, is Doctor Macculloch. It is only one part, however, of the great theory about which they have employed their ingenuity; but even in this limited attempt they have both manifested the immense difference there is between the minds which are capable of fathoming the mysteries of a great system, like that of the universe, and those whose constitution and habits are formed for working in detail, not for comparing and combining.

The theory of Pinkerton is, that 'the Gothic and Celtic races were originally and generically different; that this difference has ever been clear and distinct, in their physiognomical, physiological, and moral character;' neither time, nor the changes of society, it is asserted, has had any influence in producing an alteration of these original differences, and the two races consequently are said to be both as *distinct* and *distinguishable* as they were two thousand years back. The principal distinctive marks contended for by our theorists, are, in the Gothic tribes, red or yellow hair, blue eyes, fair complexions, large limbs, and tall statures. In the Celts we are to meet with dark hair and eyes, swarthy complexions, and small statures. The existence of these varieties in the form and stature of the Goths and Celts, 'as generic distinctions,' our author refuses to admit, and the object of his work is to prove that no variety, either in the physiognomy or physiology of a people, has any thing to do with difference of breed, or origin. For the present we shall confine ourselves to the consideration of this part of the general argument, the treatise of Mr. Price furnishing many curious subjects for reflection.

In contradiction to the fundamental principle of his opponent's creed, he asserts that national physiognomy and character are constantly subject to circumstances, and instead of being fixed and unchangeable, as is supposed, are perpetually assuming a different aspect. He allows that Tacitus, and indeed almost every Latin writer who has spoken of the Germans, applies to them an epithet which describes them as having red hair and blue eyes, but he refuses to allow that this description belonged to the Goths exclusively, as the writers above-mentioned evidently intend those expressions to apply to the whole nation, and not to a single tribe. There is but one short passage which characterises the Celts as of dark complexion; it is found in the Agricola of Tacitus, who in speaking of the Saluri, a Welsh tribe, has this remark; "the swarthy faces, and generally curled hair of the Silurians, and their situation opposite to Spain, make us believe that the old Iberians passed

over, and occupied those seats." But this is hardly to be regarded as of sufficient weight to out-balance a large number of authorities, which prove that the Celts were not less fair, red haired, and blue eyed, than the rest of the great northern families.

But Pinkerton, it seems, and his well-known disciple Macculloch, have thought the contrary, and the former has roundly asserted his ill-founded opinion in his work on the History of Scotland, where he says, 'that the Celts of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, at this day, have black curled hair, and brown faces; those few amongst them, who have fair faces and red, or light hair, the grand features of the Goths, are of Gothic extraction;' and again, 'the Scandinavians ever have been, and are, remarkable for red hair, as are the other Germans. The Welsh and Irish are a black haired race.' These observations are also referred to the Highlanders and Low-landers of Scotland; the former, according to Pinkerton, having black curled hair, brown complexion, and dark eyes, while the former are conspicuous for the red, yellow, or flaxen hair, and blue eyes of their Gothic ancestors.

It is singular enough that our author commences his argument with the above learned writer, by flatly denying the part on which the whole of his reasoning turns. Neither, according to him, have the Highlanders dark eyes, nor the Low-landers blue ones, and he declares himself ready to prove that he would muster more dark eyes in one or two Lowland counties, than in the whole of the Highlands together. The most important part, however, of his argument is, that if red hair be an infallible and absolutely necessary mark of Gothic descent, then the race is nearly become extinct, which silences his adversary's assertion respecting its still extensive existence; even in Germany, Mr. Price says, and in old Scandinavian Norway, red hair is as rarely met with as in England.

But the most exquisite absurdity of Pinkerton's notions on this subject, is best seen in his luminous observation respecting the fixed character of the understanding; 'no doubt,' he observes, 'a Celtic understanding will always be a Celtic understanding; and that folly imputed to the Celts by the Greeks and Romans remains unimpaired.' In the same spirit of enlightened philosophy, he says that the Celts are natural savages, meaning thereby that they are a peculiar and separate species, belonging to a genus whose inherent characteristic it is to be savage. 'They are savages,' are his words, 'have been savages since the world began, and will be for ever savages, while a separate people; that is, while themselves, and of unmixed blood.' The rest of this rhodomontade is in the style of vulgar abuse, and would puzzle a calm, meditative reader to decipher; it is summed up with the very significant dogma, that, "what a lion is to an ass, such is a Goth to a Celt." Let us hear Mr. Price's comments on all this.

'It might have been expected that the scurrility and low spite of the above, and numerous other passages of a similar character, would have

secured the public opinion from being influenced by this work: but it so happens that the general erudition of the author, and his laborious historical researches, have given a currency to his very absurdities: so that these idle notions, respecting Goths and Celts, instead of being laughed at, as the aberrations of an irritable and prejudiced mind, have, on the contrary, been for the most part adopted by the generality of succeeding writers; and among others by Dr. Macculloch, who repeats them with a tone of decision truly surprising, when we consider the total absence of all authority in his favour, both ancient and modern. That the irascible and prejudiced Pinkerton should fall into this error, is not so much to be wondered at, he being a man of mere book-learning, though, it is true, deeply read. But Dr. Macculloch, in addition to his merits as a scholar and historian, is a man of science and an experimental philosopher. That such a man should so far forget his principles, as gravely to reason upon utterly unfounded premises, is far more strange. But if the Doctor would only condescend to treat this subject as he would any other scientific experiment, examining facts for himself, instead of being content with the gratuitous statements of others, I have no doubt he would perceive that the opinions contained in the following extracts from his writings, have not that support from facts, which their positive and decided style of delivery would lead us to suppose.

'In his "Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland," Dr. Macculloch remarks; "It is the breed which is the only steady criterion of national descent. Mixture may often introduce difficulties into the use of this test; but it will not often cause any that are insuperable. Here, as I formerly intimated, nature cannot err: and had the philologists in question been equally physiologists, we might have been spared half of the never-ending volumes which I have waded through, wading through fiction and nonsense. As well might we hope to see a negro race become white, as to find a Goth converted into a Celt, through any descent." Again: "Languages may be cast off or assumed, but the form and constitution never."

'Now I will ask the Doctor a single question: If nature never changes, how does it happen that the present genuine descendants of the Goths have lost that *grand Gothic feature*, their red hair? Let him travel into Germany, and he will find that trait as rare as in England. At least, I have never been fortunate enough to meet with it there, but as an exception to the general character.

'If it should be said that, although the *rutilæ comæ* have disappeared, yet the complexion, signified by the term *flavus*, is still seen among the Germans, in their yellow hair, I reply that the existence of the yellow hair will not make up for the disappearance of the red. And moreover, that although, in some places, hair of a flaxen tint is not uncommon, yet the immense tracts of that country, in which the brown and dark hair, or as it has been called, the Celtic, prevails, will present a triumphant exposure of any such subterfuge.

'The ancient Caledonians are also described as having red hair and large limbs; from which their German origin was inferred. "Namque rutilæ Caledoniam habitantium comæ, magni artus, Germaniam originem asseverant."

'Now I should be glad to know in what corner of Caledonia any remains of this grand Gothic feature may be found. I have traversed a good

portion of what was once the country of these *rutilous* Caledonians, and I am satisfied that red hair has long ceased to be the universal character; nor are the people larger limbed than their neighbours.'—pp. 13—16.

He then observes, that there is authority for stating that a gradual change has taken place in the colour of the Highlanders' hair; that it was red in the third century, had assumed a yellow tint in the eleventh, and then became brown, as at the present time, the alteration being entirely produced by the changing habits of the people.

With regard to the difference of appearance observable between the chiefs and the common people of the Highlands, and which Doctor Pinkerton explains by making the former Goths, and the latter Celts, Mr. Price attributes the circumstance to the different modes of living in the two ranks. Instances also are noted of the influence of climate on the form and countenance; the most remarkable, perhaps, is that of the Jews, who mixing with no other race, in whatever part of the world they abide, afford one of the best illustrations of the point in question. Those of Poland and Germany are said to have assumed the European cast of countenance and complexion; but those of Africa are of the same dusk hue as the native Moors; and what adds to the singularity of the fact is, that the darkness of the tint is proportioned to the length of time they have been naturalized to the soil and climate.

Generally speaking, the dark complexion is said to prevail to the fortieth degree of latitude; from that point, the skin becomes fairer, but again assumes the dark hue, in regions exposed to intense cold. To whatever part of the torrid zone a people migrate, a few generations, our author states, are sufficient to change the characteristics of the fairest tribes into those of the darker tribes. The exact time necessary for this operation he does not attempt to determine, but supposes that in the case of any white nation becoming black, the change is produced by its falling into a state of savageness; civilization, and its attendant circumstances, being the supposed cause which at present save European colonies, in the tropical climates, from becoming black.

The influence, also, of different habits of life, is urged by our author, as another of those causes which may account for a variety in the physiognomical character of mankind, without having recourse to the wild idea of different origins. This is remarkable, even in the difference which exists between the inhabitants of towns and villages, the former having in general, a much fairer complexion than the latter. But he pursues the observation.

'But it is not merely the physical character, which is thus influenced by habit: even the moral or mental seems to be subject to the same agency, as may be seen in the instance of seamen; who even in a few years acquire a character, as decidedly different from that of landsmen, as can possibly exist between two different tribes; and, if this were continued by an hereditary naval life, we might expect to see it still more distinctly

marked. We may likewise add, that the change, effected by climate and habit, upon the physiognomy, is not limited to the complexion alone. Even the more solid parts of the face are subject to it. For Professor Camper, speaking of the difference of formation between the sculls of Americans and Europeans, says, that it is perceptible, even in those of Anglo-Americans. "I have never," says he, "been able to obtain possession of the cranium of a native American, nor of an Anglo-American, which has, however, some peculiarities that were pointed out to me by that celebrated artist, Mr. West; of which, as he was born in Pennsylvania, he was best qualified to judge. Their face is long and narrow; and the socket of the eye surrounds the ball in so close a manner, that no space is allowed for a large upper eyelid, which is so graceful to the countenance of most Europeans." And it appears that this formation does not proceed from any peculiarity of race; for, speaking of the upper eyelid, the Professor adds: "The women of Oonalaska have the same physiognomy, and the same small eyelids as those of Kamtschatka. Mr. West informs me that this is a peculiarity observable also in the English that are born in North America." We might add to this, the remark so often made upon the national physiognomy of the Anglo-Americans, that the florid and blooming complexion of Europe soon disappears, and gives place to one more sallow: the features also assuming a peculiar cast, which enables travellers, at a glance, to distinguish between Americans and English.

'Professor Camper further remarks, that a similar change takes place in other countries: whereby the descendants of Europeans lose the original character of their parents, and assimilate to the natives of the countries in which they are born. "The greatest singularity that strikes me," says he, "equally in a Celebese, a Chinese, and a Otaheitean, consists in the rectangular form of the inferior maxilla. I have also remarked the same in all the women born in Asia of Dutch or English parents. This renders the lower part of the face much broader than it is in other nations."

'But it appears, from the observations of the same writer, that a considerable degree of change is sometimes perceptible, even in the same individuals. "It is probable," says he, "that the hair becomes long and straight, or curled or frizzled, according to the nature of the food chiefly. It is remarkable that the natives of Drent, and of the Bishopric of Munster, have naturally sleek hair; but after they had resided some years in Amsterdam, it begins to curl. Of this we have many instances."

'Now, if such changes as these are produced in one or two generations, and even in the same individuals, we must needs admit them to be indisputable proofs of the effect of climate and habit, upon the human physiognomy. And, even in the undoubted descendants of the same ancestors, we often meet with differences of character, fully equal to those which Pinkerton and his followers would suppose to exist between Goths and Celts; and to form the immutable distinctions of those two races.'--pp.31-34.

Thus far we have followed our author, as a sober, reasonable man; intent on exposing self-sufficient folly, and bringing considerable knowledge, and the advantages of travel, to the investigation of his favourite subject. But not a little disappointed, we now find in our sober reasoner, as determined and eccentric, though by no means so dangerous a theorist as his opponent. With no little

curiosity we began the chapter, in which he asserts is to be seen the principal object of the essay; an explanation, namely, of the causes which have produced the apparent existence of two separate races in our own country, and on which supposed phenomenon, Pinkerton and his followers established their redoubtable system. But what was our astonishment, at hearing our author triumphantly exclaim, after ridiculing the idea of searching Germany, or Scandinavia, for an explanation of the phenomenon, 'It is a remarkable fact, that in Britain, *the dark coloured eye is always found to prevail in the neighbourhood of* COAL MINES, *and where coal is used as the general fuel.*'! The light or blue eye is, on the contrary, said to be generally found in those districts where coals are not used, and Mr. Price challenges any one to examine, his statement by the evidences of fact. How, or by what principle, the use of this fuel, or as he scientifically expresses it, the sulphurated hydrogen, assists 'the pigment of the iris,' he does not pretend to explain, but he earnestly desires physiologists to examine the circumstance, as fraught with many important uses. It is moreover but fair, that he should be permitted to make the most of this statement, as his book was principally written to establish his novel theory, respecting the black and blue eye of Britain. His illustration of the doctrine is as follows:

'But, as a system, so new, and unlooked for, cannot be expected to be received without proof, I shall state such facts as, I trust, will be sufficient, to place the matter beyond all reasonable doubt. And as the Principality of Wales affords a great variety of the different characters alluded to, I shall therefore commence with that portion of the island. And, though writers upon this subject have generally referred to the colour of the hair, yet I must state my opinion, that it is by no means so steady and decided a characteristic as that of the eye. The hair is continually changing its hue, even in individuals; for what in the child is *yellow*, becomes in a few years *brown*, and, at maturity, not unfrequently *black*: but the colour of the eye is much more fixed, and unchangeable: usually assuming its character of hue, at a very early period of infancy, and retaining it, without any great variation, to advanced age. Besides, the light eye is accompanied by every shade of hair, whether red, yellow, or black. And the colour of the eye is apparently less influenced by those external causes, which sooner or later must succeed in changing the general physiological character. And while I am describing the several districts, upon which I have made observation, I must state, that in grown up persons, I have generally found the hair to have more or less a shade of brown; and, though black is not uncommon, and red sometimes seen, yet the people of Britain are, in the aggregate, a brown-haired race.

'But, to proceed with this physiognomical survey:—Almost the whole of North Wales, and a considerable portion of South Wales, is occupied by a light or blue-eyed people. This feature is so obvious, that Dr. Macculloch attributes it decidedly to a Belgic extraction, and says: "No other supposition will explain the Gothic race, or blue eye of North Wales." This temperament is observable in Anglesea, Caernarvonshire, Merionethshire, and the adjoining districts, in which the people generally use peat

or wood fires; until we come to the south of Breconshire, and approach the great coal basin of South Wales; and then an almost sudden change is observed. The light eye ceases to be general, and the dark prevails; and continues to do so, through a great portion of the counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth: so much so that, in the vale of Neath, the coal-black eye is very generally seen; and, even in Merthyr Tydvil, notwithstanding the continued influx of strangers, this feature is very distinguishable, especially among the children of those who have been some time settled there. On coming from the districts of the peat and wood fires into this part of the Principality, this change in the colour of the eye is singularly striking and observable. And it is a remarkable coincidence that this is the very country of the ancient Silurians, whom Tacitus describes, as possessing characteristics, which might have attended this feature and temperament, and which induced him to suppose they might be a colony from Spain. The ancient castle of Dunraven in Glamorganshire, is said to have been one of the strong holds of Caractacus.

'But though the black eye still remains, I have not been able to ascertain that the hair of the present Silurians has a greater tendency to curl than that of their neighbours: nor is their complexion darker than that, which in Britain naturally accompanies the melanic temperament.

'Whether the ancient Silurians derived their dark complexion from the use of coal, or whether they were really a colony from Spain, as Tacitus is inclined to suppose, I cannot undertake to say; but it appears certain, that they were acquainted with the use of coal, which is found in such abundance in their country; as Pennant informs us, that an ancient flint axe was actually discovered in one of the coal veins of Monmouthshire.

'As we return from South Wales, the change becomes visible, in the course of a few miles: for, as we quit the vicinity of the coal fires, the light eye resumes its prevalency, until we approach the coal of North Wales, in the neighbourhood of Rhuabon, and Oswestry: where the dark eye again appears; notwithstanding the smallness of the coal basin, and the number of strangers employed in working it.'---pp. 37---40.

On leaving Wales, and passing through Herefordshire, where coal is in less frequent use, light eyes are said to prevail, which again give way to those of a dark colour, near Wolverhampton, at which place another coal field exists. In Staffordshire, the blue tint returns, but as the coal district of Newcastle-under-Line, is approached it becomes black, and so remains for a considerable distance on the Preston road. In the environs of Manchester, the dark eye is very rare, and this is explained by our author, as resulting from the circumstance of there being on the road side, an extensive turf bog, from which a large portion of the inhabitants are accustomed to supply themselves with fuel! From Manchester to Stockport, we again meet with coal fires, and dark eyes, but in the hills of Derbyshire, are refreshed once more with the celestial blue, because there coals are expensive, and less generally employed.

In Germany, and in the Netherlands, Mr. Price observes, the grey, or rather blue eye prevails; but he was astonished to find, on approaching Liege, on his way from Aix la Chapelle, the dark

eye opening upon him. Struck with astonishment at such an unexpected appearance, he began to doubt the solidity of his system, and to think there might after all be more in the Pinkertonian theory than he had formerly been inclined to allow. 'But,' he triumphantly exclaims, 'the whole phenomenon was presently explained by the appearance of some coal pits, with their machinery, by the road side.' The famous divining rod is a contemptible invention, in comparison with the theory of Mr. Price for the discovery of the hidden things of the earth. For so great is his confidence in the applicability of his rule, that he asserts he should without hesitation say, there is coal in any district, where he finds people with black eyes, after having before met with people having blue ones. To the full and perfect demonstration of which he has thus given of his theory, he doubts not, every unprejudiced person will assent, and that it will be concluded, that the inhabitants of this country are distinguishable into fair and dark, not from their having Gothic, or Celtic, blood in their veins, but from their physical character. To this, few people in their right senses will, we think, object, but then comes the touch-stone of our faith in Mr. Price's soundness of reasoning; namely, whether, we are to believe, with him, that this physical character is determined by the presence or absence of coals, and the employment of them as fuel. There is a strong temptation in this erudite theory to merriment, which is not a little increased bythe confidence which the author places in the demonstrations of its truth. But this feeling is subdued by the respect we feel for the industry, and patient observation, which he has evidently employed on the subject. And after all, the observations which he has made, though not sufficient to establish his theory, are highly curious; and if the statements of his facts be all correct, the coincidence he has discovered, is singular and very worthy of consideration. His error appears to lie, and it is a very pardonable one in a theorist, in attributing to a single circumstance that which is probably referable to many complicated ones. It would, however, be well worth the while of any traveller to take Mr. Price' s book with him, and see if his statements be correct, and whether they are borne out or contradicted by other facts of a similar nature.

There is a great deal of curious matter in the volume, which proves the devotion of the author to the line of inquiry he has taken up. The following remarks on the Celtic origin of the Caledonians, is worthy of perusal.

'It has also been contended, in proof of the Celtic origin of the Caledonians, that Scotland abounds with the remains of Druidical monuments: and, whilst a great number of these have been described, it is rather singular that the most extensive collection in the whole country should hitherto (at least as far as I can ascertain), have escaped the notice of antiquarians: I advert to the extraordinary assemblage of carns and circles at Clava, on the banks of the Nairn, near the field of Culloden, and of

which I have never been fortunate enough to meet with a description. I was led to notice these monuments, by accidentally finding, on the south side of the muir, the remains of two circles of upright stones, about a quarter of a mile apart, and each consisting of several concentric circles: and in one I could distinguish the remains of four such: three of them being formed of separate stones, and one of an agger of loose stones. These circles seem to have supplied materials for building part of the park wall, or *dyke*, as it is called, near which the two armies were drawn up, at the battle of Culloden Moor.

'On conversing with the people of the neighbourhood, I was informed that there were others of a similar description, a little to the southward. I accordingly proceeded in that direction: and, on reaching the other side of the Nairn, was absolutely astonished at the immense number of carns, circles, and upright stones, which covered the plain, on the banks of the river, for nearly the space of a mile in length. At first sight they appeared a perfect labyrinth of ruins; but, on a more accurate inspection, I found them to consist of the remains of seven or eight large carns, each originally surrounded by a circle; and in some instances by two concentric circles of upright stones, at regular distances; besides innumerable (such to me at least they seemed) smaller carns and loose stones, scattered over the ground; the whole forming one of the most singular and striking scenes I ever beheld, and evidently once belonging to some great metropolitan Druidic establishment.

'Many of the carns have been greatly reduced, and their circles demolished, for the purpose of building the neighbouring houses and fences; and doubtless many others have entirely disappeared. The larger carns, including the outer circle, are sixty or seventy feet in diameter. The tall stones are about six feet high, and in some instances ten or eleven. One carn is surrounded by a circle, consisting originally of thirteen of these upright stones, standing twenty-four feet asunder, and twenty-four feet from the central heap; which is upwards of twenty feet in diameter, and of proportionable height.

'Two other carns are each surrounded by a circle of eleven upright stones, and another by a circle of nine stones of the same description; though none of the circles are now in a perfect state. In some instances the loose stones of the central mound seem to have been removed; in which case the floor is formed of a kind of pitching stones regularly laid. Whether all these carns are constructed in this manner, or whether these pitched areas were always covered with a central conical heap of stones, I could not determine, though upon that supposition I have here included them among the carns. There is likewise, among the ruins, an oblong square enclosure, one hundred and thirty feet long, formed of a low agger of loose stones, with an entrance, and having within it two other enclosures of a similar description.'—pp. 68—71.

The origin, however, of this people, Mr. Price allows must be left undetermined, the solution of the problem being only to be expected if the lost works of Ammianus Marcellinus should ever come to light. The Picts and the Belgæ are not considered, and some very interesting remarks are made on the language of the latter, which display considerable antiquarian research; the same

observation may also be applied to the chapter on the Saxons and Romans. These disquisitions are followed by remarks on the present local physiognomy of the people of the United Kingdom, and the survey which is taken certainly proves one thing, the very absurd and pernicious theories of Pinkerton and his coadjutor, Dr. Macculloch. For, to cite one of the instances given, in Wales the Celtic race has always predominated, but there is no country, it is said, in which the physiognomy of the people is so various, partaking sometimes of the rudest, at other times of the noblest and most delicate character. The Roman nose is observed by Mr. Price to be more frequent among the Welsh than any other of the British peasantry; but 'the dark or light colour of the eye depends, as in other parts of the kingdom, upon the use of coal fuel!' A singular fact is mentioned respecting the fine stature of the Welsh, namely, 'that the militia of Carmarthenshire require a larger space of ground to form their line upon, than that of any other country.' The females of North Wales are also complimented by Mr. Price, who says that they have 'a more delicate and lady-like style of person,' than the fair inhabitants of more accomplished districts can make boast of. The most amusing chapter, however, in this part of the volume is that on the natives of Ireland, whom Mr. Price would divide, not according to their Celtic or Gothic origin, but into *the well fed* and *the ill fed*, no other difference, he says, being discernible among them. He thus characterises their physiognomy:

'Among the Irish peasantry the hair is generally dark, and in some districts particularly black, especially about Roscrea and its vicinity: and this character may be observed to prevail throughout a great portion of the south of Ireland: but, with this excessive blackness of hair, the eye is uniformly grey or bluish. Turf fuel does not appear to darken the iris as coal does. But their distinguishing trait is the lower eyelash; which is remarkably dark, and thick; more so than in any other people I have ever seen, except the natives of Savoy: and this, combined with the light eye, forms a very marked feature among the Irish.

'But, though the eye is so universally of the xanthous character, yet, as in every other country, there are local varieties, and shades of difference. For instance, near Carrigogunniel, on the banks of the Shannon, the blue assumes a much deeper tint than in the neighbouring districts: but the cause of this variety I have not been able to discover. I have sometimes seen persons of a sandy complexion; but it has been chiefly among those classes, whose circumstances admit of a more varied mode of living: and though I have heard that complexion ascribed to the Irish indiscriminately, I have never visited any part of the country in which it was general among the peasantry; though I have seen tracts of considerable extent, wherein the dark hair prevailed.

'Among the lower orders, the face is longish, but the nose small, and inclined to turn up; and rarely rises to the form, styled *Roman*. Nor can we fail to remark the contrast between the coarse and ordinary cast of countenance, so general among them, and their straight grown limbs, and

symmetry of person. Indeed, it has been observed, that what nature has denied in beauty of feature, she has compensated in growth. But as I see no restraining law, nor any necessity for this drawback, on the bounty of nature, I can only say that at present I cannot pretend to assign a reason why the same causes, which produce good symmetry in the form of the limbs, should not extend their influence to the features also. But though the Irish are generally well grown, yet this procerity is not altogether universal; there being several extensive districts, in which the people are by no means tall, nor even above the middle size. Neither are there many places in which they can compete, in stature, with the natives of Yorkshire and Lancashire: but it would be difficult, in any part of Ireland, to find among the peasantry a person of deformed growth, or even so much as one of those knock-kneed or bandy-legged men, which in some other countries are by no means uncommon.

'It is said that a change for the worse has taken place within the last generation in the appearance of the Irish peasantry: that forty years ago every cottage had its *cow;* and the people, possessing a plentiful supply of milk, with their potatoes, and their constitutions not being injured by hard labour, were a remarkably fine grown race. Since which time, in consequence of the immense increase of population, and the minute subdivisions of land in many places, the cow has disappeared, and the people now subsist upon potatoes and water. Those who have had opportunities of observing this change, cannot but exceedingly lament the very visible physical deterioration in the lower orders. And should this state of things continue, or should the evil increase, as it threatens to do, we must expect to find the Irish peasantry reduced to a character the very reverse of that which their fine soil and mild climate would, under favourable circumstances, naturally impress them with.

'Holinshed, speaking of the Irish *Gallow-glasses*, says they were "strong, robust men, chiefly feeding on beef, pork, and butter." But many changes have taken place, in Ireland as well as in other countries, since the days of O'Neil, and his tall retainers.'—pp. 103—106.

Mr. Price has furnished a very amusing, and in many respects a curious and useful addition to our stock of physiognomical literature. His book is not a large one, and merits to be read by all persons curious in such things. It remains to be seen, how far his theory tends to establish the truth, that the outward characters of form depend on individual habits and local circumstances.

NOTICES.

ART. XII. — *Histoire des Sectes Religieuses, qui sont nées, se sont modifiées, se sont eteintes, dans les différentes contrées du Globe, depuis le commencement, du siécle dernier jusqu' a l' epoque actuelle.* Par M. M. Grégoire ancien Evéque, de Blois, Tome quatrième. Nouvelle Edition. 8vo. pp. 512. Paris: 1829.

IN a preceding number of our Review, we noticed the three former volumes of this work. They are divided into five books: the present volume contains the sixth and seventh.

The sixth gives an account of THE GREEK CHURCH. "By the Greek Church," says our Author, "we understand not only that portion of Christendom, which uses, in its liturgy, the Greek language; but also those churches, which adopt the Sclavonian, although they preserve, in other respects, the customs and usages of the other churches of the East. Among them, some, but their number is small, yet acknowledge the authority of the pope.

"The Greeks, who adopt the Sclavonic ritual, are spread over the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian territories; but principally over Poland. At the time of the dismemberment of that kingdom, its population consisted of

2 Millions of Jews,
9 „ of Roman Catholics,
2 „ of Greeks, united to the Roman see,
3 „ of Greeks, dissident from it.

16 millions."

"The Greeks in Poland, were generally subject to the patriarch of Constantinople, and followed that city in its phases of union and disunion with the see of Rome. In 1569, they were induced by the ruling power to submit to the Roman see; but the discipline of the Greek church was preserved: married laymen were ordained priests; this custom yet prevails. The Mass, and the whole of the divine office, are said in the Sclavonian language; the antient forms of the Sacerdotal vestments is still used; it is precisely that of the priest in the picture of the communion of St. Jerome." The Greeks in Poland, who adhered to the Roman Catholic church, received the name of *the united Greeks*; those who separated from it, were called *Dissidents*. It was chiefly by fomenting divisions between them, and taking the latter under her protection, that Catharine II. established her ascendancy in Poland. Before her interference, the parties lived in the greatest harmony. M. Grégoire proceeds to shew the means which were successively employed by Peter the Great and Catharine II. to withdraw the united Greeks from their obedience to the Roman see. Catharine resorted to extreme measures of persecution. "All the possessions of the Bishops were," says our author, "confiscated; the monks and nuns were expelled from their convents; the curates were displaced; terror and misery prevailed every where; Stephen Lewinski, bishop of Lurkau, assures us that, in three dioceses, his own and those of Kiow and Vladimer, which contained 5000 parishes, there remained in 1802, only 180. These persecutions continued throughout the reign of Catharine II., the Catharine so much praised by Voltaire, d' Alembert, Diderot, and so many others." Our author proceeds to mention the Sects in the Greek church, the condition of its members, in different parts of the East, in Italy, in Corsica, and some other places

He then informs us that, in 1809, Ignatius, the metropolitan of Arta, placed in the hands of Count Romanzof, the Chancellor of the Russian empire, an historical memoir of the number, doctrine and discipline of the dissident Greeks throughout the Russian dominions. Our author gives an abridgment of it; this is extremely curious, but too long for insertion: he also gives an interesting account of the attempts made at different times by the Roman Catholic church and several Protestant churches, to effect

a union with the Greek church. He concludes this part of his work with a summary view of the actual state of Greece; then, looking the world over, he announces that a crisis approaches; few of the potentates of the world are sensible of its approaching; the councillors by whom they are surrounded, and who must mix much with the work, cannot but be sensible of it; and must be perfidious if they do not mention it to their masters. The people in the oppressed nations are yet silent and inactive, but their attitude shews that a volcano is formed, and that we should expect its speedy eruption.

In this part of his work, our author assigns a chapter to the *Paulicians;* we lament its being so short; the subject would have given him an opportunity of shewing the rise and extension of liberal opinions in religion. They began with the fathers of this creed, and have devolved through the disciples of Erasmus, the Arminians of Holland, the Latitudinarians of Cambridge, to the modern Unitarians. We also wish he had assigned a chapter to *the Waldenses,* of whom we now read so much, but of whom, in reality, we know little.

His seventh book is assigned to the *Church of England.* The writer gives some account of its origin: he accuses the members of it of enormous hatred of the Catholics, the most unfounded prejudices against them, and the most complete ignorance of their doctrine and discipline. This may be excusable in a foreigner, but we hope no British Catholic will use such language. Crimination and recrimination should henceforth cease. Controversy, except of the fairest kind, should be avoided on both sides. If necessity should force either party into it, every harsh, every irritating expression should be rejected; former feuds should be forgotten, and angry words wholly rejected. The christianity, good sense, and good policy equally prescribed to all.

The ex-bishop then proceeds to state the formularies of faith of the Anglican church; the Erastian controversy, and the rise and disappearance of the non-jurors. He gives a summary view of the High church, the Low church, of Hoadlyism, and the Confessional. He then crosses the Atlantic, and shews the state of the Episcopalian church in America. Then, returning to England, he inserts a brief notice of the Methodists, the Moravians, and the Quakers; of the Biblical Societies, and of the late act of the Legislature for the relief of the Catholics, upon which he passes a warm eulogium. We observe with surprise that he is silent on the *Unitarians;* if he should publish a new edition of his work, we recommend him to give a full account of the rise and extension of this community, and a much fuller account than that contained in one of his former volumes of the *Rationalisis* of Germany.

On the general merits of the present volume, we have only to repeat the praise of laborious and extensive research and liberal sentiment, which we bestowed on the three former. We shall hear with pleasure that the writer is engaged in a new edition of the whole work. "Few persons," says an eminent old writer, "have written after more laborious investigation, or with greater care, than I have done: yet it has seldom happened, on my perusing any of my works, after it's issuing from the press, that I have not found in it something, the omission or insertion of which would have materially improved it."

ART. XIII.—*Tales of Field and Flood; with Sketches of Life at Home.* By John Malcolm. 12mo. pp. 329. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1829.

IT is a common remark that poets seldom write elegant prose. We do not assent to this assertion but in a very partial degree. That there is a strong tendency to inflation in the prose of many poets, we are willing to confess, but this is generally observable only in writers of a secondary class, and with whom the fault is not the result of their being poets, but of a certain weakness and unhealthiness of intellect which has no connection with any of the qualities which give them even a moderate title to their minstrel name. The prose which has been written by poets of the highest order, is also, like their poetry, of the noblest and most splendid kind. Milton, Dryden, and Schiller all afford instances in proof of our assertion. The truth is, the erroneous opinion as to the capabilities of poets in prose composition, has been taken from a correct one respecting the impossibility of a mere prose writer, however gifted, becoming a poet. The latter case is a true one, but its converse is not. Cicero's incapacity for poetry is no evidence that Virgil could not have written admirable prose.

But notwithstanding this, there are, it must be confessed, dangers almost peculiar to the poet in the process of prose composition. These are chiefly such as belong to his natural habit of viewing things under exaggerated forms or colours, or to his choosing subjects which, by their near resemblance to those he is accustomed to treat in verse, betray him into a style of thought and expression which are out of keeping with the earnest, but sober, character of prose. Mr. Malcolm has deservedly obtained our praises on a former occasion. He is a very pleasing and tender poet; occasionally, it is true, loving more than we could wish to dwell on his old trade of war, but generally writing with as much good taste as feeling. His present production, though not so pleasing to us as former ones, is not without many marks of the ability on which we originally bestowed our praise. But Mr. Malcolm has fallen into all the faults which we have mentioned it likely the poet would commit on such occasions. The first chapter is full of offences against both style and thought. Thus, what could have persuaded any one but a juvenile theme-writer to pen such a passage as the following.

'Darkness has for some time given place to the grey twilight of the morning, and now the sun, circling upwards from the sea, has touched the mountain-tops with fire, and kindled all the woods. He salutes us through the green foliage, whose dewdrops sprinkled over us, shed freshness and balm upon the fevered brow. Sweet is the breeze of the morning,—the breath of nature,—although in the line of march the fumes of a cigar will occasionally mingle with its flower-scented gale.'—p. 21.

But there are amusing passages in the book, and such as, in some measure, redeem its character from the neglect to which, after reading the above, we felt inclined to resign it. Our readers will not be unamused with the following story, which is said to have been related when the author and two friends sought repose after a long day's march.

'The fatigues of the day soon passed away from us, as they seemed also to have done from those around us; which appeared from their frequent

and careless laugh, as they sat around their little fires, with their arms piled beside them. As our party consisted of three, a number alike confidential and conversational, we felt no inclination to sleep; and general and commonplace topics being discussed, the conversation became of a more particular and personal nature, and began to take a retrospective cast. Then came reminiscences of strange adventures which had happened to ourselves, or which we had heard related by others. This vein is infectious; and, after I had contributed to the amusement of the night by the narrations of the most striking incidents with which the life of a soldier supplied me, Douglas, the earlier part of whose life had been passed at sea, began as follows:—

'"I shall not trouble you with the monotonous variety, if I may so express myself, of a sea-life, with its storms, and calms, and shipwrecks, &c., but shall merely relate to you two scenes which I witnessed on the deep, the impressions of which no time or circumstances will ever erase from my mind.

'"In returning home from a voyage to the polar seas, our ship was in danger of being shut up among the ice, or crushed by its large masses floating around us. Our escape, I think, was owing to a smart gale of wind, which, springing up in the right quarter, enabled us to thread our way through the dreary labyrinths of icebergs, and gain the open sea, when suddenly a large ship hove in sight from among the ice, from the perils of which she seemed, like ourselves, to have just escaped.

'"The sight of a vessel in such circumstances is always hailed with delight, as it takes away, in part at least, that load of loneliness from the heart produced by a long voyage, for there is nothing so lonely as the sea. The desert hath its green spot and its solitary palm; but on the blue and boundless ocean there is no fixed object on which the eye can rest, or the spirit repose, but an endless undulating plain, without rock or hill, or tower or tree, to break its solitude or to brighten its desolation.

'"In hopes of having her company on the homeward voyage, we bore away towards the vessel, and came up with her in a few hours, but were much surprised at not seeing any of her crew upon deck, except the man at the helm. It seemed as if, overcome with their toils and struggles among the ice, they had all gone to sleep. Upon approaching nearer we hailed her repeatedly, but none replied, not even the steersman, who was lashed to his post; and it was not until we came close alongside that we beheld the fearful phenomenon of a ship under full sail without a crew, and with a dead man at the helm. He seemed to have been frozen to death, and glued to his post; but the fate of the crew was veiled in the shadow of mystery, over which conjecture hovered in vain. It was among the secrets of the great deep, not to be revealed until time and tide shall cease to flow, and until the sea give up its dead!"'—pp. 41—44.

Throughout this little volume, our author has illustrated the truth of our observation, that poets in writing prose are then most in danger of sinning against good taste, when they approach subjects the most poetical. The lighter part of these tales is much preferable to the sentimental, which is generally indifferent, while the descriptions of scenery, for the most part, are positively bad.

ART. XIV.—*Historical and Biographical Atlas, or Charts of Sacred and Profane History and Biography, for the use of Schools and Students in History; from the Creation of the World to the Birth of Christ.* By John Bruce. London: Baldwin and Cradock. 1828.

A Companion to the above. London: Baldwin and Cradock. 1828.

THE plan upon which this very useful Work is compiled, has formed the foundation of many excellent and valuable publications. But Mr. Bruce's Atlas and Summary come recommended to us with the united merits of comprehensiveness and clearness. The plates to the Atlas are very neatly executed, and give at one view the connection between sacred and the different divisions of profane history; with another column exhibiting the progress of the Arts and Sciences through the various epochs of the world. The Summary which accompanies the Charts in a separate volume, contains a great quantity of historical and chronological information carefully arranged and compiled from esteemed authorities. The Work is altogether highly creditable to the industry and ingenuity of the Author, and will be found of considerable use to students in ancient universal history.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

Domestic and Foreign.

A new Annual, upon a more enlarged and splendid scale than any hitherto attempted, is now, we are informed, in active preparation. It is to be entitled, the Landscape Annual, or the Tourist in Switzerland and Italy; and will be published by Mr. Jennings early in November. It is said to consist of twenty-six highly finished line engravings, executed from coloured drawings taken on the spot, by Mr. Prout, the whole under the direction of Mr. Charles Heath. The literary department is conducted by Mr. T. Roscoe. A few specimen copies of the work, whole bound in Morocco, a size larger than the Keepsake, are now daily exhibited at the publishers.

The "LITERARY SOUVENIR" of the present year is expected to be the most brilliant number of the Work which has yet been produced. It contains twelve exquisitely finished Line Engravings, from Pictures by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Leslie, Harlowe, Collins, H. Howard, Chalon, Allston, F. P. Stephanoff, Martin, R. Westall, Uwins, and Phalipon. Among the leading attractions of this department of the Work, are: a full-length Portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in the character of Lady Macbeth, by Harlowe; a Portrait of the Honourable Miss Fox; the celebrated Jacob's Dream of Allston; the much admired Picture of the Sale of the Pet Lamb, by Collins; a Tournament, by Martin; and a Portrait, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The Literary Contents of the Volume have received a considerable accession of strength; and include contributions from a variety of distinguished pens, not hitherto engaged in works of this class: Among others, the Author of "High-ways and By-ways;" John Galt; Winthrop Mackworth Praed; the Author of "Constantinople in 1828;" Caroline

Bowles; Miss Mitford; Mrs. Hemans; the Author of "The Kuzzilbash;" Barry Cornwall; the Author of "Richelieu;" Lord John Russell; Dr. Maginn; James Montgomery; T. K. Hervey; the Authors of the "O'Hara Tales; the Author of "the Sorrows of Rosalie;" Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart.; W. S. Walker; D. M. Moir; Miss Jewsbury; Hartley Coleridge; Derwent Conway; T. H. Bayly; Author of "Tales of the Moors;" William and Mary Howitt; Author of "Tales and Confessions;" John Bowring; Rev. T. Dale; Joanna Baillie; Rev. C. Hoyle; Richard Howitt; the Author of "Rouge et Noir;" Alaric A. Watts. The Literary Souvenir will not be published until November. It is, however, already completed.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT, and Juvenile Souvenir, is, we are informed, about to appear in an improved form, and embellished by eleven line Engravings from pictures, by Shee, Westall, Hamilton, Singleton, Gainsborough, Boaden, Pigler, F. Howard, &c. &c.

The Literary Department of the Work will be found to contain original articles in prose and verse from the pens of Mrs. Holland; The Author of "Constantinople in 1828;" Mrs. Hemans; The Author of "Recollections of the Peninsula;" Sneyd Edgeworth, Esq.; Mrs. Howitt; Miss Jewsbury; Barry Cornwall; T. K. Hervey, Esq.; The Author of "Solitary Walks through many Lands;" Miss Strickland; Richard Howitt, Esq.; The Author of "The Rival Crusoes;" Mrs. Alaric Watts.

THE JUVENILE KEEPSAKE, (vol. 2d) Edited by Mr. Roscoe, the Illustrations conducted by Mr. Heath, with contributions from the most popular and esteemed authors.

TRANSATLANTIC ANNUALS---The Atlantic Souvenir, published at Philadelphia, and the Token, published at Boston, may shortly be expected in London. They will be enriched with numerous fine engravings, and the Contributions are by the most distinguished writers in the United States.

The "WINTER'S WREATH for 1830," a Collection of Original Pieces in Prose and Verse, contributed by Mrs. Hemans, Miss Mitford, Mary Howitt, Miss Jewsbury, Miss E. Taylor, Miss Bowles, Miss M. A. Browne, Delta, author of "Recollections of the Peninsula," author of "Selwin," author of "Rank and Talent," a Modern Pythagorean, the Roscoes, Archdeacon Wrangham, Rev. Drs. Butler, Raffles, and J. Parry---Bowring, Wiffen, W. Howitt, Derwent Conway, Hartley Coleridge, &c. &c.; and embellished with engravings from Northcote, Howard, H. Bone, Favell, Stephanoff, Christall, Lewis, Wild, Jan Steen, Moses, Williamson, and Austin.

In consequence of a representation from the proprietors of "Friendship's Offering," "the Offering," a new Annual, announced by Mr. Dale, is to be named "the Iris, or Literary and Religious Offering."

'Most of the Annuals for the ensuing Christmas have agreed not to send out what are called *show-boards*, *i. e.* specimens of their plates on pasteboard, such as were last year so common in every bookseller's shop throughout the country. This is considered a judicious measure; as those displays not only tended to waste a number of the earliest and best impressions of the engravings, but also to do away with the charm of novelty in the volumes themselves, when purchased or presented as tokens of regard.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Selby's Ornithology, second series, No. VII. fol. plain 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*., col. 5*l*. 5*s*.
Bonington's Drawings by Harding, No. I. 4to. 12*s*., proofs 16*s*.
Jones and Kingston's Flora Devoniensis, 8vo. 16*s*. bds.
Sander's Select Florist, 12mo. 2*s*. 6*d*. bds.

HISTORY.

Universal History, sixth edit. 12mo. 5*s*. sheep.
Historical Recollections of Henry Monmouth, 12mo. 5*s*.
Principal Events in the History of Ireland, 18mo. 3*s*. 6*d*. hf. bd.

LAW.

Petersdorf's Reports, Vol. II. royal 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*. bds.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Bell's Anatomy, seventh edit. 3 vols. 8vo. 2*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*.
Palmer's Illustrations of Medicine, 8vo. 10*s*. bds.
Bates on Inflammation, 8vo. 8*s*. bds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Davies on Greek Versification, 12mo. 2*s*. 6*d*. sewed.
The Garden of Surrey, or Sketches of Dorking, 12mo. 4*s*. bds.
Brasse's Œdipus Coloneus of Sophocles, royal 12mo. 5*s*. bds.
Leager's Abridgment of Hoogeneen, 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Ten Introductory Lectures at the London University, 8vo. 12*s*. bds.
Palairet's Thesaurus Ellipsium Latinarum, by Barker, 8vo. 8*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Mangnall's Questions, new edit. 12mo. 5*s*. bds.
Goldsmith's Grammar of Geography, new edit. 18mo. 3*s*. 6*d*. sheep.
Gwilt's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, 8vo. 6*s*. bds.
Morrison's Mercantile Teacher's Assistant, 12mo. 5*s*. sheep.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Wilmot Warwick, Vol. II. 8vo, 9*s*. bds.

POETRY.

Musey's Evening and other Poems, post 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Moore's Lalla Rookh, 15th edit. 8vo. 14*s*. bds.

THEOLOGY.

Platt on Covenants, 8vo. 1*l*. 5*s*. bds.
Dialogues on Prophesy. Vol. III. 8vo. 12*s*. bds.
Identity of the Druidica and Hebrew Religions, 12mo. 5*s*. bds.
Christian's Manual, 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*. bds.
Valpy's Septuagint, with Apocrypha, 8vo. 1*l*. 1*s*.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Picture of Australia, post 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*. bds.

CONTENTS

OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR NOVEMBER.

No. LI.

PAGE.

ART. I. Memoirs of the Administration of the Right Honourable Henry Pelham, collected from the Family Papers, and other Authentic Documents. By William Coxe, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., Archdeacon of Wilts. - - - - - - 317

II. 1. Herbstreise durch Scandinavien, Von Willibald Alexis. 2. Wanderungen im Sud. Mitgetheilt durch Willibald Alexis. - - - - - - - - - - - 336

III. Personal and Literary Memorials; by the Author of "Four Years in France," "Italy as It Is," &c. - - - - - 344

IV. Observations on the Rural Affairs of Ireland: or a Practical Treatise on Farming, Planting, and Gardening, adapted to the Circumstances, Resources, Soil, and Climate of the Country; including some Remarks on the Reclaiming of Bogs and Wastes, and a few Hints on Ornamental Gardening. By Joseph Lambert, Esq. - - - - - - 359

V. Memoirs of the Emperor Alexander, and of the Court of Russia. By Madame the Countess-Choisseul Gouffier. - 375

VI. A Journey through Norway, Lapland, and part of Sweden; with some Remarks on the Genealogy of the Country, its Climate, and Scenery, &c. By the Rev. Robert Everest, A.M., F.G.S. - - - - - - - - - - 385

VII. Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han, or the Central and Western Rajput States of India. By Lieutenant Colonel James Tod, late Political Agent to the Western Rajput States. - - - - - - - - - - - 393

VIII. The Nomenclature of British Insects; forming a Guide to their Classification. By James Francis Stephens, F.L. and Z.S., &c., - - - - - - - - - - -

PAGE.

IX. British Government of India. Examination of the Principles and Policy of the Government of British India; embracing a particular Inquiry concerning the Tenure of Lands; Strictures on the Administration of Justice; and Suggestions for the Improvement of the Character and Condition of the Natives in general. By a Gentleman in the Service of the Honourable the East India Company. - - - - 413

X. K. W. F. Solger's Vorlesungen uber Aesthetik Herausgegeben von K. W. L. Heyse. - - - - - - - Solger's Lectures on Æsthetics. Edited by K. W. L. Heyse 428

XI. 1. Friendship's Offering: a Literary Album, and Christmas and New Year's Present, for 1830.—2. The Literary Souvenir; or, Cabinet of Poetry and Romance.—3. The Iris: a Literary and Religious Offering.—4. The Winter's Wreath.—5. Forget-Me-Not.—6. The Amulet.—7. The Juvenile Keepsake.—8. The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not.—9. Ackermann's Juvenile Forget-Me-Not.—10. The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir. - - - - - - 434

XII. The Horse in all his Varieties and Uses; his breeding, rearing and management, whether in labour or rest; with Rules, occasionally interspersed, for his Preservation from Disease. By John Laurence. - - - - - - - - 359

XIII. Modern Methodism Unmasked, in a Letter to the Rev. R. Warner, author of Evangelical Preaching. By a Layman. - 359

XIV. Chozar and Sela; or the Siege of Damascus: and other Poems. By James Fletcher, of Clare Hall, Cambridge. - 460

XV. Signs and Symbols, Illustrated and Explained, in three Courses of Lectures on the History of Initiation. By George Oliver, Vicar of Clee. - - - - - - - - 462

XVI. Astronomy: or, The Solar System explained on Mechanical Principles; with its application to the Deluge, and to the Astronomical Miracles recorded in the Scriptures. Illustrated with Engravings. By Richard Banks. - - - - 463

XVII. An Essay on the Lever; containing a Mathematical Investigation of its Properties, and numerous Examples of its Application in the Construction of Machines and Implements. By G. G. Ward, Machine Maker - - - - 465

XVIII. Cours de Littérature Française, par M. Villemain, Membre de l'Academie Française, &c. Examen des Ouvrages de Thompson, Young, Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Ossian, Beccaria, Filangieri, Alfieri, &c. - - - - 466

Literary and Miscellaneous Intelligence - - - - 469

Monthly List of Recent Publications - - - - 473

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1829.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of the Administration of the Right Honourable Henry Pelham, collected from the Family Papers, and other Authentic Documents.* By William Coxe, M.A, F.R.S, F.S.A, Archdeacon of Wilts. 2 vols. 4to. London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green. 1829.

THE long and useful literary career of Archdeacon Coxe, could not have been better closed than with the production of this, his last work. As an historical biographer, he stands unequalled among the writers of his day, and by his industry, and the magnificent style in which his works have appeared, he has given a dignity to his favourite pursuit, which it did not before possess. The life of a statesman, is very properly considered as inseparably connected with the events which occupied his attention. His actions, his successes and adversities, the whole current, in fact, of his public existence, are but the close embodying of all that affects, for the time, the destinies of his country. No man is less able to keep about him his own individuality, than a statesman. His proper and peculiar nature becomes suppressed, crushed under the strong pressure of public care and ambition. The man who loved display, while an inferior member of the state, is converted into the stern close plodding politician, as soon as he becomes a minister; the boldest spirit that ever filled a human heart, is kept within the narrow limits of calculation, when it attains this height of glory; and he who seemed, by his calm and philosophical temperament, able to bear the pomp and fatigues of office, with more equableness of feelings and opinions, is generally either driven mad, retires in disgust, or makes the most lamentable mistakes by the ill accordance of his sentiments, with the taste of the public, and of public men. It very seldom happens, therefore, that the character of a statesman stands in sufficient relief, to be an object of

interest, except as he is a statesman, and has acquired a known and fixed character in connection with his office. Hence arises one of the most difficult points in historical or political biography; the preservation, namely, of the interest which belongs to it, as the story of a life without endangering its value, as a chapter of general history. In this respect, the works of Archdeacon Coxe possess very distinguished merit. The caution with which he sought for private letters and documents, the unremittiug attention which he paid to the minutest circumstances which could have influenced the conduct of his personages, and the qualifications which he enjoyed as a general historian, as well as biographer, contribute to render his productions of the highest value, whether they be read for the important light they throw on periods of great excitement, or for the equally useful purpose of studying human nature, when put to the utmost trial of its strength, and in situations where, if its usual characteristics remain the same, we may at once conclude that the power or weakness, the foibles or virtues of humanity are indeed universal.

The lives of few statesmen offer more interesting traits of private character, than those of the Duke of Newcastle and his brother, Henry Pelham. They appear to have retained through the most busy career of a political life, all the dispositions which generally exert their strength in less elevated stations. The irritability of the former, his almost instantaneous readiness to plead an excuse, if he had been guilty of any harshness, his keen apprehension of the smallest personal friendship or coldness, and the vanity which was mixed up with the most serious patriotism, these are as conspicuous in the powerful statesman, in the active and manœuvring politician, as they would have been if Thomas Holles had been neither Duke of Newcastle nor principal Secretary of State. His distinguished brother was formed of firmer materials, but was not less conspicuous for being as a minister of state, what was natural to him had he been born to a private station.

This celebrated man, who held so important a part in one of the most trying periods of the English government, was the second son of Lord Pelham, and born in the year 1696. Having finished his education at Oxford, he served for a short time in the army; after leaving which he made the tour of the continent, and on his return was elected a member of parliament for the borough of Seaford, in Sussex. In 1721 he was called to the treasury board, through the friendship of Sir Robert Walpole, and was chosen member for the county of Sussex, which he continued to represent till his death. In 1724 he became secretary of war, which office he retained for about six years, when he was made pay-master of the forces.

This prosperous commencement of his public life was, undoubtedly, greatly owing to the powerful connections he enjoyed by his family rank, and the interest of his brother; but the sound

and practical talent which he possessed was still more favourable to his elevation. He is represented as having been very early in his career a judicious and powerful speaker, manifesting in his addresses more of that clear good sense which commands by its daily usefulness, than of the graces of eloquence which delight and persuade. His support of Sir Robert Walpole was bold and unswerving, and, in one instance, subjected him even to personal peril. Popular agitation, during the debates on the Excise Bill, in 1733, was raised to the greatest height; and, at the close of the last debate on this subject of universal interest, it was no longer restrainable within the limits of good order. On leaving the House, the minister and Mr. Pelham were fiercely attacked by a 'clamorous mob,' says the biographer, 'not of rabble, but of well-dressed persons.' Thus pursued, they had nearly gained the steps leading to Alice's coffee-house, and there the attack began in good earnest, by some of the party seizing Sir Robert's cloak, and nearly strangling him with the fastenings of the collar. On this, Mr. Pelham finding not a moment to be lost, drove his friend into the passage of the coffee-house, and then drawing his sword, placed himself at the entrance, and firmly exclaimed, 'Now, gentlemen, who will be first to fall?' This determined conduct saved the unpopular minister, and was a new cause of friendship between him and his defender. Mr. Coxe had, in his Memoirs of Sir Robert, ascribed his safety on the occasion to his second son, but he has here corrected the error, and given the praise to the rightful owner.

The character, good sense, and prudence of Mr. Pelham, appear in nothing more conspicuous than in the caution with which he endeavoured to sooth the irritable temper of his brother, in the disputes which were continually taking place between him and Sir Robert Walpole. The letters which he wrote on these occasions are full of excellent remarks on the state of parties, and exhibit a thorough knowledge of his brother's temper, and of the means best calculated to obviate the inconveniences to which it continually exposed him. Lord Chancellor Hardwicke was usually his faithful coadjutor in this difficult office of a mediator, and his influence, in addition to that of Mr. Pelham, was generally sufficient to carry the point desired. One of the most important proofs to which their skill was put, occurred in the dispute which happened between Sir Robert and the Duke, on the former's determining to appoint Lord Hervey Lord Godolphin's successor in the post of Privy Seal. That nobleman had, it appears, violently offended the duke by bitter and repeated sarcasms. On this threatened elevation, therefore, the latter applied to the chancellor, his brother, and all his other friends, to rally round him, and defend both him and the state from the danger with which they were attacked. As he found he had not sufficient power to prevent the appointment taking place, he declared that

it would be impossible for him to remain in office, that the authority of himself, the chancellor, and all other supporters of good policy, must inevitably be lost through the interference of the obnoxious Lord Hervey; and he therefore begged them to consult their dignity and interest, and join him in his resignation.

But neither the Lord Chancellor nor Mr. Pelham could discover the great danger which his brother apprehended would be the consequence of the expected appointment. They considered that the whole affair was one of very trifling moment; and that it would be an extreme absurdity to disturb the whole line of public policy by such an attention to a private pique. The consequence of their interference was, that the duke ceased his fruitless opposition, and consented to live on good terms with Sir Robert, notwithstanding the affront which he at first considered he was enduring at his instigation. Mr. Pelham received the most sincere pleasure from this termination of the affair, and expressed his gratitude to the chancellor in the warmest terms. The letter which he wrote to him on the occasion shows how anxious he was for the continuance of peace between the two great ministers, and how much his advice was regarded by them both. 'I saw my brother and Sir Robert together yesterday morning,' says he, 'and, by their looks and behaviour, we could have thought there had never been any coldness between them. Horace (Mr. Walpole) I had some discourse with alone, who took the force of every thing your lordship said to him, and, I think, agrees with you in almost every point.'

By far the most important period of English history, at least of that portion of it which may be termed modern, is contained in the narrative of George the Second's busy and contentious reign. The struggles between the people and the minister, the policy of the king, imbued as it so strongly was with foreign attachments, the state of continental affairs, and the determined and vigorous character which distinguished many of the influential men of that age, rendered politics a study of extreme difficulty. Added to the above was the feeling which pervaded the popular mind in respect to the king. Loyalty belongs not to newly established thrones. The founder of a dynasty may have the enthusiasm of a people on his side, but not the deep feeling which partakes of holiness, the powerful and devout affection of old established sympathies and associations. In a country accustomed to change or revolution it is never felt, and it is seldom that even a new branch of a reigning family enjoys, till a considerable time after its establishment, the genuine loyalty of its subjects. George the Second pursued a conduct which was not likely to bring this feeling quickly to maturity. All the wisdom and policy of his counsellors were necessary to balance the bad influence of his predilections for Hanover. The people were incessantly reminded that his affections were not concentered within the bosom of the nation he governed, and every question of state was almost a question, whether peace or

rebellion was to be the order of the day. The constitution was then, in fact, submitted to one of the most fiery of its ordeals, and had not the existing government taken deep root in the very heart of the soil, the kingdom must inevitably have been thrown back into a state of revolutionary confusion.

In the arduous struggle which took place on the continent shortly after the death of the Emperor Charles VI., his majesty found himself in a situation of extreme difficulty, and was at last obliged to consent to the neutrality of Hanover. This was done when he was absent from England in that part of his dominions, and without the consent of his British ministers. On the affair being made known at home, the Duke of Newcastle expressed the utmost indignation at the transaction. He designated it as a disgraceful abandonment of the House of Austria, proposed that the ministers should send a strong remonstrance to the minister abroad, requesting his Majesty to re-consider the measure, and even carried his opinion so far as to advise, that if the business was concluded, an appeal should be made to every court in Europe, declaring that, as King of England, his majesty would adhere to the engagements contracted with the court of Vienna, by the treaty of 1731, and employ his best efforts to maintain the liberties of Europe, in concert with those powers who should be disposed to support the House of Austria. Opinions of this kind could hardly expect the concurrence of the cabinet. Sir Robert Walpole, who had been first and privately informed of the transaction, and given, though unwillingly, his assent to its conclusion, was greatly offended at the duke's violence; and when the treaty was formally made known to the cabinet, that nobleman was found alone in the opposition. The correspondence which took place between him and his brother on the occasion, is so well adapted to throw light on their characters, and refers to so interesting a portion of political history, that we shall now turn to the extracts given from it in the valuable work before us. The duke thus writes to his brother in a letter, dated Claremont, Oct. 2—13, 1741.

"'I am sure you will excuse this trouble, which is upon an affair that must now come soon to be determined; and I choose to write upon it, in order to avoid disagreeable incidents, which otherwise often happen, and which I am always sorry for. Whenever I reflect seriously upon the present situation of the administration, and of public affairs, I cannot but be of opinion, that it is very improper for me to continue in business. I desire we may not enter into a dispute by what means, or by whose fault; but the fact I am afraid is certain, that there is no one in the active part of the ministry, that has either any confidence at present in me, or I in him, except my Lord Chancellor? And though I am thoroughly persuaded that he has a private friendship for me, which cannot be exceeded, and has seldom been known in men in his station, yet I have seen too much of administrations to imagine, that that will extend itself to a thorough ministerial concurrence in thoughts, views, and actions, and therefore my present consideration is confined singly to myself. Perhaps I may, and I hope I do, judge wrong; but I must own freely to you, that

I think the king's unjustifiable partiality for Hanover, to which he makes all other views and considerations subservient, has manifested itself so much, in the conduct of this summer, that no man can continue in the active part of the administration, with honour and satisfaction to himself; for he must either own he was a cipher, which, perhaps, I think is in a great measure the case of every minister, without exception, that was in England, or he must be thought to have advised and concurred in measures which, in my opinion, are both dishonourable and fatal to the interests of all Europe, and consequently to those of this country in particular. I have endeavoured to see how this can be avoided, and hitherto I have not been able to find out.

'"Suppose every thing that has been done, may truly be said to be in his majesty's electoral capacity, the king and his servants ought to regard his personal honour equally in both capacities; but, from the nature of things, as well as from present appearances, it is easy to see, that it is impossible to confine what the king has done to his electorate only.—France has other views; and though perhaps nothing may be yet concluded, or formally agreed, that may bind England, it is not to be imagined but that the cardinal, either by letter or by Bussy,* has explained himself so upon our affairs, and particularly on our disputes with Spain, that he looks upon the king's agreeing to the electoral neutrality as an earnest of the other; and think what a situation are the king's servants in, either to advise the king to go in some measure back from his word, break the electoral neutrality, which will be executed by the electoral vote having been given to the elector of Bavaria, expose his electoral dominions to the resentment of France, in whose power he must be, after having abandoned all those powers who might have stood by him (which advice, however, I should be disposed to give), or they must, by defending what is done, and engaging to do what may be expected, in order to make what is done effectual, make themselves authors and supporters of measures, which were taken without the knowledge of any of them, and highly disapproved by most, if not all, of them, and which in my humble opinion, must prove in their consequences most prejudicial to this country.

'"Would they all agree to remonstrate, like men, to the king, against these measures, upon his Majesty's return, and act one plain uniform part afterwards, something might be done; but, as that is not to be expected, we must consider what to do, upon what will be the case. My dear brother, there is nothing I ever took amiss of you, but your not believing that it is *measures* and not *men* that grieve and disturb me. If ever any one was drove out of an administration for measures, and at present I may say measures only, I am, if I go out now. I have notions, I have ways of thinking and acting, that some of my best friends will not allow me.

'"There are two considerations upon this great question, of which I am as much aware as any body can be for me. The first, that though I may think I do right now, and perhaps be pleased with doing so, yet my natural love of politics, and being concerned in the public world, both in town and country will make a private life very disagreeable to me. This may be the case for aught I know, but I hope it will not. I am a good deal off from those sort of pleasures at present; I have no comfort in the

'* The French minister in England.'

administration, and less at court; and I think I shall find out new amusements in the country, whilst my behaviour in parliament will certainly not expose me to the resentment of the administration. The next consideration I cannot so well answer, and upon that, as well as all the rest, I desire your opinion, viz., whether the going out at this time may not be so contrived, as to avoid the imputation of leaving the king and my friends in time of danger and distress? This I assure you affects me more than you can imagine.

'"I have thus truly explained to you my own thoughts. No one living knows of this letter, or of my intention to write to you in this manner; so it is entirely my own. You know all I think upon this subject, and be so good only to be assured, I really think what I say, and that I say all I think to you. Let me have your opinion with freedom, and with the same affection as usual. I have yet taken no resolution, however I may reason upon the subject. Your thoughts shall have all the weight you can wish or expect. I have consulted nobody but my Lord Chancellor and yourself, and you know all that has passed between us two." I am, &c.' —pp. 21—23.

To this his brother sent an answer, meriting that praise for good sense and penetration which we have already said belonged so pre-eminently to the whole of his correspondence with the duke. A man less cautious would have added by opposition fuel to the flame already kindled, and one less firm or skilled in the whole science of politics, would have had his own opinions endangered by the fervency and determination which characterized the disposition of his brother. The following letter from Mr. Pelham is dated Oct. 8th, 1741.

'" I received your kind letter on Friday, in the coach, as I was going to Esher, which I have read over and over. As you desire me to give you my opinion on the several things you state therein, I will give it you with all the freedom, sincerity, and affection, that can possibly arise from a brother that wishes you as well, if not better than any man living. Do not think, when I say this, that I have the least expectation that any thing that I can now say, will vary the opinion that you have already fixed. I don't, because there is nothing I can say, that you don't already know, and what, I am sure, must have occurred to you before ever I mentioned it. But, as your future ease, the quiet of your friends, the interest of the king, and the opinion of the world, will greatly rest upon your taking a right or wrong step in this critical juncture, I thought I could not excuse myself, if I did not in this manner recapitulate in some measure, what I had formerly said to you on the like occasions.

'" You seem to take it a little amiss of me, that I should suppose your present uneasiness proceeds from the dislike of persons and not things; I am satisfied that it is from both; and, give me leave to say, that prejudice to persons, at first, often influences the judgments of the best of men, in things afterwards. Our partialities make us approve, and our prejudices do the contrary. This is the case of us two; which is the best founded we must leave to time and others to determine. But if your present anxiety is singly upon what part you may be obliged to take the next winter, or at any other time, upon the supposed act of neutrality, which the king has

entered into at Hanover, I own I cannot find out how that can possibly affect you, or in what instances you can be expected to support more than you, out of duty and affection to the king, would wish to do. It looks as if the thing itself would fall to the ground; and, if not so, it will be time enough sure to see the disagreeable consequences of it, I mean as far as are personal to yourself or the English ministry, when they plainly appear, and not to forestall what perhaps the common world will never find out. A partiality to Hanover in general, is what all men in business have found great obstructions from, ever since this family has been upon the throne; and indeed on your principle, no man that has, or ever shall serve them, can be supposed to preserve his integrity. But that can't be your thoughts; and therefore no one that knows how conversant you have been in the secret dispositions of the royal family, ever since you were Lord Chamberlain, will believe that you quit the service of the king now, on that account. All we have to do is to secrete their weaknesses; and, if no act of ours is required to give any sanction to these indiscretions, I do not see that the honour or conscience of the most scrupulous minister can ever be called into question. You are in a public capacity; therefore consider whether the exposing the king, as you must necessarily do, if you go out now, to the reproaches of his enemies, is more for your honour, and in a private one, whether it will not give you more future uneasiness, than the acquiescing in a measure taken at Hanover, which, though from your warm zeal for the old system of the House of Austria, you at present think a very bad one, perhaps, when it is farther explained, you may think an absolutely necessary one.

"'I have now done with troubling you on this head, and shall endeavour to be short on all others. You fancy if you go out, that it will be you only, and that you shall never join in any opposition, professedly, against those with whom you have acted for so many years; but believe me, dear brother, before this session is at an end, you will be as declared an opponent as Lord Carteret or Mr. Pulteney. They profess what you really think, and when you are out, will tell you they mean the same things: act for a time in subservience to you, till, by degrees, from the Spanish war, down to the attempts to support the Pragmatic Sanction, you will have agreed so long with them, that it will be difficult for you to separate from them in other points. An absolute retired life you cannot live, and a motley one, when you are not in the king's service, you will not.

"'I am very unwilling to mention myself, or the rest of your friends and relations, on this occasion; but I cannot say all that is necessary to be said upon the subject, without it. What figures must we make, especially myself, in a lucrative situation under the king, supporting an administration and measures, which you declare such a dislike to, as to change the life the world has always thought you liked best, to one that hitherto there is no notice you like at all. And on the other hand, what will you think and feel for driving us out, and after that find, what must be the case, that you and I shall politically differ, the same as if we were in direct opposition to one another in public offices. This I name to you, only as a circumstance that must follow your separating yourself from your old friends. Upon the whole, I am most exceedingly grieved to find you under so great anxiety, and in some degree surprised to find it. If I understand that part of your letter, where you speak of my Lord Chancellor,

rightly, he does not think his honour calls upon him to withdraw; then, why should you? It must therefore be your choice, and not necessity. In that case, I would not for the world have you stay an hour longer than your own ease and happiness will allow you; but if it is peculiar to the active office you are now in, there is an easy way, which I have often mentioned to you, of setting that out of the question. Take another, retire from business, and in some degree from court, but not from the king's service, or your friends. If it is measures of office only, this with some difficulty may be done, but if it goes farther, there is nothing in my opinion can remove that, but what was not improbable a few days ago, and may very probably happen in the course of nature very soon.*

'"Now, dear brother, I have finished all I had to say. If I have taken too much freedom, excuse it. Believe me, it proceeds from a real affection and concern for you; and, if I am in the wrong, be assured it is an error in me, and not a desire to differ with you. Whatever you determine, to my life's end, I shall continue anxious for your honour, concerned for your interest, and a most affectionate and faithful friend and brother."

'"P. S. There needs no reply to this; we have both said all we can."'

—pp. 23—26.

These arguments, adds the biographer, were successful. The schism, which as affairs then stood, would have been productive of dangerous consequences was prevented, and Mr. Pelham was once more the useful mediator betwen the two men who were possessing the chief power in the cabinet. But Sir Robert Walpole was shortly after these events obliged to resign, and a new ministry was formed; the Duke of Newcastle, and the Lord Chancellor representing one party, and Mr. Pulteney, who possessed so great an authority among the Whigs, the other. It is not known what share Mr. Pelham had in bringing about this settlement of the administration, but it is supposed most probable that his opinions had a considerable influence on the decisions of his brother; one circumstance, however, is certainly known, and it is rightly termed by his biographer, a striking proof of his discretion. Sir Robert, now created Earl of Orford, earnestly persuaded him to accept the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and it is believed that he did this with the previous consent of his majesty. But Mr. Pelham looked with a cautious eye on the character of the new administration, and seeing how little probability there was that it could be either an efficient or a lasting one, he preferred remaining in his office of paymaster to the forces, to accepting the more elevated and splendid appointment with which he was now tempted.

One of the first consequences of the change of ministry, was an attempt at the prosecution of the man who had so lately possessed such immense authority in the cabinet. The friendship, therefore, of Mr. Pelham, for the late minister was again tried and again received another proof of its firmness. A motion was made by

* 'Probably alluding to an illness of Sir Robert Walpole.'

Lord Limerick, March 9th, 1742, "for a secret committee to inquire into the conduct of affairs during the preceding twenty years." This proposition was opposed by Mr. Pelham in the most decisive manner, and his speech on the occasion is reckoned among the best displays of his clear and vigorous eloquence; even the might and bitter invectives of Mr. Pitt's reply, were insufficient to destroy the impression it made upon the House, and Lord Orford's champion was rewarded for his zeal by obtaining a majority: the numbers were 244 against 242. The subject was shortly after resumed, but was at length rendered unpopular by the party spirit manifested on the occasion, and dropped altogether.

But the most important period of Mr. Pelham's political career commenced in the year 1743. Lord Wilmington, who enjoyed the office of first lord of the treasury, was in a state of health which rendered it probable that the post he held would shortly be vacant. An anxious eye consequently was turned to that quarter of the administration, by the leaders of the different parties, as well as by the candidates for power, who thought themselves entitled to the advancement. Lord Carteret, who was possessed of the greatest personal influence with the king, as his confidential minister, was desirous of confirming it by parliamentary influence, which, owing to his unpopularity, as the adviser in the obnoxious measures of foreign policy, was of the first consequence to his security. The same want of support was also felt by the Duke of Newcastle, and each of these rival nobleman began a vigorous contest of power and interest. The candidates for the office, immediately on the death of the Earl of Wilmington, were Mr. Pelham and Lord Bath, who were respectively supported by the statesmen above-mentioned. Lord Orford had, it is said, foreseen the struggle which was about to take place, and had accordingly determined upon taking measures which might aid the party whose views coincided with his own. Exerting, therefore, the influence which he still possessed with the king, he obtained a promise from him in favour of his friend. As soon, however, as the desired office was vacant, Lord Bath proposed himself, and was seconded in his claims by all the power and influence of Lord Carteret. That nobleman was then with the king in Germany, and was the only minister in attendance. This it was expected would insure the success of Lord Bath, and the duke and the other friends of Mr. Pelham, feared it would have even greater influence on the decision of his majesty, than the royal promise. The anxiety of Lord Orford was very great on the occasion, and he used all the strength of argument and persuasion to induce Mr. Pelham to pursue his object. 'If the offer,' says he, 'comes to Mr. Pelham, however circumscribed, conditional or disagreeable, even under a probability of not being able to go on, it must be accepted. It will be more honourable and justifiable to resign upon impracticabilities, than to appear defeated, and thereby disappointed, from whence no

credit or merit can arise; but we have often seen a back game at back-gammon recovered.' About this time a series of circumstances served greatly to bias the mind of the king in favour of Mr. Pelham, whose support, with that of his brother, was every day becoming more necessary from the untoward turn of affairs in Germany. In a letter, accordingly, from Lord Carteret, dated Mentz, August, 16—27, 1743, Mr. Pelham found he had been appointed by the king to the vacant post, in preference to Lord Bath. The correspondence between the ministers respecting this appointment, throws some light upon the ruling opinions of the cabinet. The letter from Lord Carteret is as follows.

' "I received, by Parker, at Hanau, on the 12-23rd past, the honour of your letter of the 5th July, and I received at the same place, by one of Sir John Rushout's servants, on the 9-20th, a letter from the Earl of Bath, of the 2nd o. s., to the purport of that discourse, which you mention, in your letter, to have had with him, on the accident of the Earl of Wilmington's death. I laid both your letters before his Majesty, which he read with great attention, and then gave me the letter which you wrote to his Majesty, which I read, and returned to him. I told his Majesty, that you had acted very fairly and kindly by me, and for which I thought myself much obliged to you, in assuring Lord Bath, that I had constantly declared, that if he liked that post, I must be for his succeeding to it, but that I had found him unwilling to accept it till now; that both your letters contained the whole matter, and therefore I would not trouble his Majesty farther, than by giving my opinion, that, in the present circumstances of affairs, it would be easier for his service to place Lord Bath there; for that made but one motion, whereas, if you were placed there at present, I could not foresee how many motions must be made; that I thought Lord Wilmington's death had happened at a very unlucky time. You see, I state the affair very truly and naturally to you, and what could any body, in my circumstances, do otherwise? If I had not stood by Lord Bath, who can ever value my friendship? And you must have despised me. However, as the affair is decided, in your favour, by his Majesty, I wish you joy of it; and I will endeavour to support you as much as I can, having really a most cordial affection for your brother and you, which nothing can dissolve but yourselves, which I don't apprehend will be the case. I have no jealousies of either of you, and I believe that you love me; but if you will have jealousies of me without foundation, it will disgust me to such a degree, that I shall not be able to bear it; and as I mean to cement an union with you, I speak thus plainly. His Majesty certainly makes a very great figure, and the reputation of our country is at the highest pitch; and it would be a deplorable fatality, if disputes at home should spoil all the great work.

' "I desire you will shew this letter to the Duke of Newcastle; I shall write a private letter to him by this messenger." '—vol. i. pp. 85, 86.

The letter to the Duke of Newcastle contains an account of the proceedings which were occupying the attention of his majesty on the continent, and other news of the same description, accompanied with many assurances of the sincerest friendship. The

notification which the duke made of the event to the Lord Chancellor, and the answer of the latter, show what importance the attached to their success.

'"This evening, a messenger arrived from the army, with the inclose agreeable, but most surprising, news. I send you all I know of it, an beg you would send the letters back to me, by this messenger, when yo have read them. My friend Carteret's letter, to my brother, is a manl one; and that to me, in many parts of it, has the appearance of a kin one. *It is plain, we have got the better of him*, and our master has bee surprisingly firm; but what has produced this just at this time, I am at l loss to conceive. The use we are to make of it, and the answers, bott private and public, will require great and immediate consideration. Mr. Scrope* will carry the warrant through the several offices forthwith; but, perhaps (though I scarcely believe it), Mr. Sandys, &c. may resign, and then there may not be a board, except Gibbon and G. Compton will remain, though the other two quit."'

Reply of the Chancellor.

'"The pleasure I feel from reading the enclosed letters is greater than can be expressed; and I do most heartily congratulate with your Grace and Mr. Pelham, and all our friends, on this happy event. Your Grace judges rightly of our friend Carteret's letters, and of our master's behaviour, which must have been very firm. However, it is strange in business, that no notice should be taken, either of the delay, or of the reason of perfecting it, just now.

'"I have made so many particular appointments for people to come to me this morning, that it is impossible for me to go out; otherwise I should not have failed to have waited both on your Grace and Mr. Pelham; but I know you will both excuse me. I will have the pleasure of meeting you at dinner, at Lord Lincoln's, &c."'—vol. i. pp. 88, 89.

Lord Orford's letter is admirably descriptive of his political feelings. There is a bitterness in the triumph he expresses, a satisfaction of personal spite, even in his profound and judicious advice, which give a striking picture of his character, while the letter itself is one of the best exemplifications of the state of parties at the time that could be found.

'"Dear Sir,

'"I most sincerely rejoice with you at this first event; it puts you in possession, and gives you time to turn yourself; and the defeat of Lord Bath upon an avowed and declared attack, is more decisive against him, than a battle of Dettingen. You have taken post, and will be able to maintain it; for, whether your colleagues go on awkwardly, or do not go on at all, either behaviour will, upon the king's return, give you both pretence and power to fix the scheme upon your own model. But, surely, for you, it is rather to be wished that they will hold on It will avoid the necessity of your contending for new alterations, absent from the king, when every occasion will give your *dear friend* an opportunity of crossing or delaying your purposes; and it is too certain what great advantages presence has against absence, with *somebody*. You have lately felt the

* 'Secretary to the Treasury.'

weight of it for a month, where to be sure the bias to you personally was very great; the boobies must therefore be managed. The worst that can happen to you is, for two months to bear the disagreeable part of Lord Wilmington, with a majority of the board against you. Gibbon and Compton, I should think, may be made reasonable, when they see you there; the other two are not worth having, or must be bought at too dear a rate, considering what a bargain you have to make with other people, who will not come cheap. I shall therefore advise, what I take for granted you will do of yourself, write to the king full of duty and acknowledgement; without reserve, approve what he has done for the present, because he has done it: assure him you will endeavour to carry on his business in the way he judges proper; and only beg of him that he will not weaken your hands, and render you incapable of serving him, by making any farther alterations in any branch of the revenue, until you have the honour of seeing him; and, in particular, beg of him to keep your own office in suspense, until his affairs come to be settled, which it is impossible at present to judge of.

'"You will treat the great man abroad, too, in his own way; give him as good as he brings; and desire him, as an earnest of that *cordial affection, which he bears to you and your brother*, and as a proof that *he will endeavour to support you, as much as he can*, to prevent any changes or engagements to be made, in the province where you now preside, detrimental or disagreeable to you and your interest.

'"This thought arises upon a surmise, that Lord Bath, upon his own disappointment, may write over, to protect his creatures in their present possessions; and encourage them, upon that presumption, to hold together. If they would purchase their peace of you, it will be false and deceitful. Your strength must be formed of your own friends, the old corps, and recruits from the *Cobham* squadron, who should be persuaded, now Bath is beaten, it makes room for them, if they will not crowd the door when the house is on fire, that nobody can go in or out. If Lady* Archibald is fallen, as I hear, they must lower their topsails, and, if they still meditate the fall of the great man, the attempt, instantly, will be vain, which time, management, and opportunity, may bring about.

'"I do not load you with personal assurances; but I never knew a time when I thought it more incumbent upon me to exert myself in support of the government; and I rejoice, for your sake and for my own, that affairs are put into your hands, where my private friendship, and my political opinion unite, in engaging me to do all I can, and call upon me to act in character; and how great had my difficulty been, if a contrary determination had put me under the necessity, of demurring between the support of the king, and reconciling my conduct with the measures of those, who are incapable of acting a right part, where interest, ambition, or vengeance, can at all influence their actions.

'"I think it needless to suggest to you, the necessity of forming within yourselves your own scheme. You must be understood by those that you are to depend upon; and if it is possible, they must be persuaded to keep their own secret. Remember, that the weakness of the present Treasury

'* A nick-name for Lord Archibald Hamilton, a member of the board of Admiralty.'

has left them at your mercy, and exposed them to the contempt of mankind. Pitt is thought able and formidable; try him or show him. For you cannot do without. Winnington, must be had in the way that he can, or will be had. Your solicitor* is your own, and surely will be useful. Hold up the attorney-general, he is very able and very honest. There are other members of the law, in no way contemptible, in party considerable, that may be had. It is your business now to forgive and gain. Broad Bottom cannot be made for any thing that has a zest of *Hanover*. Whig it with all opponents that will parly; but 'ware Tory! I never mean to a person or so; but, what they can bring with them, will prove a broken reed.

'"Dear Harry, I am very personal and very free, and put myself in your power. Remember me kindly to my lord duke. Yours," &c.'—vol. i. pp. 91—93.

The situation of Mr. Pelham, on becoming Prime Minister, was justly regarded as one of extreme difficulty. Lord Carteret, notwithstanding his warm professions of esteem and friendship, was evidently greatly irritated by the disappointment of his wishes; and it was to be feared he would prove a strong opponent to all Mr. Pelham's proceedings. Lord Bath also would naturally lose no opportunity of confounding, by every means in his power, the measures of his successful rival, and others who in some measure agreed with him, could not be depended upon, unless he chose to resign himself unreservedly to their views and interests. In the doubtful circumstances with which he thus found himself surrounded, he had again recourse, says his biographer, to Lord Orford; and the Pelham papers furnished the Archdeacon with the valuable letter which the ex-minister wrote in answer to the application which was made for his advice. We have not room for its insertion, but it well deserves the attention of the reader. The conclusion, however, is so curious, that we cannot pass it over.

'"The secrecy of a correspondence with Houghton, will become every day more necessary: for your sake and for mine, it must not be known that I enter at all into your affairs. Lord Bath, from the moment he was disappointed, turned his eye upon me. He thinks he shall be stronger upon stirring old questions, and reuniting numbers personally against me, than in any other light. He will try to fling my weight into your scale, in order to sink it. I write not out of any apprehensions; but my indiscretion will be thought very great, if it should be known that I begin to provoke valour; and I am too free with some persons, if I was not safe in your hands."'—vol. i. p. 102.

Mr. Pelham's embarrassments were not the consequence of the opposition which he received from his enemies only. The Duke of Newcastle contributed his full quota to the troubles with which his brother had to contend. On the much disputed and agitated question regarding the employment of Hanoverian troops, which

'* The solicitor was the Honourable William Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, and the attorney-general, Sir Dudley Ryder.'

Mr. Pelham advocated, he had to oppose, on the side of his brother, the most violent prejudices. The king returned on the 15th of November, 1743, and was met by a ministry unsettled by every species of cabal, and a people disaffected, irritated, and ready to declare their sentiments of dislike by every means in their power. The object of Lord Carteret appears to have been to prejudice the mind of the king against the Whigs, and thereby to destroy the influence of his rival in authority. To do this, he would have rejoiced to find them persisting in their opposition to the king in respect to the employment of the Hanoverian soldiers as British troops; and this he expected the more easily to effect, as the Duke of Newcastle, and other powerful members of that party, were declared and violent opponents to the system. The first object, therefore, of Mr. Pelham's care was, to diminish his prospect of success by removing the principal foundation of his policy; and he was fortunate enough to obtain, after much exertion, the agreement of the duke and his friends, to propose a renewal of the grant for the Hanoverian forces. The result of this excellent policy was not only his firm establishment in authority, but his appointment to the place of Chancellor of the Exchequer, which was given him in addition to his former office, and 'with full power to make what changes he pleased,' in the department over which he was chosen to preside.

The unpopularity to which the king had exposed himself by his violent prejudices in favour of his electoral dominions, may be judged of by the circumstance, that the common sentiment of the populace, and the one which formed the ruling toast at clubs and other meetings was, 'No Hanoverian king,' 'and this opprobrious expression,' says our biographer, 'was re-echoed to the popular in the vulgar ballads of the day.' Never, indeed, does the country appear to have been in a more convulsed state; it was not the vessel only which had been shaken in the storm, the helm and the compass were both rendered almost useless in the conflict. The populace were not in a greater state of agitation than the ministry; and the causes which had thrown all parties into confusion had even reached the army, and produced the successive resignation of the most celebrated of its leaders.

The debate respecting the employment of the Hanoverians, took place January 19th, and was introduced by Sir William Yonge's moving for the grant of 393,773*l.* "to maintain the sixteen thousand Hanoverians in British pay, during the ensuing year." The discussion which took place, was of the most stormy description. Every epithet of contumely and contempt, was heaped upon the foreign force, by the opponents of the measure. Mr. Pitt poured out his eloquence with a fearlessness that rendered every word he spoke like a shaft of lightning. He demanded "whether other soldiers were not to be procured in Germany," which he contemptuously termed "that great market of men." Lord Carteret, he denominated

a Hanoverian troop-minister, and even declared that the welfare of England, required its separation from the king's dominions on the continent. He termed the Pelhams "the amiable part of the administration," but expressed his regrets at "*their fatal connection*" with the minister, by uniting with whom they would share his obloquy, and advance his power without obtaining any reward for their pains. The answer of Mr. Pelham was firm and temperate. He supported the measure as in union with the interests of England, and in allusion to Mr. Pitt's observation respecting his subserviency to the minister, remarked, that "although nothing would be so dishonourable in a minister, as to flatter his master, at the expence of the nation; yet those who were so far influenced by popular discontent, as to vote against a measure, fundamentally right, acted if not as dishonest, at least as contemptible a part." The question was carried in the committee, the votes being 271 for, and 226 against the Hanoverians. But we must turn from this period of Mr. Pelham's life, which was characterised by as great good sense, as much firmness and steadiness of principles as have ever marked the proceedings of a minister, to one which will bring us nearer the close of his career. And this we do, because to follow his memoirs, by the course of the events recorded, would carry us beyond our limits.

Through every stage of Mr. Pelham's political existence, we find his brother every now and then alarming him either by his violence, or by some proposition calculated to disarrange his plans. We have seen how this was the case, in respect to Lord Hervey, and in the year 1749 or 1750, the same kind of occurrence took place, between him and the Duke of Bedford. The influence of this nobleman, who was associated with him in office, had, by its daily acquiring strength, given violent offence to his jealous disposition. His diminished favour with some of the members of the royal family, still farther augmented the vexation he felt at the success of his associate, and he resolved if possible to obtain his dismission. This he imagined would not be impracticable if he could secure the zealous co-operation of his brother, on which he fully relied. On making, however, some private inquiry respecting the state of his interest with the king, he was not a little astonished at being told, that his majesty had altered his intentions, regarding the dismissal of the Duke of Bedford, and the answer given to his immediate query as to the cause, was, that "the king did not then know that Mr. Pelham was averse to the measure." The reason which that gentleman gave the duke for this conduct, was that the thing was impracticable, and could only be attempted with a great deal of useless danger. During the king's absence, however, the Duke of Newcastle gave full scope to his feeling of enmity towards the rival minister, and as he enjoyed the principal authority in the management of foreign affairs he had ample opportunity for the gratification of his resentment. The Duke of

Bedford, complained in return, that he was reduced to a mere cipher, and that the whole business of the administration was in reality transacted by the two brothers, and the Lord Chancellor. But it was by no means the desire of Mr. Pelham, that the Duke of Bedford should be induced to withdraw: 'he dreaded,' says the biographer, 'the loss of a nobleman, possessing such powerful interest in parliament, and was apprehensive that it would be difficult to find a successor, who would prove equally agreeable both to the king, and to the cabinet.' Every argument, therefore, which prudence could suggest, he employed to persuade his brother to a different and more conciliating line of conduct; but his advice was in this instance unavailing. The Duke of Bedford therefore contented himself with securing a still further portion of favour among the members of the royal family, whose esteem he had already succeeding in obtaining, and in some measure in withdrawing from his associate. This added considerably to the irritability of the Duke of Newcastle, who wrote to his brother, and the Chancellor, complaining, in the most bitter terms, of the neglect which he was daily experiencing. The former answered, that he had conceived himself neglected, when there was no cause for such suspicion, save his own pride or coldness; but their remonstrances were vain. He expressed his determination of immediately resigning, unless his associate could be persuaded to do so, and of accepting the post of President of the Council. To this his brother again sent a remonstrance, and in consoling him for any uneasiness which he might feel in his situation, complained, says his biographer, 'of the irksomeness of his own, and avowed that he himself had long wished to retire from office.'

This observation appears to have given a turn to the duke's ideas on the subject of resignation. He was further confirmed in this sentiment, by several expressions which fell from the king, respecting the negligence of the Duke of Bedford; such as, "he never troubles his head about business: never man had an easier place than he had." To an observation which was made by the Duke of Newcastle on the same subject, he replied, "He has nothing to write about. He is a mere subordinate minister; his office is a sinecure, and he may as well fill it as any other;" adding, as the Duke of Bedford once said himself, "You and your brother, and the Chancellor, are the only real ministers, the rest are ciphers." This was said in a conversation which the duke had with his majesty, while attending him on the continent, and he expected that the accomplishment of his wish was near at hand. He therefore wrote immediately to his brother, to request he would aid his cause, by making an official application for the removal of the Duke of Bedford, but which, on the same prudential motives which had formerly influenced him, he refused to do. After his return, however, from the continent, the duke again solicited his brother to make the desired application to the king; and worn out

by these repeated requests, Mr. Pelham at length consented to do it; but was met, on the part of his majesty, by "a mild, but peremtory refusal." It is vexatious to find that the consequence of this, was the complete alienation of the brothers from each other, after they had so long shared together the anxieties of office, and on every occasion manifested the most fraternal affection. But to the credit of them both, the difference after a short time was removed, and they again became united in their former affection and good understanding. The quarrel also between the two dukes, was stopped by the peremptory command of the king.

Among the last important debates in which Mr. Pelham took a part, was that on the repeal of the act for the naturalization of the Jews, and which he had so staunchly supported. The account which is given of this parliamentary transaction though too long for us to extract, is well worthy, especially at the present period, of perusal. But the career of our excellent and celebrated statesman was now terminated, and his death was as sudden as it was lamented. He had been for some little time suffering under an attack of erysipilas, which unexpectedly assumed an alarming appearance, and he expired, after a serious illness of only three days, on March 6th, 1754. We transcribe the account which his biographer has given of his character.

'In finishing the character already sketched of Mr. Pelham, we encounter few of those conflicting opinions, which render it difficult to pronounce a satisfactory judgment, on the merits or demerits of a statesman. Towards him, even political rivalry seems scarcely to have engendered either prejudice or animosity; and, in the estimate of the principles by which he was guided, the ends which he pursued, and the means which he employed, both his opponents and friends, with little exception, cordially agree.

'His knowledge was rather useful than extensive; his understanding more solid than brilliant. His abilities did not burst forth with that splendour which has distinguished the opening career of many statesmen, but were gradually developed by experience and practice, and seemed to grow equal to the occasions, by which they were called into action. He was slow and cautious in deciding, yet firm and persevering when his resolution was once formed; though he knew the proper time and occasion, to bend to popular prejudice, or public opinion. Instead of declining under the weight of years, his energies continued to increase; and, at no period did he better assume the spirit and authority of a great minister, than in that which immediately preceded his dissolution.

'His temper was naturally equable and conciliatory; and his disposition candid and unassuming. He was cautious in raising expectations, but faithful in the performance of his promises. These qualities, instead of being deteriorated by the exercise of power, distinguished to the latest period, the minister as well as the man; and to them he owed more friends, and a stronger attachment, than the most profound and refined art could have acquired. Even his opponents felt the value of such merits; and, however disposed to question the propriety of his measures, they seldom

failed to render justice to his sincerity, disinterestedness, and integrity. Indeed, a better proof cannot be given, of the suavity of his manners, and the impression produced by his manliness and candour, than the treatment he experienced in his intercourse with the sovereign. Notwithstanding the irritability of temper, and pertinacity of opinion, which marked the character of George II., his Majesty invariably behaved towards Mr. Pelham with kindness and attention; always listened to his advice with complacency; and, in numerous cases, yielded to his representations, though frequently opposed to his favourite plans of continental policy. When he was informed of his death, he testified his regret by the exclamation, "Now I shall have no more peace!"

'In manner, Mr. Pelham united dignity and ease. Though naturally grave, yet no one was more free from affected reserve or repulsive austerity; and, in his social hours, no one could more gracefully unbend, and mingle in the playfulness of conversation.

'In his public character, he was uniformly moderate and disinterested; and, it is mentioned to his honour, by almost the only author who has treated him with obloquy, that he lived without abusing his power, and died poor.* In a word, Mr. Pelham may be ranked among the few ministers who enjoyed at once the esteem of the sovereign, the confidence of the parliament, the respect of opposition, and the love of the people.

'Without the natural gifts of a great orator, he always spoke with good sense and effect; and his speeches, though rarely marked with bursts of eloquence, or decorated with rhetorical graces, were remarkable for judgment and perspicuity. Though occasionally too colloquial and redundant, they were delivered with such candour and simplicity, as to convince his hearers that they directly conveyed the real sentiments of his heart; and were rendered still more effective, by the general conviction which prevailed of his honesty, economy, and patriotism.

'By his well known attachment to true liberty, and the respect he ever preserved for the principles of the constitution, he dispelled all suspicions of the slightest intention to extend the royal prerogative beyond its due bounds, or in the least degree to incroach upon the rights of the people. He may indeed be classed among those sound patriots, whom Mr. Burke distinguishes by the name of the Old Whigs, who were equally free from faction on the one hand, and servility on the other.

'In the development of his financial arrangements, he is said to have proved himself a worthy pupil of Sir Robert Walpole; and, in many instances, is admitted to have been scarcely inferior to his able master. As a minister, however, he was certainly deficient in a knowledge of the general system of European policy. Indeed he seems to have limited his cares and ambition to his own peculiar province, the finances and domestic economy of the country; and when he did venture to interfere with the management of foreign affairs, it was rather from necessity than inclination.

'* Lord Orford's Posthumous Memoirs, vol. i. p. 322. By this expression of Lord Orford, the reader will be reminded of a curious coincidence in the concluding lines of the eulogium inscribed on the base of Mr. Pitt's statue, by his friend and pupil, the Right Honourable George Canning; "Dispensing, for more than twenty years, the favours of the Crown, he lived without ostentation, and he died poor."

From this principle, he felt all the sensibility of a financier, with regard to the state of public credit; and gave cause for the complaints of his colleagues, that he sometimes manifested too much despondency and alarm in the House of Commons. Sometimes, also, like Sir Robert Walpole, he was carried by his love of peace to too great an extent of concession. As the head of the financial department, he was a frugal steward of the public money; and having experienced the difficulties and embarrassments attending protracted and unsuccessful hostilities, he was led to consider even a doubtful peace as preferable to the most successful war; and to think no sacrifice too great for the preservation of national tranquillity.

'To the agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, of the country, he was vigilantly attentive; and not only rose superior to the narrow principles of preceding times, but suggested or promoted a greater number of useful and practical regulations, than any other individual, in a similar period of time, since the Revolution.

'The great feature of his administration, is the reduction of the interest on the national debt, and the consolidation of the public funds. This important operation was not only accomplished with peculiar prudence, but with equal justice towards the public and the fundholder; and no better proof can be adduced of its merits and effects, than the ready acquiescence with which it was attended, and the general satisfaction since expressed in its favour.'

'In his private life, Mr. Pelham was equally moral and regular. He had, as Lord Chesterfield observes, many domestic virtues, and no vices. He was a tender husband, an indulgent father, and a kind master; and though peculiarly liberal in his religious opinions, he was a zealous member of the church of England.'—vol. ii. pp. 301—304.

The work of which we have thus endeavoured to give some idea, by indicating the points of interest to which it refers, is, indeed, a most desirable and important publication. It is equally attractive, whether considered as a biography or a history, and fully establishes the claim of its venerable and learned author to the first rank among the historians of his country.

ART. II.—1. *Herbstreise durch Scandinavien, von Willibald Alexis. Zwei Bänd,* 1828. *Berlin: Schlesinger.* London: Black and Young.

2. *Wanderungen im Süd. Mitgetheilt durch Willibald Alexis.* 1828. *Berlin. Schlesinger.* London: Black and Young.

1. *An Autumnal Journey through Scandinavia.* By Willibald Alexis. 1828. *Berlin. Schlesinger.* London: Black and Young.

2. *Wanderings in the South.* Communicated by Willibald Alexis. 1828. Berlin. Schlesinger. London: Black and Young.

WE have selected the works before us, not from any intrinsic merit they possess as books of travels, but because we wish to make a few remarks on the spirit in which they are written, and for this time we shall deviate a little from the principle that guides us in our selection of foreign books, since volumes insignificant in themselves, may be productive of good, by directing attention to

the merits which are not to be found in themselves. Mr. Willibald Alexis, is, in his own estimation, and perhaps in that of a few coteries at Berlin, a person of no small consequence; but as fame, although represented as winged, seems to have directed her flight to other regions, instead of wafting his reputation across the British channel, we shall endeavour to make amends for her injustice. Willibald Alexis, which is merely a *nom de guerre*, the real appellation being Mr. Häring, is Joint Editor of the *Berliner Conversations Blatt*, a periodical paper, which has occasionally contained some valuable articles, as the epitome of A. W. Schlegel's Lectures on the Plastic Arts, of which we gave our readers some extracts, but which at present labours under a fit of dulness, from which we hope it may recover.

This assumption of another name is very common in Germany, and leads to some amusing incongruencies. Thus the pseudo and the real name stand side by side in amity, somewhat inconsistently with the superior claims of the paternal appellation, as well as the adjunct conferred by godfathers and godmothers; and in the first work before us, the assumed name is on the title page, and the preface written in *propriâ personâ*. These are, however, matters of taste, and if our neighbours choose to have a round dozen of *aliases*, they are welcome. The second book is ushered into the world with a pomp and mystery truly ridiculous. The author publishes it anonymously, and the editor, appearing under a false name, gives us in the preface an *anagram!* of the Wanderer through France. The work is rightly entitled, 'Wanderings,' for the author can never hope to become any thing better than a vagrant in the high road of literature. With all possible desire to execute our judicial duties with impartiality, and that civility which is due to foreigners, we found it impossible to continue the perusal, and upon looking for it in our library, to justify our observations by a few extracts, we find that it has disappeared.

If any one has borrowed it, he is very welcome to keep it, provided he will sincerely promise to read it from beginning to end. A few features will enable the reader to form an estimate of these previous wanderings.

The author, with a happy modesty, informs us that he is not a Sterne, and deprecates the idea that he has wished to imitate or rival our sentimentalist, with as much earnestness as if any body in his senses would think of comparing them. But we suppose that this is the commencement of his wanderings, if so, the *heavens change, not the mind* of the poet, is no longer true. We rather suspect, however, that it is an effusion from the satirical pen of Mr. Willibald Alexis, who, with modesty equal to that of his anagrammatical protegé, informs us that it has been affirmed that he could not write a sentence without a touch of irony. A pretty confession for a critic truly, and a sensible man must he be who chooses such an ironical man for his patron and preface writer,

We more than suspect that both works proceed from the same pen, and that the additional mystery was suggested by the hope that it would make the work go off a little better. In both the publications we meet with the same peculiarities of style, the same languid lengthiness of description, the same vehemence of admiration for objects which they appear to have seen for the first time; and last, though not the least, the same hatred of the English. It was this last feature, indeed, which induced us to select these volumes, in the hope of directing the attention of the Germans to the folly of thus abusing a nation which has claims to their esteem and respect. That we can bear a joke against ourselves and laugh at it as heartily as the maker, even although it should be resuscitated to the very extent of the Pythagorean metempsychosis, we have proved by our recent extracts from German works, in which the taciturnity and peculiarities of John Bull, were ridiculed by an author whose powers of irony, although not so loudly vaunted, are far superior to Mr. Häring's. But we honour the affection which a man bears to his language and nation, too much to be displeased, even when he exalts them at our expense.

But there is a medium which a gentlemanly mind will always keep, a moderation of language, which no respectable writer will ever exceed, except in the occasional heat of party politics or personal aggravation. There is a portion of the German writers, who think to recommend themselves for wit and talent by abusing the English, and that for no other reason than because we too like to see and enjoy the beauties which God has distributed with a bountiful hand, in other countries as well as our own. But the proud islanders, it appears, disdain to hold converse in their travels, and truly if they meet with such travellers as the Wanderer in the South, taciturnity is the best means of repelling the infliction of his conversation. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* Hence all those expressions of petty spleen, the interjectional exclamations of, the English! the hated English! and once, the d—d English! Fie, Oh Fie. Is this the way to prove the hackneyed and gratuitous assertion, that the English are a swearing nation? And this veracious traveller proceeds to give a specimen of an English Conversation.—Look at that girl—*How she is beautiful!* But we are tired of such trash. We have, thank Heaven! character enough to present tangible points, and sense enough to prefer silence to chattering with blockheads. But we have also sense enough to know how much is gained by observing institutions and manners in other countries, and it is not a little singular that the nation which is abused for despising foreigners, should have produced the most impartial accounts of others. But the accusation is false: in our travels we have paid particular attention to this subject, and it

* See the review of *Deutschland, oder Briefe eines in Deutschland reisenden Deutschen.*

is certain that no surer test of a foreigner can be made, than the manner in he which speaks of England and of Englishmen. We have conversed with many Germans, eminent in different branches of learning and science, and we have not found one who did not speak with respect, and even enthusiasm, of the reception he met with here. When these are with us, we can dispense with the approbation of second rate writers, nor is it on our own account that we notice their strained attempts at humour, or their still-born jokes; they cannot hurt us, but they may excite false ideas in those who content themselves with this species of information. It is for the Germans we write; for a people whom we honour and respect for the mass of intelligence which they possess, and the single hearted perseverance with which they have followed up their investigations; whose literature it is impossible to study without feeling the highest admiration for the great spirits which adorn it; and whose taste, in so many essential points resembles our own, as to afford a convincing proof that what is felt by two nations exerting similar powers in different directions, must have its origin in the fundamental principles of human nature. We need only instance the superior excellence of the German criticisms on Shakspeare, the surest test of purity of taste. But we must not totally forget our Northern Traveller; the reader will therefore have the kindness to accompany us to the preface of the 'Autumnal Journey,' in which we shall allow Mr. Willibald Alexis to introduce himself; it appears that he considers 'the intention to give a description of a journey, a very bad accompaniment at setting out. . . .The journey was resolved upon and begun nearly by the same fortunate chance, and my humour extended it to these little visited regions.' He is neither a 'Geographer, a writer of Statistics, Ethnographer, Mineralogist, Botanist, or Politician.'

He would even disclaim the 'Predicate of a Picturesque Traveller.' 'Even if an attempt at pourtraying occurs now and then, pleasure and recreation were the principal object.' 'Friends of my novels must not here expect any such works.' We are informed that the romantic of the journey consisted in the company of—'A Frenchman and a German literatus, amicably uniting for a journey to the high north!' We had always understood that the North possessed likewise its romantic, but the *ne plus ultra* is the association of M. Ampere* and Willibald Alexis on a journey of pleasure to the North.

'If any change of my style be perceived, I must beg to remark that the greater part of what follows has been dictated. *For my Northern Friends I must premise that my Countrymen assert that I can write nothing without a touch of irony. It is, however, only a tickling in the pen, it has*

* This gentleman is likewise the author of Walladmor, an imitation of Sir Walter Scott, a translation of which we saw announced some years ago, but as we have not seen the work, we cannot speak more decidedly upon it.

nothing to do with the heart, and we Germans now begin to understand raillery, and that humour, only offending superficial gravity, can never vex deeper seriousness.'

We need not add any thing to the above *naïf* observations—as features in portrait-painting, they are perfect. We must confess that we were in error when we thought that in Philina, in Wilhelm Meister, the Germans had an excellent model of raillery, although not clothed in the most moral dress. It is doubtless in the writings of our traveller that the models of airy playfulness and sportive wit must be sought.

If we may judge from the converse of the old proverb, *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, our traveller never beheld a steam-boat before, as the efforts of his description are so laborious; now soaring after the sublime, now deepening into the pathos, like the rising and falling of the vessel which called forth this splendid display of genius. Amidst some vague and general accounts of Denmark and Danes, the following account of Oehlenschläger is not uninteresting, and will be read with pleasure by those who interest themselves in continental Literature.

'The modern Literature of the Danes harmonizes with their general character. The play of the feelings has freer scope than in the iron giants of the times of the Edda. They willingly revel in noble and tender feelings. Oehlenschläger is their representative. I found in him a dignified, tall, handsome man; the softness of the character displays itself not only in his harmonious diction, but also in the features of his face. When he reads his excellent lyric poems, many finer shades appear which the German in the distance perhaps overlooks. Many of them had, at least for me, a great charm. Besides the well known humane character of the poet, they breathe a noble patriotism, and a certain degree of melancholy is easily discernible in his nature. He, who like Oehlenschläger in the fortunate days of his youth, participated in the bloom-time of German poetry, encouraged by Goethe and Schiller; will naturally sometimes cast a melancholy look on the fading blossoms, and on new appearances and tendencies which cannot all be approved.....The poet of Corregio Aladin, Axel, and Walborg will also live in Germany; as a Dane he has acquired a far higher merit as the centre of a new literature.'—vol. i. p. 14.

It is generally supposed that the German is equally familiar to the Danes with their own language, this, however is not the case, and even Oehlenschläger finds it difficult to follow a German when he speaks very quickly. The theatre is principally supplied by translations from the Germans, and (we know not whether this is a touch of irony or not) '*the red play-bills at the corner of the street reminded us, with a touching melancholy, of our home!*

In Copenhagen, the merchants (proh pudor!) we almost fear to name it, actually commit the crime of walking in the Exchange with their hats on. This horrid custom 'they appear to have inherited from the English.' And a German can here take his

first English lesson, that he may not appear too humble in the Queen of Commercial Trading Towns.' Does Mr. Häring know what he is talking about, or has he ever been on the London Exchange? In Copenhagen, it is impossible for a foreigner to see the fleet, or to escape from the police office without being fleeced. In this last department 'we must neither expect politeness nor a reasonable cause. Yet I will not close my chapter on Copenhagen, of which I can *say nothing but good*, with a complaint.'

Hamlet's father, it appears, was in a very angry mood as the German literatus passed by Elsineur, and sent a violent storm, which, among other inconveniences, afflicted the prisoners with a terrible sea-sickness. 'In these moments, every thing that is called delicacy, ceases;' even so, and sometimes the effect extends likewise to the descriptions. Contenting ourselves with having produced specimens of the style in which our traveller describes his own sensations and feelings, which does not excite in our minds any very great idea of his magnanimity or knowledge of the world, we shall select some of the more favourable parts of the book, which turn upon objects more likely to interest the reader.

The literature of Norway is yet in its infancy, but there is an appearance of excitement and energy in the wish for information that augurs well for its future progress. Steffens, who may perhaps be considered the most distinguished of the Norwegian writers, is untrue to his native language, and writes in German. But in his recent visit to Christiana, in his animated speech at the dinner given to him by the University, he proved that he had not forgotten the language of his infancy. We had intended to have given our readers some account of the writings of Steffens. The last of his works that we have seen is a cyclus of Novels, Walseth and Leith. We do not consider him very happy in the delineation of personal character; he generally takes a feature in the abstract, and surrounding it with a few indifferent adjuncts, presents it as an individual. But when he places the scene in his native country, and avails himself of his story to describe its scenery, its history, and its literature, his writings assume a higher tone, and he writes with all the eloquence of true feeling. It is impossible for a moment to doubt that his sentiments come from the heart, and we have perused few books with more interest than these episodes of Steffens. But alas! they are only episodes, and the wandering, desultory nature of his plans, together with the formidable length of the work, are draw-backs upon its merits. Steffens has likewise written several works on his own country, in all of which he has displayed a sincere patriotism and kindness of disposition. He complains of the inroads upon the former simplicity of life and manners of the Norwegians, and certainly nothing can be more injurious to a nation, to emerge from patriarchal simplicity before higher resources and impulses are called into action to furnish a remedy against the inconveniences of the change.

Thus, in speaking of Hedemarken, he observes:

'The inhabitants in Hedemarken have completely lost that simplicity of life which is now only to be found in the most remote regions of Norway. It is impossible to restore them to their former condition, and this unsteady half civilization is exactly the most injurious of all for religion, morality, and every intellectual capability. The farmer here sends his men and maid-servants to work in the fields and huts of the mountain districts. He himself leads a lazy life, involves himself in lawsuits that he may have something to do, drinks brandy, and smokes tobacco. The patriarchal manner of living of the real Norwegian peasantry, who, even when he is rich, works in his fields with his servants, places himself on an equality with him, and divides every enjoyment with him, has alas! completely disappeared.'

There is nothing particular in the volumes before us to detain us much longer. The descriptions of scenery and manners are sometimes not without effect, although frequently too diffused and repeated. We should, in justice to Mr. Häring, notice that he speaks in terms of deserved-praise of Captain Capel Brooke's "Winter in Lapland and Sweden," although he considers his descriptions of scenery, like those of the English in general, too diffuse, —a singular fault for a German to find with an English work. We forgot to mention that Mr. Häring had an interview with Bishop Tegner, the celebrated poet of the Frithirfssaga, and dismisses him somewhat unceremoniously, as we only learn that he is a tall, stout man, whose animated look revealed the true poet. Moreover we are informed that the Bishop had a cold, and 'it is always a bad thing for a celebrated man to have a cold.'

It is one of the peculiarities of these volumes, that what will constitute their chief merit with the Germans, is rendered unnecessary for us, by the superior books of travels with which the industry and enterprise of our countrymen have already furnished us. Had Mr. Häring concealed his own feelings in the petty inconveniences which are the necessary accompaniments of every journey, we should rise from the perusal of his volumes with more unmixed pleasure. It is always dangerous for a man to reveal the inmost twists and turnings of his mind; no man is a hero to his valet de chambre, and few landsmen very æsthetical on their first visit to father Neptune. A traveller should bear in mind, that what hundreds of thousands have felt and said well before him, is in this book-making and book-reading age, no legitimate subject for description.

As a striking contrast to the laboured striving after effect in the sea pieces of Mr. Häring, to borrow a favourite simile of his own, we would recommend to our readers, the life of old Nettelbeck. In the plain unvarnished narrative of the old sailor, his numerous shipwrecks are described with a life and vigour that surpass all imaginative scenes of poetry, and give to the work the zest and interest of our favourite "Robinson Crusoe," with the trifling addi-

tion, that it is all true. We know no work so worthy of finding a place in the volumes of autobiography. To the young, it would afford an interesting example of undaunted firmness and unshaken integrity, advancing through almost unexampled difficulties to an old age of peace and honour; the lover of character and unvarnished truth will find in the old provincial, his model, and we hope that some one capable of the task, will undertake a translation of these interesting memoirs.

In parting from Mr. Häring, or Willibald Alexis, which we do in perfect good humour, we would recommend a more moderate tone in speaking of foreigners. If they have any thing that is good, let it be proposed for imitation, if bad, let it be exposed; he may laugh as heartily as he pleases at their peculiarities, but a critic ought to know that those peculiarities which point out the existence of national character, are to be respected. He who confesses that he is a master of playful mirth, should not attempt to establish his position by vulgar abuse; it requires a long and intimate acquaintance with a nation, to determine what is or is not really ridiculous, when considered as a component feature of a national portrait. Much may be allowed for conflicting interests, the foreign manufacturer can hardly be expected to praise, although he may admire the English machinery, when it undersells him in his own markets; but it should be the office of literature to purify the mind from petty jealousies instead of encouraging them. Mr. Häring may possibly assert that there is nothing in the present volumes that calls for these animadversions, but we must remind him that these are not the only volumes in which this spirit has been displayed. In his own Journal, the Conversations Blatt, appeared recently, if not from his pen, at least under his editorship, a treatise on English Ballad Poetry, in which from the sanguinary nature of some of the subjects of the Ballads, a digression was made upon the corresponding tendency of the national character. We acknowledge that in our history much blood has been spilt, and alas! the tree of liberty has always been watered by human blood. Through what streams has the change of opinion in France been produced, and was the religious liberty of which Germany boasts, obtained without a contest?

Away, then, with these partial views, they injure not the object at which they are aimed, but recoil on him who presents them. In conclusion, we believe that Mr. Häring understands our language, and has translated some of our works into German. We would recommend him, in future, to read the MSS. of his protégés, that when they wish to report our conversation, they may at least allow us to speak English.

ART. III.—*Personal and Literary Memorials; by the Author of "Four Years in France," "Italy as It Is," &c.* 8vo. pp. 496. London: Colburn. 1829.

IT is a happy circumstance for posterity, that the author of these 'Memorials' has at length prevailed upon himself to disclose his real name, in due deference to the example not long since afforded by the no less celebrated writer of the novel of "Waverley." The clue to this valuable secret is found in a postliminious note, and was evidently wrung from his modesty, after the completion of his work, by a sense of the deep sympathy which he felt with the wishes and expectations of the public. It would have been treating the matter in a way scarcely consistent with what was due to its dignity, if the grand mystery had been revealed in the title page; and as future commentators,—a Gronovius, a Gruterus, or a Bechichemus,—might discover various different readings of that leaf of the book, and so attribute the fame that awaits it to different individuals, it became of the first importance that this question should be settled beyond all possibility of dispute. Accordingly, the postliminious note informs us, that 'the name of the author does not appear in the title page. 'We cannot sufficiently admire this negative mode of introducing a subject of considerable delicacy. It pleases the mind, in the first place, to know where an object of which it is in search is *not* to be found; it soothes the natural indolence of mankind not to be vexed with unnecessary trouble.

But it may be doubted, at the same time, whether this coyness of the author does not rather stimulate the curiosity of the reader. We naturally ask, if the name of the author does not appear in the title page, where is it to be found? No doubt in some obscure part of the book, where its presence was indispensible, and where it may be discerned in a little corner, as it were, like a primrose lifting its gentle head, not expecting to be seen. And such, in fact, is the case. The postliminious note was added 'to point out, that in articles V. and LVI. is to be found the name of the author of these Memorials.' Thus guided, we discovered, after great research, from the first of these references, the name to be that of 'Mr. Best,' who is introduced to the reader in the following terms:—'Mr. *Best was a very good scholar. He became conscientiously a member of the church of Rome, and honourably resigned his fellowship of Magdalen College, Oxford.*' We give the character in Italics, as we find it printed in the original, lest it might not otherwise be properly felt and understood. It is quoted by the author from the "Bibliotheca Parriana." It is not a puff, not even a breath, of self-applause. It is a sort of certificate which is handed to the reader, in order that he may obtain a slight preliminary knowledge of the individual whose Memorials he is about to peruse.

Having thus dallied, as it were, in a mirror, and at a distance

with the first object of every body's inquiry, we are next informed by way of compensation for the trouble of turning to a remote part of the work, that the name of the author 'shall appear on the title page, when the public shall call for a uniform edition of three volumes, united as one work by identity of character and manner of thinking, and narrative of personal history.' Those three volumes are, we believe, "Four Years in France," "Italy as It Is," and that of which Mr. Best now inscribes his name on the literary shield. To the admirer of these works the enquiry here naturally suggests itself, "will the public ever call for the uniform edition," thus diffidently suggested, accompanied too, as it would be, by not only one, but three title pages, assuming the edition to be in three volumes, all bearing the name of the author fully set out, together with his University designations, and any other honourable additions which he may in the mean time acquire? Mischievous critics we know there are, who maintain that the hopes which had been indulged concerning the author of "Four Years in France" have been grievously discomposed by the author of "Italy as It Is," and that the 'Memorials' now before us have prepared for him a resting place upon that shelf whence no volume is ever taken down. We abhor such critics as we do the gates of a certain kingdom, within which they will one day find any thing but a place of rest; it is the inevitable fate of distinguished talents to be opposed, for a season, by the malignity of vulgar minds; but we live in the hope that the genius of the author now before us, will, sooner or later, triumph over the conspiracy which now prevents the public from duly appreciating its loftiness and splendour, and that it will shine forth as one of the most dazzling lights of the galaxy which is destined to give peculiar lustre to our age.

One passing remark from us upon a particular point will not, perhaps, be taken amiss. It may easily be believed that in our capacity of reviewers, we are seldom disposed to become inquisitors, and scrutinize the religious tenets of authors who chance to come under our notice. Equal in our eyes, as now, fortunately, they may be said to be in those of the law, are the professors of every form of the christian faith, provided they do not seek to intrude unnecessarily into the republic of literature their own peculiar dogmas. We think ourselves, therefore, in a situation to ask whether Mr. Best has not endeavoured to make the world hear rather too much concerning the alteration of his religious opinions? Is it not the principal theme of the three books which he has now published? If he were to write as many more volumes, would not his change of faith be the leading feature of them all? Does not sincerity court the shade? Is it a part of that humility which the Gospel inculcates, thus to blazon forth certain religious opinions, and thus to magnify their importance because they happen to be those of "a very good scholar," who was once a fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford?

But let us change this key, and resume the strain of eulogy, which is much more congenial to our souls. As truth is an invaluable recommendation of every book, not dedicated to the horrors of romance, it is a great consolation to us to be able at the onset, to give a few striking proofs of the author's scrupulous attention to this particular. He observes in his preface, 'that this volume is connected with those on France and Italy, by frequent reference.' The epithet 'frequent,' having been prefixed to 'reference,' renders it incumbent upon us to assure the reader, that having carefully examined the volume with a view to this object, we found that it either alludes to, or mentions the works above named in from thirty to forty different places. Passing over the title page and the postliminious note, we shortly arrive at a commentary on the words which we have already quoted from the Bibliotheca Parriana, which he thus closes:—See 'an account of the conversion of the author to the catholic faith,' prefixed to "Four Years in France." But as many readers might not know where that work was to be found, he next informs them that it was 'published by Colburn.' In page twenty-one he ventures an assertion, that 'the manners of soldiers, though not the best, are next to the best.' As a general observation, perhaps, there are few who would controvert the truth of this position, or think of investigating very profoundly the facts which support it. At the same time, it is always expedient, whenever it is possible, to confirm an abstract proposition by positive authority. Accordingly, our author appeals for such confirmation to "Four Years in France," p. 251. And there we find it stated, that "the depôt of good manners is to be found with the nobles of ancient families," and that "military men want the polish attained by the latter." Hence it is demonstrated that the manners of military men are "next to the best."

In his delicacy and taste, our memorialist is perfectly unique. Happening to have occasion to speak of Dr. West, formerly of his own college in Oxford, he mentions a bequest which was made by that individual, and expended in the erection of a building to which we can here give no name. It happens, however, to be in a style which J. Baptist Malchoir characterized, as, "your tamt Vauxhall Gothic." The reader very naturally desires to know who J. Baptist Malchoir is? He need only refer to the note—'for this ingenious artist, and most worthy man,' see, "Italy as It Is," p. 28, by the author of "Four Years in France." A rigid line of truth compels us to say that we *did* see "Italy as It Is," p. 28, but we did not see the artist. Perhaps he has removed. We are glad that the author again reminds us, that both those works have emanated from his own mind. The busy and thoughtless world might otherwise have forgotten it; a circumstance which would have been a reflection upon the age, seeing that the book on Italy, is already ranked as a classical production.

We were not, we must confess, apprised of this fact, until we arrived at p. 467 in the volume now before us, in which the distinguished honour we have mentioned is slightly, indeed scarcely, alluded to in that natural unassuming way, which renders Mr. Best's writings so singularly interesting. After a learned dissertation upon tours in general, and upon tours in Italy in particular, our author expresses an opinion that those 'writers rendered good service to their countrymen, who relieved them from the discredit of being guided by the counsels of prejudice, misapprehension, pride and bigotry.' He then adds:—'This good office has been done for England, in regard to Italy, by the authors of "The Classical Tour,"—"Transalpine Memoirs,"—"Italy as It Is."' These three productions; the first by Eustace, the second by Mr. Best's son, and the third by Mr. Best himself, his *great work*, as he styles it in his preface, are upon a level in point of rank. Indeed if there be any difference, it is evidently in favour of the two latter publications, as appears from the following passage.

'The work of Eustace has been before the public for a quarter of a century, and a place of honour and high estimation has been assigned to it. He puts forth benevolent wishes for the independence of Italy, and shows that such a state of things would be in entire conformity with the interests of England. Not yielding to Eustace in good-will to the Italians, I have counselled what seemed most practicable, and have pointed to the good that may be obtained without danger or convulsive movement. No one regards the kingdom of Hungary as degraded by being part of the Austrian empire. Italy has not been conquered by Austria, any more than has Hungaria. Austria has resumed what it had before, and taken what France had ceded. Italy can make the political body in which she may be incorporated, partaker in her past fame and present splendour. Her sovereigns, aiding Austria with their military means, may influence its government in her favour; and the respect paid to these sovereigns by foreign powers will add to their weight and authority exerted to this end with their great ally. For this reason it is wise that an English diplomatic minister should be sent, not only to Turin and Naples, but to middle Italy also: our present plenipotentiary at Florence is suited, by his disposition, to a plan of conciliation and kindness.

'"Transalpine Memoirs" were published a twelvemonth before "Italy as It Is;" and my chief difficulty was to keep clear of this author. His first letter, however, is dated at Rome, and we have but Rome and Naples in common. I have omitted several matters, because he had treated of them. Mine is a book of reflection; his, of observation. I am conversant with the past and distant relations; he, with the present; the future belongs to us both. I am occupied with theology, politics, and domestic cares; he relates anecdotes, and tells of the actual state of social life. On our return to Rome, where I conclude, he continues the story, beginning with the Jubilee, or *Anno Santo*, and conducts us by an animated narrative, through varied scenes and notable occurences, to the extreme limit of Italian domination.

'The surface of Italy has been abundantly described: its edifices have been brought under the public eye by every possible mode; by elevations,

plans, delineations, admeasurements; its products, natural and artificial, are well known; and every European is better acquainted with its works of the fine arts, its statues and paintings, than he is with the galleries and collections of his country. But that which vitiates the reports of our English travellers in Italy is, a want of sympathy with the feelings of the Italians: we go predetermined to think and to speak of them with contempt. This fault cannot be imputed to the authors of "Transalpine Memoirs," or of "Italy as It Is."'—pp. 467—469.

Those jealous critics to whom we have already alluded, here remind us that the man who wrote, "Transalpine Memoirs," declared that the Roman forum gave "a death-stroke" to his curiosity;—that the dome of the Pantheon stands "in a hole;"—that he had great difficulty, after rambling through all the lanes of Rome, in finding out St. Peter's;—that the façade of that church could only be compared to "a new town-hall, or some other public building;"—that he could not discover "the use or beauty of the portico;"—that the two fountains celebrated by Eustace, were nothing more than "two meagre squirts;"—and that Michael Angelo's dome, the wonder of the world, could only be compared with "the cover of a pepper box standing on stilts." This too, it is said, is the catholic, who fell asleep at the *miserere*! If the same critics are to be believed, the greater part of "Italy as It Is," is written in a similar strain. We suppose that it is quite unnecessary for us to enter into any refutation of these scandalous inventions.

The author neither in his preface, nor in his postliminous note, asserts that he makes frequent reference to two works entitled "Transrehnane Memoirs," and "Transalpine Memoirs," which appear to have been written by John Richard Best, Esq. If any such assertion had been made, we should have deemed it our duty, now that the gauntlet is in our hands, to have maintained its truth against any adversaries whomsoever. But the honour of him, in whose cause we are armed, not being doubted in this particular, we proceed to another and a more inviting portion of our duty.

It is to be understood, that in the Memorials now before us, there is nothing consecutive. They contain the personal and literary reminiscences of the author, and treat of a great many things, the bare noting down of which, as the writer solemnly declares, afforded him, in more senses than one, considerable diversion. In fact it is a right merry book, and reminds one of the ages ago, when England was a merry nation. We hope that the reader will find it as pleasant to peruse these *memorabilia* as the author did to record them. They fluctuate from grave to gay, like a wave that now reflects the sun beam and now the cloud, with a charming variety. A homily upon marriage, springs out of an epigram; a family anecdote ushers in a dissertation upon religion; a sermon upon confession stands not far from a poem; the Duchess of Floridia and Mooka Rumi, Dr. Phillpotts and Ipecacuanha

lozenges, Lalla Rookh and Jedediah Buxton, a false brother and the Penitents of St. Clair; Major Cartwright and—Lord Nelson; Percy Bysshe Shelley and—Pascal! figure together almost side by side in frolicksome confusion. The book, in short, may be truly entitled a sort of colloquial row, in which many voices may be heard, and many persons may be seen at the same time,—some disputing, some declaiming, some saying prayers, some making *bons mots*, some playing the fool *ex officio*, some in the attitude of surprise, some singing, some preaching, some occupied in taking in an oddly assorted cargo, some playing at chess, some bawling out the Lincoln cries, some committing suicide, some smoking after the fashion of the eighteenth century, some living to a hundred years of age, some doing nothing at all, and many others assisting them. It is really most diverting!

The late Lady Craven, the epithet is prefixed because she died *lately*, made on the spur of the moment, a capital charade upon marriage:—

Mon premier est un tyran: mari-
Mon second est un monstre: age;
Et mon tout est—le diable: mariage.

The author's commentary upon this is almost as good as the charade itself.

'Lady C. was young when she struck off her charade, and saw old age at the end of a long vista; she saw it in perspective, bedecked, bedizened, bewigged, and berouged. In this state it has not, to use a phrase of the thirty-nine articles, "grace of congruity;" and where there is not congruity there is monstrosity.'

We were not aware before that where there was not congruity, there must be monstrosity. But it is fit that we should improve in knowledge as we grow old—that our shadows should lengthen as "our sun descends." 'Nature,' as our author informs us, 'has made old age venerable, on the sole condition that it be accompanied by a decent portion of wisdom and virtue.' Of our author's age, we are not competent to speak; but if it be old, we can prove that it is venerable, from the wisdom which abounds in the following little chapter on wigs:

'As for wigs, they are the most detestable and ridiculous invention that ever entered into, or upon, the head of man, civilised or savage. The savage has, indeed, some excuse for himself, when he sticks cock's feathers in his hair to make himself look pretty, or displays polished shells pendent from the cartilages of his visage—he has no great choice of embellishment: luckily there are no perruquiers on the banks of the Mackenzie, or the Orellana, and he is not tempted by the glories of the full-blown periwig.

'I am well aware on what dangerous ground I tread: the full-bottomed wig is imposing and grand by association; nor is the authoress of that very pretty romance, Nature and Art, at all extravagant, when she represents the little boy as making a bow to his uncle's wig, which he happens

to see on its peg in the dean's dressing-room. I know, too, that when Dr. Randolph, regius professor of divinity at Oxford, kissed hands, as the phrase is, for his bishopric, King George III. said to him, "You have got no wig! Don't you mean to have a wig?" And on the new-made prelate's answer in the negative, the king insisted, "You *must* have a wig." The mandate was not obeyed.

'I have heard, too, of a Somersetshire peasant lad who went with his father to the county town, at the time of the assizes, to see the judge. He gazed at the judge, who happened to be in a state of quiescent attention; the lad's admiration was almost sated; the judge changed his posture: "Father! father! it's alive!" exclaimed the boy.

'In my youth, a physician could have done without his Latin as well as without his wig. Yet physicians have abandoned the wig, and are considered by the world as wise as heretofore.

'Solon with a wig on would be degraded from a legislator to a punchinello.'—pp. 7—9

What a pregnant little anecdote is that which we read of Mrs. Brooke, and her sister Mrs. Digby, wife of Joseph Digby, rector of Tinwell, near Stamford, and great uncle to the author of "Four Years in France," and of that great work "Italy as It Is."

'Mrs. Digby told me that when she lived in London with her sister Mrs. Brookes, they were, every now and then, honoured by the visits of Dr. Samuel Johnson. He called on them one day, soon after the publication of his immortal dictionary. The two ladies paid him due compliments on the occasion. Amongst other topics of praise, they very much commended the omission of all *naughty* words. "What! my dears! then you have been looking for them!" said the moralist. The ladies, confused at being thus caught, dropped the subject of the dictionary.'—pp. 11, 12.

Other proofs of wisdom and of philosophy too, we have at hand; witness that admirable reply of Dr. Barton to Dr. Sibthorp.

'Dr. Barton, warden of Merton College, Oxford, received a morning visit in his closet, or *cabinet*, as the French would call it. The visitor, Dr. Sibthorp, said to him, "Mr. Warden, why do you sit in such a little place as this? You have not room to swing a cat."—"I do not want to swing a cat, Dr. Sibthorp."

'Wisdom can teach few lessons of greater utility than not to desire what we do not possess. We are told of an ancient philosopher who, on beholding the splendors of a great palace, cried out, "How many things there are here that I do not want!" Was he a greater philosopher than Dr. Barton, who was contended with a space too narrow for an amusement in which he did not wish to exercise himself?'—pp. 16, 17.

This philosophical warden was a most determined punster; but his jokes are so irresistible, that in pity to the reader's sides, we quote only one or two as favourable specimens.

'He said, "the fellows of my college wished to have an organ in the chapel, but I put a *stop* to it;" whether for the sake of the pun, or because he disliked music, is uncertain.

'He invited, for the love of punning, Mr. Crowe and Mr. Rook to dine with him; and having given Mr. Birdmore, another guest, a hint to be

rather after the time, on his appearing, said, "Mr. Rook! Mr. Crowe! I beg leave to introduce one *bird more.*" '—p. 17.

But as we have now amused ourselves with so much of the gay, let us for a moment turn to the grave. We hope, that what our author asserts of the morality of Oxford, is true only as to the period when he was best acquainted with the manners of that university. He says, that of the junior portion of the body, the morality is, or was at least, in his day 'most detestable.' He adds, that 'the mess-room of a regiment of the line is a school of virtue compared with the re-unions of undergraduates.' 'The manners of the young men, with the exception of those few who live more in the world than in college, are in general made up, either of a gross and unblushing manifestation of profligacy, or of a pedantic affectation of premature learning.' Every body knows that the sister universities are now so much improved in every respect, but particularly in morals, that our author might, perhaps, have spared the censures which he has here passed upon them. They are a little too severe.

Our author devotes a very rational chapter to the purpose of shewing the fulsomeness of titles of honour. We have seldom seen a more complete exhibition of those baubles than that which he has here executed. It is, however, pleasing to find that mere knighthood is excepted from his general rule of extinction. The reasons given for his opinion on this point, must, by the ladies, at least, be deemed unanswerable.

'Though "the age of chivalry is gone," it is wise to continue to confer knighthood. A laborious and learned jurisconsult, a military man of distinguished services, a man of science, a physician eminent in his profession, is thus recommended for life to the respect of his country. Besides, it pleases their wives, and thus may make their homes more comfortable.'—p. 31.

Our readers have already been delighted with an original anecdote of Dr. Johnson. They will be happy to hear that we have another in store for them. Did they ever know that the Doctor enjoyed, what, in the language of the gods, is called "a lark"? that he actually rolled down a hill? If not, they shall read the record of that important event soon, we only premising that the scene of action was at Langton, the seat of George Langton, Esq.

'After breakfast we walked to the top of a very steep hill behind the house. When we arrived at the summit, Mr. Langton said, "Poor, dear Dr. Johnson, when he came to this spot, turned back to look down the hill, and said he was determined 'to take a roll down.' When we understood what he meant to do, we endeavoured to dissuade him; but he was resolute, saying, 'he had not had a roll for a long time;' and taking out of his lesser pockets whatever might be in them—keys, pencil, purse, or pen-knife, and laying himself parallel with the edge of the hill, he actually descended, turning himself over and over, till he came to the bottom." '—p. 65.

We now come to what may be called the origin and foundation of this book, though placed in the middle of it—the 'conversations of Paley.' It was while noting down these precious relics, that those many other memorabilia occurred to the author, which he has deemed worthy of being recorded in the present volume. Had the work contained nothing beyond mere "sayings" of the great philosopher, such as we are here favoured with, it would necessarily descend as a highly valued legacy to many future generations. How much more certain, then, is its fortunes, since besides the conversations of Paley, it abounds in the lucubrations of Best!

When we are about to receive any details concerning the personal habits of distinguished men, it is of the first importance to us that we should be apprized of the extent to which their authenticity may be safely relied upon. Accordingly our author thus preludes:

'I cannot affirm myself to have been an ear-witness of every saying here set down; the far greater part of them I heard with my own ears, but some of them have been related to me by persons worthy of all credit, members of the society of the place, who, like myself, were frequently in company with Paley,—men incapable of attributing to him what did not justly belong to him; admirers of his talents and jealous of his fame.'—p. 158.

These 'Conversations,' therefore, Mr. Best submits to the reader, 'in the usual hope of "benefiting and delighting" him.' He judiciously begins at the very beginning. On his going to live at Lincoln (1797), where Paley had been appointed sub-dean some few years before, our author made the Archdeacon a visit, but unfortunately he was not at home! The philosopher returned the visit, and behold, the future author of "Italy as It Is," was absent from his fire-side! It seemed as if the two stars were never to meet in the same hemisphere—as if, like Castor and Pollux, one made his appearance as the other departed. At length, however, the fates relented. The reader, we hope, is burning with curiosity to read the account of the first meeting of the two great luminaries.

'I was soon invited to meet him at a dinner party,—at one of those dinners which I have elsewhere spoken of as regularly interchanged between the residentiary and the society of the place. I entered the drawing-room with some degree of awe; the greater part of the company was assembled, and Dr. Paley was amongst them.

'Imagine to yourself, reader, if you never saw Dr. Paley, and many of my readers may not have seen him, since I write about twenty years after his death,—imagine to yourself a thick, short, square-built man, with a face which, though animated and cheerful, could not but, at first sight, appear ugly; with bushy brows, snub nose, and projecting teeth; with an awkward gait and movement of the arms; a decent and dignified, but by no means excessive, protuberance of belly; wearing a white wig, such as

suited his place, and a court coat; but without what would also have suited his place, a short cassock. To this part of the dress of the dignified ecclesiatical, he had a particular dislike, and ridiculed it, by calling it "a black apron, such as the master tailors wear in Durham." The whole of his dress was of course black. He wore silver buckles at his knees and in his shoes.

'He was talking as I entered; and I perceived, with much surprise, that he spoke a very broad northern dialect. He had passed, indeed, great part of his life in the north of England; but he had been educated and lived long at Cambridge, and had seen a good deal of the world. Perhaps he was vain of this singularity: perhaps he would not seem to wish to correct what he found he could not cure without difficulty, and so gave up the attempt. I heard him repeat three or four times the word "noodge," pushing his elbows at the same time towards the sides of those who stood nearest to him: this motion explains the meaning of a word not very generally in use among scholars, nor in good company. But Paley's merits, though they might have been recommended by polished manners, were superior to them, and wanted them not; and his learning was the more agreeable by being entirely free from formality, pedantry, or assumption of literary importance. I could not learn to what all this "noodging" referred, as the story was finished; and, soon after, dinner was announced.'—pp. 160, 161.

Next to the announcement of dinner, what is so delightful as the actual occupation of the seats at the table, the unfolding of the snow-white damask napkins, and the distribution of the banquet? Our author has in meet terms set forth this important event.

'When we were seated at table, the mistress of the house said, "Mr. Subdean, what will you be pleased to eat?"—"Eat, madam? eat everything, from the top of the table to the bottom—from the beginning of the first course to the end of the second." Then, putting on an air of grave doubt and deliberation:—"There are those pork *staakes:* I had intended to proceed, regularly and systematically, *through* the ham and fowls *to* the beef; but those pork *staakes* stagger my system." I sat next to him: he turned suddenly upon me:—"Mr. ——, what would you do in such a case?" As I had to answer the first question proposed to me by the great Dr. Paley, I endeavoured to do so in choice and correct phraseology. I said, that when the end was the same, and the means equally innocent and indifferent——. Paley had a quick and nice tact on all occasions: whether he understood the preciseness of my sentence as in jest or in earnest I know not; but, not allowing me to finish it, he cried out—"Ay, I see you are for the pork *staakes.* Give me some of that dish:"—naming neither pork steaks nor ham and fowl."—p. 162.

How the dinner ended, we are not informed. Whether the subdean partook of ale, or table beer; whether he preferred to either, water; whether he drank madeira or sherry, hock or champagne, with the lady of the house; whether, in fact, he drank any wine at all, during or after dinner, and if he did, whether he liked what he drank, and if he did not, whether he was merry or discon-

tented, and whether he went home in a chair, or carriage, or simply walked; and whether, if he walked, he met any body on the way, and asked him how he was, or passed on in uninterrupted reflection; and whether, when he arrived at home he knocked at the door, or rung the bell, and went to bed immediately, or dozed a while in his great arm chair, thinking over all the choice things he had uttered in the course of the evening, are all points of character which our author has, unhappily, forgotten to mention. The omission is so remarkable and so unaccountable, that we minutely inspected the page, imagining that the binder might have made a mistake in folding the sheets. But no—this consolation was denied us. The binder has been too exact—the hiatus must have existed in the MS. and can only be partially filled up by the commentation hereafter from analogy. For it so happens that the parties again meet at dinner, and that our author made the following acute observation:

'I observed, that immediately after dinner he (*Palisius ipse*) sent for his tooth-pick-case, (which he very probably had forgotten in his morning waistcoat pocket,) and was impatient till it was brought; that he drank very sparingly, of white wine chiefly; and that some gingerbread was served, not as part of the dessert, but to him alone!'—p. 164.

How the little boys, if there were any, must have envied him! How happy our author must have been, while putting up in the storehouse of his mind such materials for his memorabilia!

'A party was assembled in the subscription news-room. Some one came up to him and made an excuse for a friend, who was obliged to defer an intended visit to the sub-deanery, because a man who had promised to pay him some money in April, could not pay it till May. "A common case," said Paley. We all laughed.'—p. 163.

So did *we*!

'He said, "I have always asserted, and still maintain it, that all tailors are cowards. They brought against me the example of many tailors that had enlisted themselves as soldiers. No argument at all in disproof of my assertion; these men had minds impatient of tailoring."'—p. 167.

Had we not seen this pithy and polished sarcasm upon the tailors in Mr. Best's report of Paley's conversations, we should have sworn that it belonged to Dr. Johnson. It savours of the eloquence of the Rambler.

'"When I went to town to teach a school, I pleased my imagination with the delightful task to teach the young idea how to shoot. The room stunk of p—, and a little boy came up, as soon as I was seated, and began—b, a, b, bab; b, l, e, ble, babble." Was this babbling or truth?"—p. 168.

We make the same inquiry, and cordially hope that it will not long remain unanswered.

'"I wanted a waiscoat at this time, and went into a second-hand clothes-shop. It so chanced that I bought the very same waistcoat that Lord Clive wore when he made his triumphal entry into Calcutta."'—p. 168.

So, then, the Archdeacon must have been in his youth a bit of a fop. How ingenuous it was of him to confess that he had once dealt in old clothes!

'"I went to the play; and, on coming out of the theatre, felt six hands all trying to pick my pockets: whether they were *rival* or *conspiring* hands I cannot say. They took from me a handkerchief not worth two-pence. I am sorry for the disappointment of the poor pickpockets."'—p. 168.

Many points of character are exhibited in this little paragraph. In the first place, it appears that our hero was of a dramatic turn, and occasionally indulged himself in going to the play. Secondly, it appears that when the amusements were over, he walked out like other people, and was not exempted from the common misfortune of having his pockets picked. It puzzles us, we confess, to understand how he could have felt so many as six hands dipping into his pockets at the same time. But he appears to have taken it as a joke, and to have entertained his mind meanwhile with a debate upon the question whether those hands were conspirators or rivals. It further appears that he had a handkerchief in his pocket which the rogues thought ought no longer to remain there, and that the said handkerchief was not of the value of two pence. And then comes the sympathy of the man, dignified by the magnanimity of the philosopher; "I am sorry for the disappointment of the poor pick-pockets!" If he had simply said "the pick-pockets," the exclamation would not have been half so affecting. By adding the epithet "poor," he at once enlists all our pity for that most calumniated race, and fills our minds with horror against the new police.

It is to be lamented that our author was not acquainted with Paley from the moment when the intelligent infant first smiled in his nurse's arms. It would have been extremely interesting to us to know what he said when he first began to talk, how he behaved in the nursery, and whether he was particularly fond of his caudle. We have but very few anecdotes relating to his early life; the following may serve to show how much we have yet to learn on this amusing portion of his biography.

'His education had been sufficiently hardy. "My father rode to Peterborough, and I rode after him, on a horse that I could not manage. I tumbled off. My father, without looking back, cried out "Get up again Will."'—p. 168.

Who would not be jealous of the good fortune which enabled our author to be instrumental in extracting from the wisdom of the Archdeacon the following remark?

'At a card party, I was standing with him near the fire, leaning on the chimney-piece; I took up an ornamental stone peach and showed it to him; he said, "It is not harder than many that are served at table."'—p.177.

It was very ingenuous and honourable in our author to have intimated to Paley, at a very early period of their acquaintance, that he was even then preparing to be his Boswell. Hence it was that the great man appears to have taken the most favourable opportunities for disclosing the most striking parts of his character, with a view to their future publication. As, for example:—

'He told me, "When I wanted to write any thing particularly well,—to do better than ordinary,—I used to order a post-chaise and go to Longtown; it is the first stage from Carlisle towards the north; there is a comfortable quiet inn there. I asked for a room to myself: there then I was, safe from the bustle and trouble of a family; and there I remained as long as I liked, or till I had finished what I was about." I said, "That is a very curious anecdote;" and I said it in a tone which, from a certain change in his countenance, I believe to have set him on musing how this anecdote would appear in the history of his life.'—pp. 180, 181.

The reader will perhaps after this, allow us to indulge him with an anecdote which raises our hero's character to the highest degree of renown.

'Paley was too careful of petty expenses, as is frequently the case with those who have but narrow incomes in early life. He kept a sufficiently handsome establishment as subdean, but he was stingy. A plentiful fall of snow took place during an evening party at the precentor's; two of Mr. Subdean's daughters were there; he showed great anxiety on account of the necessity that seemed to have arisen of sending them home in a sedan-chair: taking the advice of several of the company, whether such necessity really and inevitably existed, he said to me, "It is only next door."—"The houses touch," said I, "but it is a long round to your door; the length of both houses, and then through the garden in front of your house." He consulted the precentor, who to put the matter in the right point of view, cried out, "Let the girls have a chair; it is only three-pence a-piece."'—pp. 181, 182.

The sketches and anecdotes which we have thus selected from the conversations of Paley, will assuredly make him sufficiently known to the world. They may perhaps be here and there considered by a severe judge as a little too coarse, and bordering on what is pedantically called the puerile or the babbling style. But we need not express the contempt which we entertain for such hypercriticism as this. The question is, are these conversations diverting? Let the sketch on our side answer that interrogatory.

From the conversations of Paley we pass by a very natural transition to Best's poetry. But before we permit the reader to feast his eyes and expand his fancy on the golden verses which we have to spread before him, it is necessary that he should attain precise ideas as to what he has to expect. He must not think of finding here the obscurity of Milton, or the monotony of Pope, the tinsel of Moore, or the laxity of Byron. Mr. Best's poems are of a very peculiar description. A common reader would imagine upon a careless perusal, that the lines were a sort of prose thrown by a

blunder in the press into the form of stanzas. But it is only necessary to examine them with a little attention, and it will be seen that each line begins with a capital letter, that the rhymes are exact, the measure melodious and the thoughts and images elevated and fascinating beyond ancient or modern fame. As for example, mark how briefly, and yet how expressively the selfishness of mankind is depicted in the following lines:—

'"Make way for me!" 's the general cry:
Each looks to his own gain;—
Resolved in every way to try
His own ends to attain.'—p. 284.

Again,

'Each sees things in the very light
That best suits his own wishes:—
And who would question that eye sight
That gives him "loaves and fishes?"'—p. 284.

And then, as was the fashion in ancient times, the Bard proceeds to render his doctrine acceptable and easy to be remembered, by relating an apposite story, which while it varies the tenor of the song, sheds a beautiful light upon what is commonly called the "social compact."

'A little fable I'll relate
More clearly to explain,
And perfectly to illustrate
The meaning of this strain.'—p. 285.

Not having room for the whole tale which narrates the progress of a number of emigrants from their first leaving home until they settle into a political society, we should not spoil it by quoting only a few verses. We cannot, however, deny ourselves the pleasure of exhibiting the four first stanzas, in which the departure of the voyagers from their native shores, is described with inimitable tenderness.

'Three vessels once left England's coast
With Emigrants o'erloaded;—
A wretched, pale, self-exiled host,
From home by misery goaded.

'They hoped New England's distant shore
Would every want supply;
Nor poverty afflict them more,
But yield to industry.

'The vessels sail;—their native land
Sinks, in the distance, low:
While on the deck they fondly stand,
And patriot tears fast flow.

'Still, still they gaze:—and when the shore
Has sunk in distance drear,
Each wishes he had gazed far more,
And mark'd each outline dear!'—p. 285.

The modesty of Mr. Best, induces him to appear as if he wished to attribute the glory of these matchless stanzas to some renowned unknown, for he says that they are supplied by a friend, who has descended from higher flights of poetry, to illustrate a political theory which he professes to approve and adopt! But it is not difficult to perceive that 'the friend' is himself, and that the 'higher flights' from which he descended, are those that wafted him over the British, foreign, auxiliary, branch, associated, and affiliated bible societies, to which he had previously devoted three pages of poetry, of the most exquisite character. We shall quote only one line of the 'higher flight' as an example.

'What is sauce for a goose is sauce too for a gander.'—p. 140.

Mr. Best, besides being a literary man of the first order, is also an eminent politician. His remarks upon the Irish and English Catholics, and upon the manner in which they ought to solicit the rights they have obtained, are particularly appropriate, particularly as those remarks have been published subsequently to the passing of the relief bill. Nothing can be more just than his assertion, that for their cause the managers of the affairs of the English Catholics did *nothing*. They raised no money, they printed no tracts, they diffused no ideas through the country which could have any influence upon public opinion. During all the time they spent to so little purpose in endeavouring, without any effect, to accomplish their object, Mr. Best was writing prose and poetry, he was spending his money, and devoting his talents in every way to that grand purpose. He had numerous petitions presented to Parliament, he interested the members in the cause, and we have little doubt that in his next publication, he will very clearly shew that the relief bill is to be attributed exclusively to his exertions.

We have necessarily given to our readers but a mere glance of the varied contents of this volume. It will form an epoch in our literary annals. It places the writer in the rank of the first living authors of our day, whether they shine in poetry or prose. His anecdotes teem with wit, his dissertations abound in philosophy, and his verses are equally remarkable for the fancy by which they are inspired, and the diction in which they are clothed. These 'Memorials,' it may be said, crown the fame of the author of "Four Years in France," and of that 'great work,' "Italy as It Is;" and when printed with the author's name in the title page, they will leave nothing to be desired by those who, as we do, idolize his genius.

ART. IV.—*Observations on the Rural Affairs of Ireland; or a Practical Treatise on Farming, Planting and Gardening, adapted to the Circumstances, Resources, Soil and Climate of the Country; including some Remarks on the Reclaiming of Bogs and Wastes, and a few Hints on Ornamental Gardening.*—By Joseph Lambert, Esq. pp. 327. 12mo. With cuts. Dublin: Curry and Co. 1829.

WE could not better illustrate the miserable state of Irish Husbandry, than by what occurred under our own observation a few years ago, in the immediate vicinity of the Cove of Cork. Observing a plough going in a field, we had the curiosity to examined how they manage those things in Ireland; but our readers on this side the channel may well guess our astonishment, when we perceived no fewer than three men employed in the operation;—One man was driving or rather leading a pair of horses, which were going as slowly as if they had been ploughing for a prize of a thousand guineas; another man was holding the arms of the plough, and swaggering from side to side, like a pilot puzzled among sand banks; while a third man (mirabile dictu,) was holding down the end of the beam or nozzle of the plough, to keep it from being thrown out of the furrow, the steersman being unable, it would appear, to manage the implement!!! Yet the soil was light and gravelly, and no obstruction was visible besides a few bowlder stones, from the size of an egg to that of a cocoa-nut.

What renders this occurrence the more remarkable is, that it was almost under the eye of a professor of Agriculture, paid by government, living within ten miles of the Royal Institution, at Cork, where above 700*l.* of the public money was, or is annually expended, under the pretence of improving the Agriculture of the district. The professor just mentioned, is paid out of this sum (as the printed reports before us shew) 100*l.* per annum, for delivering ten lectures; usually attended, (we speak from personal knowledge,) by a few of the city merchants, and by young physicians, &c., who are at a loss what else to do with their time; and the same person has another 100*l.* per annum, for editing a Magazine of Agriculture, which no body buys, and the expenses of printing, &c., are charged to the public. The rest of the money is given in agricultural prizes, of course comprehending ploughing; but as usual in such cases, every penny of it calls into play, all the well known intrigue machinery of jobbing,—the public meanwhile being cajoled out of their money, and the high sounding improvements in Agriculture, being to be sought for in the purses of the retainers of the District Farming Societies, at Barrymore, Carrigaline, Bandan, Fermoy, Inokilly, Mallow, Kinalea, Kinnatalloon, and Muskerry. This, however, so far from being extraordinary, is only according to the usual order of things in Ireland. We quote

another illustration of the same shameless system from our author, which is only to be matched by the parish vestry jobbing in England.

'The roads of Ireland, generally speaking, are, and will continue to be, badly made, so long as the management is altogether in the hands of the gentry. The allocation and management of the county funds, and all necessary works, should be placed in a separate and distinct body, or board. Every country gentleman would then become, virtually, an overseer, and the grand juries should have a control or veto. Under the present *give and take* system, as it may fairly be called, it very nearly comes to this; 'that if you vote for my road, I'll vote for yours;" it is the same through both courses the presentments have to pass through; and a bad feeling, in case of refusal, between the parties, is not unfrequently the consequence. It is also equally an object with the proprietor, to get a few presentments, to prop up a badly paid rental, as it is with the peasant to get "a bit of road from his honor;" which he stiffly calls for, as a matter of course, and between whom and the proprietor's underlings, the work is, in many instances, scandalously executed, perhaps by throwing the dirt from the sides into the centre, and actually making it worse than before; and the public, farmers, and landholders, submit to be thus gulled, without even uniting to traverse presentments. However, I think it is time they should bestir themselves, as the county rates are becoming exceedingly oppressive, from such misapplication; so much so, that the farmer who holds seven or eight hundred acres of land, may be said to pay, on an average, near 100*l.* per annum for county charges, altogether annually. The late enactment of magistrates meeting at sessions, previous to the assizes, has been a complete failure in the way of preventing road jobbing; and it is to be hoped that the legislature will again interfere more effectually, to remedy this great evil.' -pp. 11, 12.

Bad ploughing, however, and bad road-making, though combined with corrupt jobbing, do not, as it appears to us, affect the prosperity of Ireland so radically as another department of their rural economy: we allude to the smallness of their farms, taken in conjunction with their staple crop—potatoes. As we deem this subject of vital importance, though it has not hitherto obtained the attention which it deserves, we shall endeavour to put it in as clear a light as our space will admit.

It is one of the best established laws of vegetable culture, recognized by all agriculturists and gardeners, as incontrovertible, that the same crop will not thrive if sown two or more years successively on the same field. That is, a field which this season produced a good crop of wheat, would not produce a good crop of wheat the next season, should the farmer be injudicious enough to try such a succession of crops. This too is independent of the ordinary richness or sterility of the soil in the field, for though there are some exceptions, such as in the rich virgin soils of America, which will produce good successive crops of the same species of grain, yet this rarely, if ever, holds in the old agricultural countries of Europe. The law is founded upon the plain principle of supply and con-

sumption, that if you slice down the whole of a sirloin of beef for to day's dinner, there will be none of it left but the bones for to-morrow. The wheat, the peas, or the potatoes of the agriculturist, must feed as well as his cows and horses, and if they eat all, or nearly all, the food contained in a particular field, they must starve, or fare scantily unless they be removed to another. Wheat, and peas, and potatoes, however, differ from one another in the food which they require, as much as a sheep differs from a pig or from a dog; for, after a crop of peas has drawn the best food it could find from a field, a crop of wheat may find abundance of the peculiar food upon which it will thrive, but which the peas would be certain to starve upon and dislike. Such is the basis of the principle, which no farmer can neglect with impunity, and taking it as a guide in our examination of the prevalent system of husbandry in Ireland, we can be at no loss to perceive the ruinous consequences of a continued series of potatoe cropping, such as has now been pursued in that country for so many years.

The philosophy of the principle, it may be necessary to mention, is by no means so well understood as what we may call the common sense view of it, which we have just stated. In objection to the latter, it may be said that plants cannot select their food, but must absorb whatever fluid materials come within reach of their roots, and is of sufficient tenuity to enter there; but it may also be replied, that the roots of plants of different species are of different lengths, and consequently one crop may seek its food near the surface, while another penetrates deeper into the soil, and thus both might be nourished well, and yet their food be the same. Were this the fact, however, all inconvenience might be obviated by deep or shallow ploughing, which is not found to accord with such a theory.

A more ingenious, though we fear a somewhat fanciful view of the question, has been advocated, if not started, by M. Decandolle. According to his view, a plant being under the necessity of absorbing whatever presents itself to its roots, necessarily sucks up some particles which are not adapted to its nourishment, and, in consequence, after having elaborated the sap in its leaves, and re-conducted it downwards through all its organs, each of which takes in the nourishment it requires; after having extracted from it the various peculiar juices, and, in a word, turned it in every possible way to account,—finds itself incumbered with a certain residue, consisting of the particles it had unavoidably absorbed, and which were not adapted to its nourishment: these particles, having passed through the system without alteration, are exuded by the roots which had absorbed them, and thus return into the soil, which they deteriorate for a following crop of the same species of plant, but improve and fructify for one of another family; thus affording an admirable proof of the wise economy of Nature, in multiplying her vegetable produce, by feeding different species of plants with different substances, and enabling beings, incapable of

distinguishing their food, to obtain that which is appropriate to them. But the organs of plants, it would follow, are in some measure capable of selecting their food, since they reject and will not elaborate substances which are not adapted to the nourishment of the plant. Consequently, the rejected substances, which would be poison to one family of plants when transfused into the soil, is greedily devoured by a succeeding crop of a different family.

To the whole theory, however, it may be objected, that we do not find Nature attending to the law of successive crops; since the seeds of the parent plant fall to the ground annually, and produce other individuals of the same species, and on the same spot, for centuries; and yet that spot must be vitiated for such plants, by the long series of exudations from their progenitors. But though Nature does not pursue the same plan as our farmers, she produces a similar effect, by raising a prodigious variety of trees and shrubs in her spontaneous forests, and in her meadows, such a multiplicity of herbs and grasses, that the different plants mutually supply each other with exudations. Moreover, where Nature acts without restraint, she enriches the soil not only by the annual fall of the leaf, but in the course of time, the whole plant, whether grass, shrub, or tree, returns to the soil, to repay by its putrefaction the food it had consumed during its previous growth. The soil, therefore, is not impoverished by natural as it is by artificial vegetation; such as that of forests, which if man does not cut down and carry away the trees, is not more exhausted of nutriment at the present day, than it was a thousand years ago. The almost interminable and magnificent forests which covered the face of the greater part of America, when it was first known to us, never had any other manure than the remains which its vegetable and animal productions afforded; nor can a better be supplied.

The statements which we have just made are singularly corroborated by what takes place on the cutting down of a natural forest; in which case another will spring up in time, but consisting of different families of trees from those which abounded in the first. A forest of beech, for example, may be succeeded by one of ash, oak, or hazel; for though oak will not spring from beech mast, no more than beeches from acorns, yet the soil being previously exhausted of the food adapted to the beech, the mast will not germinate, while the acorns, ash-keys, or nuts, that may chance to be next there, intermixed with the beech mast, will probably find a soil so well adapted to them, that they will germinate readily, and grow rapidly. Thus, a wood of oak, ash, and hazel, may succeed to one of beech; but after a long course of years, the old stumps and roots of the primary beeches, favoured by the exudations of a different race of trees, may shoot out, and in the end supplant the new forest, and a second forest of beech will be re-established.

Upon these principles, however they may be explained by theo-

rists: practical men lay it down, that a green crop, meaning thereby beans, peas, potatoes, or turnips, ought to precede or follow a corn crop, and in accordance with this, that a farm should be distributed so as to make the several portions contribute to each other's advantage. In general, beans and clover, with rye-grass, ought to be interposed between corn crops, when the soil is stiff and clayey, but turnips, potatoes, and clover, with rye-grass, on dry loams and sands, or what are called by our farmers *turnip soils*. One half of the farm is, of course, always under corn, and the other under pulse, roots, herbage, or fallow. When the land will not bear so much cropping as this, it is usual to lay down the fields successively in pasture grass, for two or more years, before again ploughing them. This *convertible system*, as it has been called, is, in conjunction with liberal manuring, the only means of preventing any species of crop from deteriorating, when frequently repeated in the same field.

Taking these unquestioned, and unquestionable laws of the science of agriculture for our guide, let us hear what our author says upon the subject, in reference to Ireland.

'There is nothing like regularity in this department of husbandry in Ireland, with a few isolated exceptions among the gentry, and of necessity among that portion of the peasantry who have little room for any thing besides what is occupied under potatoes and corn alternately; and where a village or townland becomes so populous, that from two to four acres is the extent of each man's portion, which is not unfrequently the case, and to prevent which too minute partition every exertion should be used; although the land in consequence becomes much improved from the quantity necessarily kept under potatoes; as will appear when a village of that kind becomes deserted or waste, the land, if let out to pasture, soon becoming kind and good, and of the richest and greenest herbage. Where the holdings are somewhat more extensive, two crops, and sometimes three, of oats will be taken successively, and portions of the land sometimes get a little relief in the way of a green crop, by sowing flax, which it is much to be regretted has been for the last few years getting into disuse, in consequence of the unpropitious state of the linen manufacture, it being the only green crop, except potatoes, known among the poor.

Wheat is sown in some clayey but shallow limestone districts after potatoes, where the grain will be good; but is not found to do well in loamy deep lands after that crop; as the grain will frequently be badly coloured, and the skin thick in such; but wheat is found to do well after flax, which is the best preparation *practised* amongst us next to fallow. The farmer holding fifty acres or less, and from that upwards to the gentleman farmer, goes on the principle of extracting all he can from the ground in the shortest time, following the system of cropping the ground with oats, barley, and wheat after potatoes, so long as it is able to give any thing like a tolerable return, and leave it literally worth nothing for years afterwards. I have known some *land* sharks (as as they have not been ina[illegible]ermed) even among extensive gentlemen farmers, who either by

following the con-acre system * too long, or tilling the land themselves in some fertile districts, have taken eight or nine crops of corn successively without manure, and have heard of twelve or more being taken, until the generous land refused at length to yield its increase; this also without any reviving principle of cultivation, with the exception probably of one fallow, and partially a little flax. Turnips are rarely sown, even by the gentry, except near the great meat markets.

There is little fear of those lands minutely divided among the poor becoming exhausted; as if a man holds only three acres of land, he will manure nearly one of them every third year for potatoes; but upon more extensive holdings, as well as among the large, and many of the gentlemen farmers, the tendency is to the rapid deterioration of the land, generally speaking, by an exhausting system of husbandry, or rather of tillage, for it does not deserve the former name. Instead of the land in the hands of most of the latter becoming more productive, as it would, under a good system of cultivation, it will be as with some parts of Poland and Russia, where, according to Mr. Jacob's Report, the land is so worn out, that it does not yield an average of more than three times the quantity of seed sown. It has been there wheat after wheat, or rye after rye; and with us oats after oats, till the soil would carry them no longer, and it is then left to time, or rather a few years to fertilize it, to renew the same bad treatment.

A rotation of crops among our farmers is, in fact, that department of husbandry in which we are most deficient; but the great proportion of ground annually under potatoes among the peasantry, makes this evil not so great as is generally imagined. Time, with a more intimate connexion now established with the sister countries, may do much; but as we cannot expect to see beans, peas, vetches, mangel wurzel, turnips clover, lucern, &c., cultivated soon, or to the same extent as among our neighbours, it would be tedious to enter into particulars as to the best system of rotation. I would merely advise, that in no case should more than two white or corn crops, and one green after potatoes, be taken without manure. I would not go beyond this in the richest old lay-land, nor so far in poorer soils; and while in tilth, to keep up a high state of cultivation, the land free from weeds, and well wrought up and pulverized, let it be made a rule to consume as much as possible of hay, straw, and green crops upon the land, and let it be borne in mind, that housing and stall-feeding cattle not only encourages the growth of green crops, but by the quantity of rich manure made by following the practice, the land, by such management, will be considerably improved.

'The farmer, on the renewal of his lease, is generally charged an additional rent, if his land is in a productive state, or if he expended on improvement, he must then pay for it a second time; such, together with the want of capital among our farmers, and the con-acre system, (although profitable for the time,) have a tendency to cause this exhaustion of the soil; as what is called a con-acre list is not unfrequently handed over to the landlord by a defaulting tenant in payment of rent. It is an object, therefore, to set for the time being, and as long as the land will carry, not looking to

* That is, subletting land to the peasantry for growing potatoes, [redacted] cropping it with corn so long as it will yield.—*Rev.*

the future. The landlord should look to this, and endeavour by degrees (for it is only gradually that habit and prejudice can be overcome) to amend this evil.'—pp. 142—146.

Our author, however, does not seem to see half the evil which he deplores; and after displaying his ignorance of the nature of cropping, so far as to talk of flax as a *green* crop relieving the land, * and the best practised preparation for corn next to fallow, we need not be surprised at his not perceiving that potatoes may exhaust the soil, as well as other crops, if they are sown in the same field, either in successive seasons, or at short intervals. If he ever took the trouble of looking at a field of corn, which the preceding season had been partly under flax, and partly under any other crop whatever,—he must have seen at a glance, from the thin, straggling, and stunted look of the flax portion of the field, that so far from being a relieving, or what is understood by a *green* crop, flax is one of the most exhausting, impoverishing, *yellow* crops, which can be grown. In the case of potatoes again, there can be no doubt that they are, perhaps, the best of all green crops, as they not only clear the ground of weeds, by depriving them of the benefits of sun and air, but their roots open and pulverize the soil more effectually than could be done by repeated ploughing and harrowing, while the potatoes themselves, in ordinary cases, yield a good return. But like all good things, the potato husbandry may be overdone, and that it is overdone in Ireland, to a much greater extent than even the overcropping with corn recorded by our author, there cannot be a shadow of a doubt. A large proportion, indeed, of the arable land—all of it which constitutes the wretched three or four acre farms—has already been cropped with potatoes, till they can no longer find their proper pabulum in the soil—and consequently are every year degenerating in quality, and decreasing in size and in quantity. He talks in the passage just quoted, of land being much improved by repeated cropping it with potatoes, "as will appear," quoth he, "when a village of that kind becomes deserted or waste," an instance which strikes us forcibly as a proof of the position for which we contend; for whence, or why, did "a village of that kind become deserted or waste," but by cropping with potatoes and with corn in unvarying succession, till the land has become utterly incapable of yielding returns for seed and labour? Then, indeed, if it be left to itself, it will soon be covered with excellent herbage, for the reasons which we have already given; but not because potatoes have enriched the land.

As the author gives evidence of having been in England, we marvel at his unqualified assertion, that there is no country where potatoes are produced in the same perfection as in Ireland. Our English potatoes, on the contrary, are in general greatly superior to

* In another place, indeed, he distinguishes between flax pulled green, or [redacted]d to run to seed; but how seldom is the former practised.

any we have ever met with in Ireland, and our proof is unanswerable. Potatoes imported from Lancashire, or from Scotland to Cork, as we have repeatedly known to occur, always fetched an advanced price in the market over the native produce, either of the country, or brought by coasting vessels. We can also assert, from our own knowledge, that the potatoes produced in the Netherlands, Holland, and on the banks of the Rhine and the Maine, are much superior even to the best Scotch or Lancashire; while those now produced in Ireland, whatever may have been their excellence in former times, are, with few exceptions, decidedly the worst, having all more or less a disagreeable earthy flavour, as if the plants, being unable to find a single particle of their genuine nutriment mingled with the soil, had, from sheer hunger, taken to feed upon the earth itself.

Our author himself, indeed, in another page, gives ample evidence of the deterioration of Irish potatoes. After saying that "there is no crop that tends more to improve and cleanse the soil; and that it ranks amongst the first ameliorating ones: although some have been hardy enough to advance, that it is of an exhausting nature, whereas the swelling and extension of the roots in the ground, as well as the close shade afforded to the soil by the stalk, have powerful fertilizing effects; and its soft and succulent leaves imbibe much of nutriment from the atmosphere,"—in all which we fully agree with him; he adds:

'Seed should be renewed every third or fourth year, as otherwise they become liable to the curl, and deteriorate. That from poor or bog land is a good change on rich or loamy, and *vice versa*. An excellent change also, is, from the sea shore, where grown on sea manure to the interior. But if seed from a different climate and country can be procured, so much the better, in proof of which, as well as of the adage, "that there is no evil from which good does not arise," the failure of this crop in 1822, was the means of bringing quantities of Scotch and English seed into this country, which has been the cause of preventing them from degenerating; and there are now much finer potatoes in our markets, and the crops better than previous to that period.'—p. 130.

Again, he says,

'When potatoes are grown a second year on the same land, which is not unfrequently the case in this country, a different kind of seed should be sown the second year.'—p. 372.

And there can be no doubt that his advice tends to make the best of the bad; for it is a part of the law of vegetable succession, that change of seed is similar to change of crop, and this we are disposed to explain upon the principle of habit. That certain acquired habits can be transmitted, is unquestionable from many facts which are perhaps more striking in the vegetable, than in the animal kingdom. It is well known to farmers, for instance, that blight and smut in wheat may be transmitted by means of infected [illegible]d. The apple trees which the first settlers in Nova Scotia [illegible]ed

from England, blossomed several weeks sooner the two or three first years: but learned afterwards to conform to the climate. All the trees and shrubs of tropical countries, are evergreen, but when removed to northern climates, except they are preserved from the cold, they learn to cast their leaves. The monthly rose-tree, which is in its native climate an evergreen, when planted in the open air in this country, sheds its leaves in winter like other rose-trees. On the other hand, our deciduous trees become evergreen when removed within the tropics. Lord Valentia remarks, that the oaks which had been brought from England to St. Helena, became evergreens in a few years, when they had learned to throw off their old habits, and had acquired new ones. May it not be a transmitted habit of this kind, which causes the beech and the oak, in this country, to retain their leaves long after they are withered by the cold? May it not be all that is left of their previously acquired habits when evergreens?

In certain cases, these acquired habits seem to be more easily eradicated than at first would appear. We took up in the woods, before it flowered, a common primrose, and planted it in a flower border. *That* season it did not flower, but was in full blossom the following December, though the weather was very severe, and this was at least three months before the usual time of flowering. It blossomed a month later the year which followed, and in another year it was in flower at the same time with the rest of the species.

These transmitted habits can be turned to very useful account, by gardeners and farmers. No farmer, for instance, will purchase seed which has been grown on a dry chalky soil, to sow on one which is also dry, but sandy and intermixed with gravel. For a similar reason, a farmer who has a piece of land which is somewhat sterile, will not, if he is wise, sow on it seed which was grown there; but, will endeavour to procure such as has acquired a good habit from growing on a rich loamy soil, or in a more genial climate. We are inclined to think, that it has been from taking out English seed wheat to the West Indies; that the planters have never been able to succeed in raising it. Had they imported their seed from Egypt or the Levant, where any quantity may be procured—the grain, having acquired the habits suitable to a warm climate, would undoubtedly have been productive. This consideration is of some importance, as considerable tracts of land which are not rich enough to bear canes or coffee, and are quite uncultivated, might thus be rendered of great utility, in making our islands raise wheat for their own subsistence, and rendering them independent of American importation.

A fact bearing strongly on this point, lately came to our knowledge, which we think worth mentioning. Our new settlers at Algoa Bay, near the Cape of Good Hope, found that their wheat was much superior in quality to that grown in England or America. Whence they procured their seed we cannot say; but one gentleman

was so elated by the beauty of the Algoa wheat, that he sent some to England as a specimen. The sample was much admired, and eight guineas a bushel were eagerly given for it, for the purpose of seed. It was accordingly sown at the proper season, in a field highly manured and prepared for its reception; but mark the sequel—only a few straggling stalks appeared—and these very soon were nipped by the cold, and withered away. The truth is, Algoa Bay is so much warmer than England, that it was almost like sowing green house plants among snow.

The practice indeed of sowing seed on the land where it is grown, is equally bad with breeding live stock *in and in*, as it is called; that is, continuing the same breed on a farm without change. This practice we have no doubt, has mainly contributed to ruin the Irish potatoe crops, as the peasantry are ages in discovering a cause like this, and as long, when they do know it, of attempting a remedy. The remarks of our author on the subject are just —

'Seed of all kinds of corn should be changed or renewed every alternate year, as it will soon degenerate in quality, and become deficient in produce, if not changed at least after the third season. It is better to travel fifty miles for new seed, than to continue the old longer. I have known seed wheat to be handed down from father to son, and sown so many years successively in the same soil, that it dwindled at last so much in quality, as well as quantity, that the lazy, or at least heedless possessor, was necessitated to search for new, when he found to his cost that he had little better than half a crop. When choosing your seed, particularly wheat, let it be as thin skinned and bright in colour as possible, full, plump, and round; as a long grain generally denotes that which has been sown many years in the same soil. Take care also that it is fresh threshed.

'Some writers have maintained that seed will not degenerate by being frequently sown in the same land, and have held, that by choosing the best and fullest ears among your corn, that you may always have your seed good. However this would be troublesome to the extensive farmer, and experience has proved, that it will degenerate sooner than strange seed. The change of seed altogether, therefore, is to be strongly recommended; that from a soil differing as much as possible in its nature from your own. If you become possessed of particular fine seed, no doubt you may keep it up for some time in the way above alluded to.'—pp. 104, 105.

We are not in the habit of hazarding predictions, but we think it does not require any extraordinary prophetic foresight to anticipate what the consequences must infallibly be of the ruinous system of cropping, which we have above detailed as the common order of things in the sister kingdom. It is only a few years since an actual famine was produced there by the failure of the potatoe crops; and there can be no doubt, that the same dreadful circumstances may again occur at not a distant period. It would indeed be stretching the facts (which we have neither right nor motive to do) to ascribe such an occurrence altogether to overcropping; but there cannot be a doubt, that this was, and will be, one of the principal causes of the failure of produce in Ireland.

The worst of it is, that it seems impracticable, if not impossible, in the present state of things, to improve the ruinous system of cropping; for so long as farms are so small as three acres,—even less than this we believe is not uncommon—how is the poor tenant to keep himself from famishing, if he do not plant from a third to a half of his land with potatoes? And even in farms of fifty acres—subletting it in lots of potatoe land to poor labourers on the con-acre system—produces precisely the same consequences. Our author's remarks on these subjects are highly deserving of attention, as giving a strong picture of the nature of the evil, though he has failed, we think, to suggest any practicable means of cure.

'It has been advised by many to increase the size of tenures, and prevent subdivisions of small farms, assimilating them as much as possible to those in England. The theory, I will admit, is reasonable, but it will be found impossible in practice; and suppose this plan to be followed up by the greater number of proprietors, what is to become of a population without manufacture or employment? it is a matter impracticable, without first providing for the people. Neither would the prejudices of the present race of peasantry be so easily disposed of, nor would they be satisfied or induced to fall in their own scale of society, as they would imagine, and become cottiers one to another, as has been proposed. Those long habituated to be independent, (at least of each other,) and each turning his own portion of land to the best account, as he imagines, for himself, would not, where their own easily satisfied ideas of comfort are supplied, be brought to consent to such a change; neither is there a class sufficiently numerous, or having sufficient capital among them, to manage those enlarged tenures. However desirable, therefore, it may be to alter the present state of affairs in this respect, none but mere theorists could think of its being so generally and quickly followed up. Under favourable circumstances some few proprietors may accomplish the object through time and perseverance, but as any thing like a general accomplishment is impracticable, under the present circumstances of the country, we must only endeavour to improve, and turn to the best advantage the means we are possessed of, and the state of things as they are in this respect. There is no doubt that some tenures are too minutely divided, and in many instances to the great injury of the landlord; the whole produce of one of those subdivided holdings being too little for the support of a family, and of course affording no surplus for the payment of rent. Towards the correcting of this extreme minute sub-division much may and should be accomplished.' —pp. 116—117.

Again,

'Another panacea for our evils which is spoken of as being capable of accomplishment at once, is, the increasing of the size of tenures and small farms to fifty acres and upwards, according to the capital of the farmer, and employing the great bulk of the peasantry as cottiers and servants under them. Some few proprietors may be enabled to accomplish something of the kind for a period; but the people will return to their former habits, either from the failure of the farmer, the proprietor becoming an

absentee, or the property changing its possessor. There are, besides, many, and under present circumstances, almost insurmountable obstacles to its general accomplishment; and those gentlemen of unreasonable expectations contradict themselves, after depicting us as being so wretched, ignorant, and miserable, by expecting to find a sufficient number of men with adequate skill and capital for the management of those increased farms; neither do they make any allowances for the difficulties of overcoming the habits and prejudices of the people, nor would the landlord in so many instances in pecuniary difficulties accede to the lowering of his rental, as the extraordinary demand for land among the poor, (who will give almost any rent asked, in order to get into possession) now operates in preventing the farmer and grazier from obtaining it at such rent as to enable him to make fair profits; which he cannot do unless he injures the land as well as the landlord by following the con-acre system. With the intention of following this system, he sometimes gulls the landlord by giving a good rent, as he knows well he will by it profit to some purpose. For instance, if a man takes 200 acres of land, and breaks up 150 in con-acre, he will make, after paying his rent, and by taking only four crops, the extraordinary profit of more than half the fee of the land, as it is not unreasonable upon a farm of that size, and even allowing fifty acres for low or meadow land to remain unbroken, to make a clear profit of nearly 2,500*l*., within four years. In short it is that system which yields most profit in Ireland, under existing circumstances.

But if every proprietor in Ireland was anxious, and used his best endeavours, to bring about a change in the size of tenures, I doubt much that any considerable advance would be made. Non-alienation and subletting clauses, &c., have been introduced into leases; but to those conversant with the state of things in Ireland, it is apparent that such were of little use: even the constantly resident and influential proprietor will find the greatest difficulty in preventing the sub-division of lands, and the most unwearied and unremitting attention, with a numerous staff of bailiffs, will hardly prevent it. A change in the elective franchise or qualification alone would operate gradually in bringing about this increase in the size of tenures; but an amendment of the subletting Act may then become necessary, as well as a modified system of poor laws, adapted to the means and state of the country.'—pp. 194—196.

The population flowing from the division of land into small farms, is usually the very nursery of wretchedness. Men increase beyond the demand of towns and manufactures, and the consequence is distress, and numbers dying of diseases originating from insufficient nourishment; and hence small farms form the most prolific source of misery that can be conceived. In England small farms and small properties are exceedingly rare. Our labouring poor are, indeed, emulous of having a neat cottage, with a scrap of land for a garden, but they seldom think of having a piece of land sufficient to employ themselves. In every part of England there is no comparison between the condition of a day labourer and of a very little farmer: we have no people who fare so hard and work so ill as the latter. "Can any thing," says Arthur Young, "be apparently so

absurd as a strong healthy man walking some miles, and losing a day's work, in order to sell a chicken or a dozen of eggs, the whole value of which would not be equal to the labour of conveying it?" It is, in fact, poverty alone which induces a man to take a very small farm; and a poor farmer cannot make those exertions which are requisite for good husbandry. The profits of a considerable farmer enable him to improve his land; those of a small one are entirely consumed in the maintenance of his family; his land is therefore badly cultivated, and he has little or no surplus produced to send to market.

It is in some measure to the extent of farms in England and Scotland, that we owe many of our recent improvements, and much of our national prosperity; for it is quite evident, that some of the most valuable mechanical inventions could never have come into general use, if there had been no farms of more than from three to fifty acres—which are the average maximum and minimum in Ireland; that no great improvement could have been made in our live stock; that there would have been still less room than there is at present for the division of labour, and its accumulation for the purpose of dispatch at particular seasons; that there would not have been the systematic arrangement by which every different quality of soil is made to produce those crops, and to feed those sorts of animals for which it is best calculated; that it would have been almost impracticable to employ convertible husbandry at all, which, by combining tillage and pasturage on the same farm, contributes so powerfully to augment the fertility of the soil; that the produce would have been inconsiderable at all times, and from the general poverty of small tenants brought to market in too great abundance in the early part of the season, instead of apportioning it over the whole year; and in bad seasons there would have been no surplus at all; and that, in short, as no person of capital or enterprize would ever have entered into the profession, our extensive moors and morasses, and, indeed, all our inferior soils must have remained in their natural state, or been partially and most unprofitably improved under the delegated management of great proprietors. Our author, on the contrary, recommends this very method of bringing the waste lands in Ireland under cultivation, as the best and only means of ameliorating the condition of the pauper peasantry. When talking of his faultless favourite, the potatoe, our author holds forth in the following manner:—

'It has been argued that this valuable root, by the facility it affords of obtaining a livelihood, has been the chief cause of the great *imagined* evil of Ireland—*excess* of population. I will admit, that among other causes it may have added to our numbers; but that those numbers are not excessive, I will endeavour to prove elsewhere, as the most romantic theorist could not think of effecting a change in, or affording a substitute to Pat for his vegetable diet, a more extended culture of them should be encouraged,

and at the same time *too minute* a division of lands prevented. Moors, mountains, and wastes should be reclaimed; by which a sound and exhaustless source of industry would be obtained, at least for some. It is also highly desirable that our people should be excited in every way, and made more emulous to improve their habitations. It would be well also that more enlarged ideas of comfort, became as it were, essential, so that they should not rest satisfied in those comfortless cabins. A resident proprietary, which they cannot be said to have, would do much to infuse such ideas into them.

'And here it is that I would throw out what may be deemed an arrogant hint to the *able* advocates for emigration on the other side of the water, who must lose sight of the vast tracts of unreclaimed land in Ireland, and that what between cultivating such, and the room that lies open for improvement in those already under cultivation, and when the fertility of our soil, the extent of our resourses, come to be considered, I am satisfied that this country is not only more than equal to support its present population, but to admit of a much greater increase. Let the encouragement recommended (by some of those gentlemen) to be held out to emigration, be applied at home, and let Pat be encouraged to emigrate some five or perhaps twenty miles to his unreclaimed native hills and moors, which he will be found most inclined to. Neither would emigration have the wished for effect, as marriages would be only still further encouraged by the increase of means furnished to those remaining behind.'—pp. 124—126.

'Those political economists who ascribe so much of our evils to excess of population, are greatly mistaken. Ireland is fully equal to maintain ten millions of people, and still to remain an exporting country, if only half her waste lands are reclaimed, and the lands at present under cultivation improved and managed as they should be. An increase of population should be an increase of strength, under a well directed government, and cannot be excessive, as it will find its vent and level like the waters. To say that our population is excessive, and more than four-fifths of the corn of the country exported, is absurd. But to say that the people are not sufficiently wealthy, that they are without manufacture or employment, that they have nothing to excite them beyond a languid and spiritless industry, and that they are idle *for want of employment*, is nearer the fact. If Ireland had the means of a more wholesome industry, and was rich enough to consume her own produce, her resources for the support of human life are hardly to be calculated upon.'—pp. 197, 198.

We are more than doubtful respecting the correctness of these views; but supposing them to be sound, the thing is obviously impracticable, from the want of capital no less than the uncertainty of its ultimately paying in many cases, and the slowness of the returns in all. The waste lands in Ireland, consisting chiefly of bog, places them in very different circumstances, from the heaths, commons, and downs of Britain. The land reclaimed, indeed, from bog, if there be a good opportunity of drainage, and that be properly effected, is usually good; but the labour required puts it, in many cases, out of the reach of proprietors to try the experiment. We are acquainted with one instance in which many acres of bog

have been reclaimed by Irish labourers in Scotland, and we should suppose that something similar might be done in some districts of Ireland. The track of bog in Ayrshire, celebrated in the annals of the Reformation by the name of Ayrs Moss, belongs in part to the estate of Gilmillscroft, where many Irish labourers are employed in the lime and coal works. The proprietor permits these people to cultivate as much of the bog as they choose to reclaim, but without advancing any capital to assist them. We are not aware what terms he holds out with respect to future rent, though this, of course, must be taken into consideration; but whatever these may be, they have appeared sufficiently favourable to induce a considerable number of persons to build huts upon the confines of the bog, and to reclaim enough of land to supply their families with potatoes, while the bog itself supplies fuel. It is to be remarked, however, that those persons had the advantage of employment at the works within a mile or two of the bog, and were secured from want, while their reclaimed land remained unproductive.

The extent of the bog land in Ireland appears to be much greater than we had imagined. Our author's statements upon this subject in connexion with the alledged over-population of the country are of considerable interest.

'Travellers have remarked that in most parts of Ireland bog is rarely lost sight of for two hours together. A great portion of our surface is no doubt composed of it, and we have near four millions of acres every way capable of improvement, or rather of being reclaimed, and there is still room for vast improvement in most of the best districts under cultivation, and an outlay on which would be a better speculation than reclaiming the wild parts of bog.

'The mountain districts of Connaught form a fourth of that province, and according to Mr. Bald's fine map and survey of the county of Mayo, it contains of flat bog alone 262,420 acres. The counties of Cork and Kerry, according to Mr. Nimmo, contain 500,000 English acres of the same description. By the improvement of a part only of those vast uncultivated wastes, and by bringing the lands already under cultivation to what they should be, by manuring, and a good system of husbandry, draining, &c., have we not almost inexhaustible resources, and why propose to encourage emigration whilst such exist? Suppose but one half those lands improvable, here it is, if interference is necessary, that the Legislature should act, as abundance of room can be found not only for our increasing numbers, but a source of employment also. Let not the croaking disciples of Malthus, therefore, whine about our numbers, or be over careful for their provision. Has not "He without whose knowledge a sparrow cannot fall to the ground," willed their existence? Is not the over-ruling and allwise Author of Nature able to provide for them? And has He not in his dispensation made manifest his providence in this country almost above all others, in the unlimited capabilities presented on all sides?

'Neither are the bulk of the Irish peasantry so wretched as is generally imagined in England, great as their faults and miseries have been depicted. A portion of them, it must be admitted, are greatly devoid of comfort. They

were nearly all so from the period of 1815 to 1824, as alluded to under another head; but it savours of national prejudice to hear taunting scribblers on the other side of the water, drawing comparisons between the two countries, and prescribing panaceas for all our evils. The physician who prescribes for his patient, should see him, converse intimately with him, feel his pulse, and study his constitution. Not so those empiricks who, perhaps, after a hurried glance, or more probably never having crossed the Irish channel, would send their receipts and nostrums from a distance, without scrutinizing into the detail of the patient's complaint. We are altogether so miserable in their eyes, that it is strange our beef, our pork, our corn, and our butter should be consumed with any relish by them? No doubt our peasantry are comparatively far behind in comfort and in means; we will admit that things might be somewhat better even on those means; but ridiculous and unreasonable conclusions are drawn without duly considering the difference between the two countries, in capital, manufacture, commerce, cultivation, and the enterprising spirit which wealth brings along with it. To others, Ireland would appear a mere useless burden, and just as well sunk in the ocean; but they seem to forget that the day may yet come when fortuitous circumstances may close the granaries of Poland against them, and that Ireland may again, as she did in the last eventful war, prove a tower of strength in the time of need. We do not forget that we are benefitted by having such a market for our produce as that open to us in England; but who will say that it is not greatly the interest of England to encourage the agriculture of Ireland, and to go every length possible to benefit her without injury to herself? It may not be amiss either to remind those *kind folk*, that although England now triumphs in peace and prosperity (and may she long continue to do so) yet in the event of war, to what other quarter can she look to provide beef, pork, or other sea store, and *supplies* for her navies or military expeditions?

'We are not unmindful that we must be content to learn from, and follow our neighbours at an humble distance, in the way of improvement and luxuries, but as one good practical experiment would be worth one hundred theoretical speculations for benefitting us, why do not some of those politicians, who expect so unreasonably, propose to send us back our absentees by a heavy and wholesome tax? Why do they not propose to cultivate and drain our waste lands, or work our coal and iron mines? Until employment is provided, poverty must prevail; and when our unemployed outcasts manifest such a desire to earn, by crossing the channel annually in such numbers, our people should not be reproached with an *inherent* love of idleness. It is unjust to condemn or reproach a whole nation, or judge of them by those unemployed outcasts, the poorest and most wretched of our population, and for the greater part those most prone to vice and crime. Would the lower English be patient under similar deprivations? We have quite sufficient example occasionally that they would not.'—pp. 189—192.

Upon the numerous other rural topics discussed by our author, we have not at present room to enter. The book, we may remark, is very badly composed, and full of errors and mistakes, so far as regards the language, but this may well be forgiven in a practical agriculturist.

Art. V.—*Memoirs of the Emperor Alexander, and of the Court of Russia.* By Madame the Countess-Choisseul Gouffier. Vol. 1. 8vo. Paris; 1829.

Encore des Memoires! dear readers! and brilliant ones they are! We assure you, if *they* are not successful, we must give up Memoir writing altogether: for we know no work more likely to contradict the proverb—*On ne peut contenter tout le monde et son Père!* It resembles a harlequin's coat, the colours of which are so various, that every one, whatever may be his fancy, may find something to suit him. Here, then, enemies of Napoleon's despotism! admirers of philosophic kings! lovers of military glory! advocates of absolute power! denunciators of Jesuits! amateurs of diplomatic intrigue! collectors of anecdotes! friends of the *classique!* enthusiasts of the *romantique!* here is something for all of you! Madame de Choisseul has left nothing for the age to desire. What she relates of Alexander is not very new, but she makes up for it in her own person. You will soon perceive, that these Memoirs are not so much those of the emperor, as her own; it would have been impossible to have chosen a more suitable title, which is indeed quite correct, since, in the most interesting situations in the life of Alexander, Madame de Choisseul has played a part which she could not have suppressed without destroying the interest of the scene. 'I entreat my readers,' says she, 'to exonerate me from the charge of vanity, if, when speaking of the Emperor Alexander, I find myself obliged to speak of myself, the humble lily of the valley is seen to grow beside the stately cedar.' Thus, by the laws of vegetation, she must be allowed every indulgence, and you will see how far history may accord with her description of her hero and herself.

According to Madame de Choisseul, we must believe Alexander to have been faultless, a demi-god, whose qualities she despairs of doing justice to: she finds in him as much magnanimity, generosity, goodness, intrepidity, and amiableness, as could be found in twenty virtuous kings.

Nevertheless, at the time of the flight of the king of Prussia, who was received in triumph at St. Petersburgh, whilst the French soldiers were quartered at Berlin, Madame de Choisseul tells us, that Alexander, with the queen of Prussia on his arm, met in one of the galleries of the palace the handsome Madame N., who, at that time, and for a long period, had possessed the heart of the autocrat, and who, on that particular occasion, was so malicious as to appear in a dress of white crape, her black hair ornamented with a garland of Forget-me-nots. Ah! plague take the modest garland! which obliges our impartial historian to tarnish so many virtues, and to explain the cause of the secret troubles of the virtuous and angelic Elizabeth; but why should

this empress, who could, according to Madame de Choisseul, employ every reasonable argument to bring back her fickle husband to his duty, be rather swayed by the pride of a constant heart wounded in its dearest affections? She would shed tears over the portrait of this Alexander, so estimable, though so faithless.

After this, who will say that conjugal indifference is not as common in Russia as in France, and that the Parisians alone merit the crown of inconstancy? but this is to be considered as a very small stain, eclipsed by the splendour of his virtues! Nothing can so much merit the attention of the historic muse, as the manner in which Madame de Choisseul becomes acquainted with the Emperor of Russia.

In the month of April, 1812, Alexander had established his head quarters, and was about to inspect the troops which were stationed at Szairde. He halted on the road to Towiany, and alighted at the old Count Mariconi's, commander of Mata, who was decorated with numerous orders, and was paralytic. The emperor begged to spare the count a vast deal of useless ceremony, and had the good nature even to lend him his arm. Perceiving the mistress of the house, accompanied by several ladies, among whom was Madame de Choisseul, then Countess of Fisenhaut, Alexander made his excuses in a most polished manner for appearing in his riding dress, not expecting the company of ladies, then giving his arm to the Countess Mariconi, he was about to kiss her hand, but the countess, not expecting this attention, would not suffer the condescension, and being very short, and reducing her height still more by curtseying very low, the emperor, in return, was obliged to bow almost to the ground, which had so ludicrous an appearance, that it was with difficulty Madame de Choisseul could refrain from laughter. Madame Mariconi introduced the ladies to the emperor, who begged them to be seated; he handed the old Count to a chair himself (*avec une grace véritablement touchante*). A very interesting conversation immediately ensued; his majesty asked the ladies if they were acquainted with St. Petersburgh? and, upon their answering in the negative, he said, "Well, ladies! you must come and see it, and I hope you will find it equal your expectations." He again apologized for his dress, and added, that a similar misfortune had occurred to him at Wallanaw, near Warsaw, "I was fast asleep when I arrived there," said the prince, "and what was my surprise and confusion when I awoke, to find myself surrounded by charming women in a magnificent castle?"

This conversation was pretty well for an emperor, and after discoursing on some other matters of like importance, Alexander took a cup of tea, and left, in company with the Count Tolstoy, his grand marshal.

Madame de Choisseul allows that she was not greatly smitten with Alexander, yet she tells us, that Napoleon on seeing him at Tilsit,

exclaimed, "Tis an Apollo." But she could scarcely reconcile herself to the idea of a sovereign in a riding dress; yet she felt the presence of a certain grace and expression, which would doubtless improve on further acquaintance. The emperor on his part, had probably noticed other expressions in her open and smiling countenance, than those likely to have been produced by his inappropriate dress; accordingly, three days afterwards the Prince Wolkouski wrote to the countess, to say that his majesty on his return, would do himself the pleasure of taking another cup of tea with her.

At this second interview, the emperor appeared in a general's uniform; he had made his toilette at a nobleman's lodge. We forgot to say that before his arrival, the director-general, who had the care of selecting quarters for the emperor, had insinuated to Madame Mariconi that she would do well to invite his majesty to pass the night at Towiany, assuring her that he would freely accept her invitation.

The countess, backed by the ladies, took courage to ask the emperor if he would do her the honour to remain one night in her house; his majesty objected only on the ground of inconveniencing her, though in Russia, as in other countries, it ought to be known, that kings can give no trouble; the countess was doubtless about to make some such reply, when the Count of Tolsty accosted the emperor in a tone sufficiently familiar—"Sire, you must consent to remain here, for I intend to do the honours in quality of kinsman;" this set aside all farther entreaty, the emperor merely asking in what manner he was related; and whilst the Count of Tolstoy, was explaining in an unintelligible sort of way the whole affair, Alexander abruptly turned to the countess, and said, "Madam! I am at your command: but I beg you will not put yourself out of the way on any account." Madame de Choisseul is certainly right, it is impossible that any man could possess more condescension, grace, or good sense.

As may be well imagined, the cup of tea requested by the emperor is converted into a very handsome supper, which was preceded by a number of spirited remarks.

The ladies sang and played, Alexander turned the leaves of the music, and regretted greatly that the Empress Catherine would never permit him to learn the violin, though he had always a taste for that instrument.

During the repast Madame de Choisseul so well studied the figure of Alexander, that to the idea she had already formed, she was able to add all the necessary details to form a finished portrait, which she paints in an artist-like manner. The Count of Tolstoy, who enjoyed himself more than usual at the table of Madame Mariconi, exclaimed, "Well, Sire, do you repent of having been persuaded to remain here, instead of going to your bad quarters at Vilkomir?" "No! indeed," replied the emperor, "I have not passed so charming an evening for some time."

It must be allowed that the charm operated very powerfully, for before Madame de Choiseul left Towiany, the emperor appointed her *Demoiselle d'honneur* to her imperial majesty—a favour in which she participated in common with the other young ladies of the house of Madame Mariconi.

Alexander himself forwarded to the father of Madame de Choiseul, the decoration; and shortly after the arrival of Madame de Choiseul at Wilna, the emperor hastened to pay her a visit, in order to thank her for the attentions she had shewn him at Towiany. A few days afterwards when a brilliant fête was given to the emperor at Zolbtit, near Wilna, Madame de Choiseul had the honour of dancing with Alexander, who distinguished himself by his amiable and gallant demeanour, and begged to know whether she intended returning to Towiany, or remaining with her father at Wilna; adding—"If I were the count, I would never part with you"—but O unlucky affair! whilst the amiable emperor was engaged in this interesting conversation, accounts arrived that the French had passed the Niemen, and that their advanced guard was within ten miles of Wilna; it was not necessary to repeat this information; only forty-eight hours elapsed between the departure of Alexander, and the arrival of the French!

Here the scene changes; to the raptures of Madame de Choiseul for the Czar, succeed shouts of the Poles for Napoleon, who came, according to the *Demoiselle d'honneur*, to demand of them soldiers, provisions, and money, without even deigning to make them any promises of remuneration for their sacrifices.

Napoleon, who believed (according to Madame de Choiseul) that the women in Poland were distinguished for strength of mind, recommended them to the care of Archbishop Pradt, as a matter of the highest importance; Madame de Choiseul would willingly have dispensed with her attendance on the archbishop; her father, however, representing to her his peculiar situation, she acceded, but she would only make her appearance on condition of wearing the decoration which she had received from the Court of Russia. Her father, and several ladies, reminded her of the danger of this act of pride; she was, however, immoveable, and fortune favoured her to a miracle. Napoleon, on seeing her, looked attentively at the ornaments she wore, and said, "What decoration have you there?" she replied "that of her majesty, the Empress of Russia."

"You are then a Russian lady?" said he. "No, sire, I have only an honorary title." All seemed ended; but, at the next assembly, Napoleon, perceiving Mademoiselle G., whom the Emperor Alexander had also named *Demoiselle d'honneur*, at Towiany, asked her the reason why she did not wear her decoration. Mademoiselle G. replied that she did not think proper to wear it under existing circumstances. "Why not?" rejoined Napoleon, "it is merely a court distinction without meaning, and only serves to hide the amiable character of Alexander. You may wear your

decoration without being less a *Polonaisse,*" added he, turning round to Madame de Choisseul, with a smile of good will. When it was seen how happily the affair terminated, Madame de Choisseul received the greatest praise for her firmness, her fidelity, and her gratitude; and it was remarked with pleasure, that Napoleon knew how to appreciate strength of mind even in a woman. Madame de Choisseul declares that she wished nothing so much as that the Emperor Alexander should be one day informed of this affair; doubtless, that he might be induced to bestow upon her some further marks of his esteem. Her wishes were not long in being accomplished.

We shall omit here Madame de Choisseul's reflections on the burning of Moscow, the return of the wreck of the French army, &c., preferring those parts of the memoirs which relate to the *dame du Palais* herself.

On the retaking of Wilna by the Russian troops, Madame de Choisseul was awakened by the noise of cannon; the troops were engaged at the entrance of the town, in that neck of land which is called Pinary, where a vast number of Frenchmen perished; the combat was neither long nor doubtful; and soon were perceived the long pikes, the pointed caps of her old acquaintances, the Cossacks. This incident would have afforded her some pleasure if several of her old friends had not, in order to keep their hands in, fell foul of her carriage; her attendants, greatly alarmed, ran to the rescue. She succeeded in intimidating the Cossacks by addressing them with an air of firmness, and drove them out of her hotel, uncommonly pleased with her success; nevertheless, she had the precaution to demand a body guard from the General Cozaplie, who was among the first who arrived at Wilna.

Two days after, Marshal Kowstousoff arrived in triumph; he made a visit to Madame de Choisseul, and paid her great compliments on her behaviour towards the Emperor of the French. The Marshal gave a *levée,* at which he presented the *dame du Palais* to all the generals, saying, at the same time, "This is the young Countess who bearded Napoleon with the decorations of the court of Russia." This eulogium was *apropos* to the re-establishment of Madame de Choisseul in the opinion of the Cossacks, who pretended they had seen her, on the road to Moscow, playing the heroine in the midst of the French army, in Amazonian costume, mounted on a grey horse. Several Russian officers had, indeed, given orders to take her prisoner. What a libel! It took nothing less than the loss of six hundred thousand Frenchmen in the wilds of Russia, before Madame de Choisseul could prove her innocence, and find her honour restored—among the Cossacks!

A fortnight had not transpired since the return of the Russians to Wilna, when Madame de Choisseul, awaking one morning in a fit of dejection, which the horrors of war had rendered habitual, was told of the arrival of Alexander at Wilna. "Ah!" exclaimed

she, shedding a flood of tears, "our guardian angel is come; all will now be well." In the course of the morning, the name of Count Tolstoy was announced; she received him with infinite pleasure; he presented her with the thanks of the adorable sovereign. The grand marshal had also come on other business, but while gossiping with the young countess he had forgotten it: he had naturally a bad memory, and the emperor often enjoyed a laugh at his expense. It was not till he was going down stairs, that he recollected the principal object of his mission, and turning quickly back, "*Je vous demand mille pardons,*" but I forgot to tell you that his majesty commanded me to ask you if he might have the pleasure of paying his respects to you this evening."

Madame de Choisseul could not help laughing when he was gone, and promised herself the pleasure of relating this additional anecdote of the grand marshal's want of memory.

Though happy at once more beholding the emperor, Madame de Choisseul had serious cause for vexation. Her father and brothers had left their country, and entered the French service; it was true they were obliged to adopt that measure; but what should she say to the emperor? and what would he say to her? *Quel embarras!* but her good fortune still prevails. The emperor had the delicacy to divine the subject of the inquietude of his *dame de Palais*, he generously introduced the matter, and concluded by excusing himself for having abandoned the Poles, adding, that it should never occur again. But politics were not long the subject of discourse; Alexander himself changed the theme; he had been so impatient to see Madame de Choisseul again, that he had made the journey from St. Petersburgh to Wilna in three days, upon a sledge, which had fatigued him more than if he had bivouacked; "besides which," said he, laughing, "it has cost me the end of my nose in order to arrive hither." Madame de Choisseul does not tell us the effect produced on the physiognomy of Alexander by this loss.

Tea is served up, the emperor was an amateur tea-drinker; he was presented with a cup, but he refused to take any, till Madame de Choisseul was served, saying, in a jocular tone, "though a barbarian of the North, I know what is due to the ladies!"

They then discoursed on what passed between the Emperor Napoleon and Madame de Choisseul, on the subject of the decoration. *La Jeune Comtesse* thus arrives at the height of her ambition.

The emperor gave her credit for having displayed astonishing courage, in not trembling before him who was the terror of the world. Alexander wished to know what impression Napoleon had made on her: "did you remark," said he, "his clear grey eye, so piercing, that no one could withstand its glance?" "I found nothing very imposing in the person of Napoleon," replied she, "and I confess, even, that notwithstanding the excessive goodness of your majesty, I feel more timidity in your presence

than I ever did in his, though I was aware of his unamiable character, and his total want of politeness when addressing females." "How is it possible?" said the emperor, "What fear can I create?" "The fear of not pleasing you!" This answer procured to Madame de Choisseul a reward, the particulars of which she does not relate.

Her compliment was so well turned, that the emperor could not but feel anxious to return it; he soon found an occasion; while the conversation was going on, Madame de Choisseul was employed in preparing some lint; Alexander said to her, "the pleasure of using that would more than compensate for the pain of any wound!" Charming observation! which she cites in order to display the grace and delicacy which distinguished the emperor, even on the most trivial occasions.

The emperor also conversed on the philosophical writers of the eighteenth century; Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, d'Alembert; he was of opinion that the philosophical opinions of Rousseau had not done so much harm as the writings of Voltaire; many of the opinions of the former eloquent writer coincided with his own. Madame de Choisseul observed also a certain degree of resemblance in the ideas of Alexander, on the subject of universal peace, to the works of Saint Pierre. His Majesty spoke in high terms of the "Génie de Christianisme," a production as justly celebrated as its author, and of the philosophy of Kant, so profound and so abstruse, that it might be fairly considered incomprehensible, and of which Kant himself had not, perhaps, the key.

Suddenly, in the midst of this grave conversation, the emperor observed, laughingly, "I have chosen a very proper time for commencing a moral lecture in the presence of a lovely woman; if I were overheard I should certainly be laughed at."

What could Madame de Choisseul reply to this effusion of gallantry? she might have said, how much she profited by his lecture, she did do this; but as the answer appeared to her incomplete, she waited an opportunity of making an addition, which was not long in presenting itself; the emperor again reverting to the person of Napoleon, his diminutive stature, his manners, &c. "Sir," said Madame de Choisseul, "it is a rare occurence to find a sovereign in whom is combined every perfection—but there is no rule without an exception!" The emperor covered his face with both hands, and said, blushing deeply, "A truce to compliments, I conjure you!" The truce, however, was not of long duration, Madame de Choisseul continued, "that she had in vain searched history for a prince who could be put in competition with him." "A truce to compliments, I entreat you!" again, said he. They shortly after spoke of Napoleon's family, the character of Lucian was eulogized; "No," said the emperor, coolly, "he is not the man I wish to resemble!" and then all at once he exclaimed, with enthusiasm, "Moreau is a better model, he is a truly great man!" Yes! espe-

cially two years later; and if Alexander had waited till the battle of Waterloo, he would have found a still finer model of patriotism.

Madame de Choisseul here arranges the narration in such a manner, that it is impossible to say whether it belongs to the first, second, or third visit of the emperor. It would have been prosing too much to have related at each interview, the "emperor came, the emperor went;" besides, the tone of conversation sufficiently evinces, that the court etiquette had nothing farther to do in the matter; we can only conjecture what passed, and, in fact, we frankly avow, that we are completely at fault—Alexander appears also to be in the same condition. At the place where we find him again, page 167, he is speaking, we don't know why, of the vices of modern education. "You have no idea," said he, to Madame de Choisseul, "to what a degree the manners of the age are corrupted; the world will not allow that it is possible to have a friendship or disinterested attachment for a female, who is neither our mother, sister, wife, nor our ———." He did not finish the sentence. What means this tirade against the age? Could it be, that by some chance or other, the *petits maitres* of Wilna had indulged in some *quolibets* upon the attentions paid to a *Dame du Palais?* The silly fellows, no doubt, had never read Plato, or the Life of Louis the Fourteenth.

After some minutes silence, the emperor said to the young countess, in the sweetest tone imaginable, "I have a trifling favour to ask of you;" she raised her eyes, which leaves us to imagine that they had before been cast down, "it is, that you will sometimes think of me!" "Ah, *mon dieu!*" she replied, "every instant of my life:" both were affected, but the parting moment was arrived; the emperor had an appointment at Paris, with the members of the Holy Alliance, from which he could not possibly be absent. Madame de Choisseul follows him ——— with her eyes. She will relate to you the slightest incident that occurred during his residence at Paris, in England, and in Holland; at Paris he visits the hospital for the "*Folles par amour*," he asks if the number of these unfortunates is considerable. "Sire!" answered the directress, "not at present, but it is to be feared that the number will be augmented from the time of your Majesty's appearance in Paris!" 'We may imagine,' says Madame de Choisseul, 'that we see the emperor smiling and blushing at this remark.' In England, he visits the famous University of Oxford, and deigns to accept, as well as the King of Prussia, the degree of LL.D., without undergoing any examination; in Holland he makes a pious visit to the house of Sardom, which served as the residence of Peter the Great, and then joins the Empress Elizabeth, at Bruchal.

He returns to Russia, 'after an absence of a year, and a campaign of ever memorable results.' A little deeper in the volume, you will find Alexander at the Congress of Vienna, where, in the midst of a splendid fête, he is made acquainted with a piece of

news, which operates like a thunder-clap,' 'Napoleon has made his escape from Elba! Napoleon is in France;' turn over the leaves a little further and you will find Alexander and Louis XVIII. at Paris.

The Emperor of Russia, who had, at the Congress of Vienna, been acknowledged King of Poland, hastened back to Warsaw, to receive his crown. He arrived there on the 26th of October, 1815, and after giving fêtes of the most magnificent kind, he turned his thoughts towards Wilna, actuated by a desire, no doubt, to behold once more the charming Towiany, which still lived in his remembrance. He did not fail to grace with his presence a brilliant fête, prepared for him at Wilna, because, of course, it presented him with another opportunity of dancing with the young countess; but before the ball, and but a few minutes after his arrival, he hurried to the hotel of Madame de Choisseul, to prepare her for the *Polonaise* and *l'Allemande* of the evening. Immediately after the ball, the emperor proceeded on his route to Towiany, whither Madame de Choisseul had gone an hour before; upon the road her carriage was mistaken for that of his majesty, and in consequence she received the honours due to royalty; the mistake amused her very much. On arriving, the emperor thanked her for her polite attention; and after asking her what sort of a journey she had had, he added, "*Quant à moi le visage me brule comme une encendie.*" What is very remarkable in this part of her *Memoires Historiques*, is, that not having, up to the present moment, favoured us with any *bonmots* of the emperor, she now only devotes two pages to describe what passed during this visit at Towiany,—a visit which was of much longer duration than usual.

The most interesting facts are, that Madame de Choisseul had a fainting fit, the result of nervous weakness, and that at the departure of his majesty 'her eyes were very red with weeping!'

Adieu! delightful hours passed at Towiany, and the romantic country at Wilna. Alexander is recalled to St. Petersburgh to sign the expulsion of the Jesuits from his kingdom. But Madame de Choisseul is determined to travel until some chance throws him again in her way: from Carlsbad she arrives with her father at Warsaw, on the 30th of September, 1816. She found the streets filled with soldiers, a circumstance which led her to imagine that the emperor was not far off; she was not mistaken; she met him again at the ball, more amiable than ever; he enquires if she is quite recovered from the indisposition which attacked her at Towiany, and where she is now residing, and, though he is given to understand that her apartments at Warsaw were not sufficiently handsome to receive his majesty, yet the following morning, without even being announced, he makes his appearance, and finds the lady quite *en dishabille*. Madame de Choisseul assures us that Alexander found great amusement in his morning visits to the ladies; one would take flight in her *robe de chambre;* another hastily tie on

her cap, without staying to dress her hair; the vice-queen, among others, had taken cold by having left her bath too hastily on the announcement of the emperor. All this trouble and confusion of the fair sex greatly diverted him, for at this period the emperor had remarkably good spirits. It was during the present visit, that he played a practical joke by presenting a chair to the lap-dog of Madame de Choisseul, remarking, 'that it was quite right it should take its place among them.'

Madame de Choisseul's mother dropped in shortly after; the emperor wished to kiss her hand; she refused the honour, "What," said the emperor, laughing, "do you fear I shall contaminate you? Is it anything so extraordinary to kiss a lady's hand?" He then kissed the hand of Madame de Choisseul by way of example. Is there not an amusement in which it is the practice to kiss all the ladies round, in order that it may not be ascertained which is the one preferred? Presently after, the Princess Jadzerill, aunt to Madame de Choisseul, arrives, "What," said she, "before coming to see me? this is pretty behaviour!" "Why," said Alexander, "should I go to see you, since you come to see me." "But in such indifferent apartments," rejoined the aunt. "I am not come here to admire the apartments," said his majesty. Every body was in such high spirits that all spoke together; they laughed, sang, and embraced each other; etiquette was no longer preserved.

In a second visit which the Emperor paid to Madame de Choisseul, finding her alone, and not regretting the absence of the mother and aunt, "We shall remain here a while, shall we not," said he, "and then go to see your mother." At this interview he asked her if she had any prospect of marriage, though he had already been informed by her aunt that she had refused all offers. Madame de Choisseul informs us that she made the most foolish answer in the world, to which his majesty made no reply, but he again gave her an invitation to St. Petersburgh; he then had an interview with her mother, and took his leave.

But we must confine this analysis within its proper limits. Madame de Choisseul, who was a Pole by birth, a Russian from choice, becomes a French woman by her union with a noble peer.

The reader will find she has a son to whom Alexander stood godfather: that she held with the emperor a political correspondence, in the course of which he informs her that there were some persons in Paris, who had good judgment, and that there were others who had not: that the assassination of the Duke of Berri was the consequence of the attachment of Louis XVIII. for the Duke de Caze; that she made two journeys alone to the north of Europe to settle some of her husband's affairs; that Alexander appeared again on the scene at Wilna, as well as at St. Petersburgh, where he treated her with royal hospitality; that she rivals in style the Vicomte D'Arlincourt in her descriptions of the palaces and gardens of royalty; finally, we are told of the griefs of Alexander and his death.

If we should be asked our opinion of these Memoirs, we should reply that they are destitute of all propriety of sentiment and principles, that the style is vicious, and carries with it no appearance of historic truth; and we can confidently say, that we know of nothing so injurious to the memory of Alexander, as these Memoirs, written by one who calls herself his friend. If he were permitted to return from the grave, he would certainly blush at being the object of an attachment so indiscreet and so *mal adroit*.

ART. VI.—*A Journey through Norway, Lapland, and part of Sweden; with some remarks on the Genealogy of the Country, its Climate, and Scenery, &c.* By the Rev. Robert Everest, A. M., F. G. S. 8vo. London: Underwood. 1829.

IF classic recollections, the beauties of climate and art, the grandeur of mountain scenery, the pleasures of crowded and polished cities, the facility of access, but, above all, fashion, are constantly drawing crowds of our locomotive countrymen to Italy, Switzerland, France, and Germany; now and then a solitary traveller, allured by attractions of another kind, will wind his way to the cold, dreary, thinly inhabited, and poor regions of Scandinavia, Switzerland, and the Tyrol, with their gigantic Alps and glaciers, and primitive population, alone offer on the Continent something resembling the nature of the North; but those beauties have been so often seen, and pictured, and described, as almost to have become hackneyed, and the simplicity of the southern mountaineers is fast wearing away under the influence of fashion and vulgarity, which are constantly invading its domain. Scandinavia, and especially Norway, offers in its scenery all the magnificence of the countries just named, varied by innumerable sea-views, and attended with circumstances peculiar to the high northern latitudes; such as, at certain seasons of the year, a never-setting Sun, "Morning with its grey sky, and light, fleecy, blushing clouds to the eastward; the golden evening, with the bright pieces of cloud, and the flood of mild light to the westward, and the God of Day between both his daughters, grey Dawn and yellow Eve;" the bright moon shining from a pure sky upon interminable fields of snow, and, above all, the Aurora Borealis.

"We were often out at night," says Mr. Everest, "admiring the Aurora Borealis. It was seldom bright, but its faintness was always beautiful. Sometimes only a small piece of it appeared among the clouds, on a dark and gloomy night, so pure and pale, that we might have imagined it something like Mercy and Truth shining on a World of Sin. But on the 18th of November, it shone forth in full glory. There is a kind of light yellow cloud, which is in England vulgarly known by the name of Horse-tails, and is in truth an assemblage of long flakes, or tresses, thrown about in all directions. Imagine a number of these, of a pale colour, like moonlight, and irregularly wreathed together, so as to form a band across the heavens, like the arch of a rainbow, with the centre of the arch to the westward of

the Pole-Star. Such it appeared to us when we first came out. The majestic meteor gradually expanded itself, for in spite of a sharp wind against it, it was steadily approaching the zenith, and having gained its point, rested there awhile. The bright canopy was awfully near above our heads, and we were enclosed in its broad effulgent arms. New streaks of light continually kindled as the old ones faded. Sometimes one of the tresses would whirl, as though it were the fold of a dragon's tail; then again it lost its waved appearance, and showed only a number of straight vertical stripes, like a rain of fire; then there was a sudden unfolding, as of a great fan, or scroll, which displayed all the colours of the rainbow; then a hurried indistinct motion of the shapes of light, which we compared to a mysterious dance of spirits.'—pp. 157—159.

What true admirer of nature would not, for such sights as these, for once leave the beaten track of the tourist, to refresh his body and mind among the bleak mountains and dark pines of those remote countries? Who would not like to tread the soil, whence, in days of yore, sallied forth, in their frail barks, those giant-men who made the sturdy Saxon, the fierce Frank, the bold Saracen, as well as the effeminate Greek and Italian, quail before their strength? The country of Odin and of Thor, of elfs and sprights, of the measureless sea-serpent and the monstrous cracken, the cradle of some of our most affecting nursery tales and noblest ballads? Its men, it is true, are no longer what they were in the olden time; they are heavy and sluggish, and require, as our author wittily observes, the twenty-four hours of daylight which nature has allotted them, to do that which other nations perform in twelve. But they are still plain and unsophisticated in their manners, inoffensive and hospitable, at least in Norway, and, no doubt, also in most parts of Sweden. Mr. Everest, speaking of Norway, observes: 'I have often felt that I could live and die contented among its rocks, and woods, and dales, in the midst of its quiet and virtuous people.' In a country where men 'drest in the coarse grey woollen cloth of the peasants, with long hair reaching to their shoulders;" (p. 16) where we find, as is stated to be the case at Trondhjem, (p. 193) military officers of the garrison taking an active part as teachers in a Lancasterian school; where 'legislators, merchants, officers, and functionaries contribute to the amusement of their fellow citizens, by acting plays before mixt audiences; where a stranger is welcomed and caressed, merely because he *is* a stranger; such a country deserves our attention, although its soil be barren, its people poor, and it have neither singers, nor paintings, nor sculptures, nor any monuments of architecture to recommend it to the virtuoso.

Mr. Everest's book, however, is chiefly interesting for its graphic details, which are so skilfully executed that they will afford instruction and amusement even to those who have read the admirable travels of Dr. Clark, or Mr. Von Buck. His ignorance of the language of the country, the besetting sin of most travellers out of

France and Italy, enabled him to see only the outside of the people's life, but this also he describes well.

His tour extends from Frederickstadt, on the south-coast, up the Brevig river, through the interior to Trondhjem and Aargard.—Here he embarked, and sailed up the coast through the numerous fiords, or channels, with which it is indented, to the North Cape; whence he returned to Alten, and crossed Finmark with rein-deer sledges to Torneo, in Sweden; thence he went along the Gulf of Bothnia to Umea, and again across the country to Trondhjem. After a short residence in this town, our traveller proceeded by sea to Bergen; thence, partly by sea, and partly over the mountains, to Christiana; and from thence to Stockholm, where Mr. E. terminated his Scandinavian tour.

We cannot, of course, follow our traveller on this interesting excursion; but we cannot resist the temptation, to present our readers with a few descriptions, interesting both inasmuch as they shew the powers of the author, and the nature of the country through which he travelled.—On his way, between Frederickstadt to Trondhjem, among many waterfalls, he saw the Riukan, in a wild mountainous country, supposed to be from 500 to 900 feet high.

'At last we saw a light cloud of vapour resting on the side of the hill, as if the country people had been slaking lime there. The atmosphere around was clear, but there it remained steadfast, like the spirit of the waters; this was the Riukan. We left our horses at a small plot of ground, which afforded room for two or three sheds, and then had more than a mile to go on foot, along nothing but a goat's track, for the valley had now become nothing more than a great cleft in the rock, We crept on, however, sometimes on a narrow ledge of the bare slate, nearly perpendicular, at others clinging to the bushes of birch and fir, till the falling river opened upon us. It comes from the distance, tumbling down a slope, and distorted by the rocks that oppose, till it reaches the spot where they separate, and shoots into the depth below. It appears as fine and fleecy as white wool or cotton; and though the vapour obscures every thing near it, yet, in looking over the cliff, you can discern shoots of foam at the bottom, like rockets of water, radiating in every direction. A low sound and vibration appears to come from beneath one's feet, similar to what is felt near large machinery in motion.'—pp. 30—32.

On the same journey Mr. E. ascended the Sneehattan, supposed, till recently, to be the highest mountain in Norway, rising 7,500 feet above the level of the sea, but now found to be 500 feet lower than the Hor-Ungerne, on the road from Christiana to Stockholm.

'The long valley in which we had been travelling terminated with Laurgaard, and our road now rose along the side of the mountain, with the foaming river beneath us.

'After rising to a considerable elevation, we again came to an open valley, and about half way up the hill, found the excellent inn of Tofte, the best we had met with in Norway for cleanliness and comfort. It is

astonishing to see how high cultivation extends here. The people sometimes seemed to be ploughing half way up to the clouds, and there were even green fields to the very edge of the snow. From our windows, the next morning, we saw realized "the mountain in winter, while Summer is sleeping at his feet." Below was a vale covered with fine hay meadows, and luxuriant groves and rising corn; then a belt of fir and rock, and above a naked plain, with nothing but snow and desolation. A few miles farther on we took leave of the river on our left, and rapidly ascended. We were now in an extensive forest of Scotch firs, which gradually became more stunted the higher they grew, and at last deserted us. Quantities of snow lay by the road side, and across it, for we had reached the greatest height of the pass, and found ourselves on a barren moor, with a range of low hills on each side. In the midst of this desolation we came to Jerkin. The day was not quite clear, and we could hardly discern the summit of Sneehattan, but, as far as we could judge, it does not deserve the praises that have been lavished on it. It lies about twenty-one miles from the road, and does not rise much more than two thousand feet above the level of the plain on which Jerkin and Fogstuen are situated. Its height above the sea has, of course, nothing to do with its merits as a picturesque object. Early the next morning we set out on horseback to ascend its summit, which now lay to the north-west of us. We passed first along a narrow valley, which soon opened into a kind of large amphitheatre, surrounded by low hills, where we heard nothing but the mournful cry of the golden plovers, that seemed to be its only inhabitants. We soon came to a stream running over the rocks, along which we ascended for some distance. The bushes gradually diminished at our side, till at last we saw only rocks and loose stones, white with rein-deer moss, from which the ptarmigan, with its sound like a hoarse laugh occasionally started. Here we also met with some of the lemming, the well-known little animal of the mouse kind, which in some seasons descends from the hilly tracts in swarms, and covers the country. After walking for four or five miles, we came to the foot of the mountain, which presented an imposing aspect as we drew near it, and gave us the idea of a vast natural fortress rising out of the plain, and inaccessible on every side but one, which lay rather to the right of our original direction. At the bottom of the steep ascent we found a large pool, half frozen. We were surprised, near such a spot, to hear a bird's song, somewhat resembling that of our thrush, only more slender and delicate. It was from the little snow-finch, two or three of which we saw running among the stones, and flying like a lark. One was almost disposed to pity the little songsters, thus condemned to live in the midst of perpetual winter. How can such a tiny bosom withstand the frosts that must assail it, and still more how can it rear its unfledged young? Yet here it makes its nest, and utters its note of gladness, in this rude desert, an atom of softness and beauty. Farther on the ascent was fatiguing, for the snow in many places was soft, and took us up to our middles. The day partially cleared away before we reached the summit, and we seemed to look over a plain interminable on every side, out of which rose many cones and ridges, with volumes of gloomy clouds settled upon them. Here and there a dark fissure gave us notice of a valley, else nothing was to be seen but snow, and precipice, and morass; the summit has the shape of a great semi-

circular crater, and we had ascended by the edge which slopes down on the north-eastern side. Though this mountain is not much above half the height of Mont Blanc, several who have ascended it have been affected with a difficulty of breathing. One of us felt this in a considerable degree, and sunk down exhausted on the top. It was attributed at the moment to the chill occasioned by the snow and snow water through which we had been walking, whilst our bodies were heated; but the complete revival, on descending, shewed this could not have been the case. We reached Jerkin late in the evening, having been absent eighteen hours. What can have induced V. Buch to say so much about the difficulty of this ascent? One certainly could not drive up in a post-chaise, but to any healthy man, with the free use of his limbs, it is only a long day's work that will do him no harm.'—pp. 44—49.

The scenes described in the following sketch must be magnificent.

'We had seen the extraordinary peaks, called the Seven Sisters, from Saalhuus, and we were now close under them and the lofty Donna-oë. I cannot but think their height rather over-estimated by Von Buch, who makes them above four thousand feet. We were informed by Mr. Brodkorp that the snow does not lie on them all the year round, except a small patch here and there, in particular situations, such as clefts in the rock on the north side. When we got beyond them, the view was peculiarly striking. The clouds hid the peaks, and had nearly descended to the level where the rock is divided, so that they bore the appearance of seven similar pillars of vast bulk. They run in a straight line east-north-east and west-south-west. The coast now was high and rugged all the way along. On our right were three peaks of the island of Tomen, not inferior to any in height, and exceeding all in grandeur, for they were precipices from the summit to the water. On our left was the solitary Lovunnen, with the sea-fowl flying about it like bees round their hive, and many miles out at sea the four peaks of Trænen, rising erect as towers from the water. The Polar circle runs through them, and also through the Hestman, a singular peak which we now saw before us, and came abreast of about two in the morning. Accustomed as we had lately been to heights and precipices, the view here on our right surprised us. A correct picture of it would appear to be anything but the representation of sober reality. There were a hundred peaks huddled together, and a hundred crags reaching to the water. Inland rose the snow, mixed in the distance with the clouds.'—pp. 61—63.

We are afraid we have extended our extracts too far, yet cannot resist the temptation to present our readers with the following graphic description of a series of views, worthy of the pencil of Salvator Rosa.

'After a pleasant sail, we reached the bottom of the Ei Fiord, and landed on the small flat meadow there, on each side of which runs a wall of black and smooth precipice, reaching nearly to the summit of the table land above. There is another dale, even narrower and darker than this we had now entered, and which branches off to the north, called Simedal. About a mile from the sea, a lake takes place of the meadow, and on reaching it we found the ice too soft to bear, and yet so firm that we could not attempt to make our way through it in a boat. One other way of

advancing remained. The mountain called Borriar, on the southern side, retreats from the perpendicular towards the middle of the lake, and again resumes the same threatening aspect at the further end, forming by this a slope in the shape of a bay, half way up which stands a cottage. Its inhabitants had made themselves a way down the cliff by fixing a line of fir-poles on the smooth side of the rock, where there were no natural ledges, and supplying the want in other parts by ladders. By these we safely made our way up to the cottage, and ascended the slope above it, till we reached the summit of the eastern arm. We had now a fearful look down upon the lake and valley beyond it, which had expanded into a large amphitheatre, in which a cluster of farm-houses was situated. Our way down to these was not pleasant for one apt to lose his nerves at great heights. We were nearly at the fir limit, and below us was a slope precipitous, and at this time of year particularly bad for walking, as the snow that melted during the day was frozen by night, and gave the whole rock a coating of ice. However, by means of our staves pointed with iron, and a stout rope, which occasionally assisted us all down the most difficult places, we descended unhurt. I then took a horse to the Vöring's Foss, the highest in Norway, which lies at the end of the narrow Maabe-dal, about seven miles distant. This valley runs to the east from the amphitheatre, and another similar to it, called Hjelme-dal, to the south. I could not have conceived any thing short of an actual cavern to be so dark an opening. There is something more than sublime—something absolutely savage about it. In the valley of the Maan Elv there was a clothing of fir, but here all was perpendicular, abrupt, and naked stone. The bottom was strewed with blocks of a size that I had never before seen, many of them being larger than the cottages of the peasants, and among them we wound our awful way. Of one piece I am inclined to believe that it was rather a portion of the mass which had been detached from the rest at the original formation, than that it had fallen down since. The valley makes such short and sudden turns, that we think every instant that we have arrived at the end. At last we came to a spot where the ruins were of a fresh gray colour. One mass, full twenty feet in length, lay across our path, and the old man who was with us said that it had come down only a few hours before, and pointed with his staff to the place from which it had been detached. As we looked and wondered at the blow which it had struck the soft earth, and saw ourselves yet within the line of the beetling brow, it was enough to make one inquire, whether these accidents were of frequent occurrence, which at this time of year I was assured they were. The valley was so blocked up with ice and snow, that we could go no further in it, and ascended by the only accessible path, steep and icy. Once on the table land above, we found the scenery of Lapland, ranges of low hills with scattered birch bushes on them, and deep in the snow.'—pp. 233—237.

The people, notwithstanding their numerous good qualities, have also their faults and vices. Among these, superstition and drunkenness are conspicuous. Mr. E. finds an apology for the former in the wild romantic nature of the country, and a palliation of the latter, in the severity of the climate. He tells us some amusing anecdotes of the superstition of the Fins. For instance,

a few years ago one of these people told an English merchant at Kaa Fiord, that he had found a whole mountain full of copper ore, and offered to show the place. But after a long search, he could not find it again, and now gravely asserted that an evil spirit, who owed him a grudge, had removed the mountain while he had been away. They are persuaded that there are whale-bones on several hills about the country; they swear they have seen them, but on strict search being made, they can never be found. One of this nation also offered to sell Mr. E. a fair wind, at a time when he stood in great need of it.

Filthiness is also a prevailing vice among the Norwegians, and Mr. E. assures us, that even the Laplanders, whom they affect to despise, are cleaner than they are. Our traveller met in some places with clean cottages, supplied with a loom and a spinning-wheel, but generally speaking, this seems not to have been the case with the houses of the peasantry. Mr. E., however, finds also an apology for this.

'Having reached the station, we found it a superior place to those we had lately visited. There was a bed-room up-stairs; knives and forks, plates and other crockery, all which luxuries were unknown to our hostelries in Tellemark, whose utensils generally consisted of one large iron pot, an axe, one knife, and half a dozen wooden bowls and spoons. Yet let me give these poor creatures their due. I believe it is only their extreme poverty that produces so much filth among them. The moss with which the seams between the trees, that compose their wainscots, are stuffed, harbours abundance of vermin. I think it was partly owing to this that we used to see them as busy about their persons as a parcel of mangy dogs. Their severe climate obliges them to sleep in their only room, which has a fire-place, and the same cause gives them but one large bed, like a deal box, into which they all creep; it is filled with straw at the bottom, and has some sheep-skins in it for covering. They hardly seemed to have any set hour for rest, but each got in by day, as he found himself tired.

At Dal none of us were much at home, except our great dog, who was hospitably received into the family bed, and the next morning we found him asleep between the children and their parents. The swampy land they labour in, prevents the women's bare feet, or their miserable remnants of shoes and stockings, from ever being clean; but their tables, and what utensils they have, are generally spotless. On the Saturday night we passed at Dal, the children, (three or four girls) were washed clean, and with their rosy cheeks, and long brown hair flowing over their shoulders, after the manner of all the Norwegians, seemed worthy of a better lot. The next day I saw one of these little things reading the prayer-book to its mother. Destitute as they were of every worldly comfort, we found two or three religious books in every house. The hope of the weary and heavy laden in every clime is not denied to these poor sojourners in the valley of tears.'—pp. 34—36.

Mr. E. is indeed, throughout his book, the apologist of the Norwegians, so much so as to become absolutely blinded to the good qualities of the Swedes, whom they hate as their ancient in-

veterate foes, and whose oligarchy they now accuse of the design of wresting from them their constitution, and making them a province of their own, and a pasture ground for their supernumerary offspring. In his long journey from Finmark through the northern provinces of Sweden, Mr. E. finds nothing to say of the people, but that the innkeepers are inquisitive, reserved, and suspicious, till they think you have confided to them your history. Nor does he seem to have had any other purpose in going to Stockholm, but to tell his readers, that the country as we advance, becomes 'a dead flat, with nothing striking in it, but sometimes the magnificent size of the firs;' 'that a country cannot be called free, which swarms with military, and which has a strict police;' and that 'the Swedes have all the faults of the Norwegians, without *one* redeeming quality.' Whether the reverend gentleman's spleen has been excited against this nation, by his 'never having received an *unpaid* kindness' among them, or from their expectorating more frequently than his Norwegian friends—a habit of which he seems to have a complete horror—or from their having privileged classes, which the Norwegians have abolished among themselves, we know not; but such is the uncharitable and sweeping opinion he pronounces of the Swedes.

But we will not part from our author in anger, since upon the whole, we are well satisfied with his book, which, considering the rapidity of his journeying (in one instance he tells us he travelled over seven degrees and a half in fifteen days) he has contrived to make both instructive and amusing. The geologist will be particularly gratified with the extensive information it contains on the formations of the soil of various parts of Norway, Sweden, and Lapland, and those who take an interest in tables of population, of imports and exports, will also be gratified. Mr. E. has also collected a considerable number of meteorological facts concerning the countries he has visited; and his descriptions of the appearance and habits of some of the animals and birds which came under his observation, are very ably executed. We give the following as a specimen.

'We saw, in one of our walks, while we were here, two of the Gyr falcon, which were so much prized in the days of falconry, and magnificent birds they were. There are many eagles here, but an eagle, till you come close enough to him to feel the full force of his eye, is, I should be bold enough to say, a mean looking object, if there were not so many assertions to the contrary. The peculiarity in the shape of his wing, which has the third and fourth quill feathers longer than the first and second, deprives him of that beautiful arch which so many of our common birds possess, and makes him appear at a distance like a large raven. His rising from the ground is laboured, and his flight as sluggish as that of the common heron, or barn owl. When he flies across you, at a short distance off, you are struck with his great size, the vast muscular power of the upper joint of the wing, and the sweeping breadth of it. Gray, with truth, called it an ample pinion. I have never seen them soar so high as the large black-

backed and herring gull. But the Gyr falcon, on the contrary, attracts ones attention, at first sight, by his beauty of shape. It was a windy day when we met these two, and their gambols in the air were astonishing. They would hover at a vast height above, and then dart straight down, like a stone into the sea, and suddenly recovering themselves when near the ground, rise again to cut some new figure, as a skater would say. In one minute they were skimming the side of the mountain, and in the next borne among the clouds, with wings extended and motionless. It was Virgil's "radit iter liquidum," exactly. But he speaks of the dove, which has not half the power of wing that any of the hawks have. A day or two after, on a stone being rolled down the steep of the large Stappenoë, one of these birds (I suppose a young one) darted from a hole in the cliff, and attempted to seize it. The stone had acquired so great a velocity, that the lookers on thought that the bird would have been killed; but he pursued it to the bottom unhurt, continually pouncing upon it, and following it in all its bounds with the rapidity of lightning.'—pp. 104—107.

The author's remarks on the politics of Norway and Sweden, are curious and deserve attention, since there is no doubt that ere long the eyes of Europe will again be drawn to those kingdoms, which are silently preparing for great political changes, of which Great Britain may perhaps not be able to remain a calm spectator. But for this, as well as various other subjects, which we have had no room to touch upon, we must refer to the work itself.

ART. VII.—*Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han, or the Central and Western Rajport States of India.* By Lieutenant Colonel James Tod, late Political Agent to the Western Rajport States. Vol. i. 4to. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1829.

THAT the kind of civilization which conducts men to a certain degree of eminence in the exact sciences, and the ornamental, as well as useful arts, existed at some early period in Hindoostan, there can be little doubt. The fact is attested by so many monuments of antiquity, that the European philosopher, while wandering among the columns of Dehli and Chectore, or diving into the subterranean temples of Elephanta and Elbora, has sometimes instead of reasoning, permitted himself to dream. There is something, in fact, at once awful and alluring in the aspect of antiquity, when she appears to us, dimly seen through pillared and statued aisles, when her retreating step is on the marble courts of the gods, and her brow is garlanded with wreaths of almost eternal sculpture. Although our view cannot reach the termination of the storied vista, our imagination can build, from the dense clouds which conceal it, a fabric still more grandly beautiful; and, directing the analogies of nature and experience, which present to us a mighty river rising from a marsh, a majestic oak from an acorn, a vast city from a hamlet, we look for the origin of civilization in its perfection. That some process of this kind has taken place in the mind of most people with regard to ancient India, is

certain; and it is fortunate for such that analogical reasoning is the only weapon which can be used against them. History, which in other cases is appealed to as decisive testimony, is there silent. The *Raj Tarringini*, translated by Mr. Wilson, is a solitary instance of historical composition, which relates to the affairs of Cashmere; and on this slight foundation some writers, including Colonel Tod, have built the most enthusiastic hopes of discoveries yet to take place, which may display to the longing eyes of Europeans the mighty picture of the past destinies of Hindoostan. A French Orientalist, "ingeniously," as Colonel Tod observes, enquires whence Abul Fazel obtained his materials? We are tempted to ask in return, whence our author obtained his own? and he replies ingeniously, from the genealogies of the Puranas—from the poets —from the Bardic chronicles—from allegory, and oral tradition. These sources were all open in like manner to the minister of the great Akber; while in his case scholastic research was assisted by imperial power. While laying aside the question of the existence, or non-existence, of original Hindoo history, we cannot help lamenting the consequences entailed upon us by the want of it. Of these, abundant specimens are to be found even in the erudite and elaborate work before us. Colonel Tod is haunted by the desire of identifying the personages of all superstitions, with those peculiarly Indian—not as abstract ideas, in which probably he would be correct, but as men; and thus with him Buddha and Mercury are the same individual, and Menu, Osiris, Bacchus, and Menes, are all Noah. A considerable portion of the volume, also, is occupied with the attempt to establish a connection between the Rajports and the Scythic tribes, and the author does not scruple to make use of the most apocryphal authorities in support of his theory. Thus, the account of the Germans by Tacitus, which is supposed by many to be nothing more than an oblique satire on the manners of the Romans, is assumed as containing a faithful picture of the people. Among the analogies he points out, some, we confess, are sufficiently striking to be reckoned curious, but the greater number are coincidences which might be found as easily among many other nations of the world. Among these is the number of heads possessed by the Rajport and Saxon gods of war. The former it appears has *seven*, and the latter *six* heads! But we have no desire to quarrel on this point with our author, whose labours are, in other respects, both useful and interesting; and we shall therefore proceed at once to the task we had proposed to ourselves, of presenting a sketch of the manner and character of the Rajport tribes. Rajast'han, or Rajportana, comprehends a space of nearly eight degrees of latitude and nine of longitude, embracing an area of 350,000 square miles. It is bounded by the valley of the Indus on the west, by Bundelcand on the east, by the sandy tracts termed *jungul des* on the north, and by the Vindya mountains on the south. This tract of country is inha-

bited by a race of kings, for so the name Rajport implies—a tribe of foreign conquerors, according to Colonel Tod, who at some remote period descended from the mountains of the north, to fling their regal chains over the aborigines of India. The pride of this noble ancestry remains to the present day, sometimes the sole inheritance of the Rajport. He scorns to hold his plough, or to use his lance but on horseback; and the consideration with which he is treated by his superiors, as well as the respect of the lower classes, strengthen and perpetuates a feeling which may be said to form the ground-work of his character. The gradations of rank, notwithstanding, even in his own tribe, are well marked; and the nice distinctions observed in the distribution of honours and privileges, point to a state of society far advanced in the artificial, if not the refined. A Rajport of superior rank is entitled to a banner, with kettle drums, preceded by heralds and silver maces, and on certain occasions receives, not of courtesy, but of right, peculiar gifts and personal honours, entailed upon him by some gallant exploit of his ancestors. At the court of the prince, his bearing exhibits sometimes the turbulent audacity of the feudal nobles of Europe; and were it not for certain ceremonies at his reception, the lord might be confounded with his vassals. Once a week, when on personal service at court, the chief is obliged to mount guard at the palace with his retainers. On arriving at the place he halts under the balcony, from whence the prince receives his obedience. Repairing then to the hall of audience, he finds carpets spread for himself and friends, and probably a polite message from the prince, requesting his company to dinner. The privileges of this powerful aristocracy are often hereditary. When a rana of Oodipoor leaves the capital, the government of the city and the charge of the palace devolve upon the chief of the Saloombra. By this noble, also, the sovereign is girt with the royal sword, and from him he receives the mask of inauguration on his accession to the throne. The laws of succession, indeed, present an inseparable bar to the usurpation of the government by such chiefs; but when they happen to be men of talent the power is not less virtually in their hands. The predecessor of the present chief of Saloombra set up a pretender to the crown, and hoisted the standard of rebellion; but when foreign aid was introduced, returned to his allegiance from patriotic motives, and defended the city. In Marwar the same results have been produced. It was the boast of Deo Sing, who was accustomed to sleep in the great hall of the palace with five hundred of his retainers around him, that "the throne of Marwar was in the sheath of his dagger." This ominous speech, it may be imagined, was a death-warrant to one party. The Pokurna chief was seized, and as the sword of the executioner waved over his head, "Where, traitor," asked the prince, "where is now the sheath that holds the fortunes of Marwar?" "With my son, at Pokurna," replied the

condemned, and the next moment his head rolled on the steps of the palace. In Kotah and Jessulmér, the power of the ministers is supreme, and the prince is nothing more than a puppet of state.

Hereditary privileges, such as that of leading the vanguard, are sometimes contested by the different clans, and in the career of Jehangír, we meet with a memorable instance, which may also serve for an illustration of the martial character of the Rajpoots. Ontála, a frontier fortress on the plains, was the object of attack, and the difficulty lay in reconciling the claims of the Chondawuts and Sucktawuts, who each insisted upon forming the van. The rana at length decided that the right should belong to the clan which first entered Ontala; and at the word the rival septs rushed off pell-mell upon the adventure. Both parties arrived at the fortress, when the Suktawuts attempted to force the gates, and the Chondawuts to scale the walls. The chief of the former depended mainly upon the strength of the elephant he rode, but the animal was deterred by the projecting spikes from applying its utmost force. In the midst of his vain attempts, the Suktawuts heard a shout of triumph from his rivals, and driven to desperation by fear of their success, he descended from his seat, placed his body upon the spikes, and commanded the elephant driver on pain of instant death to advance. The man obeyed, the gates gave way, and the clan rushed into the city over the mangled body of their chief. But even this act of extravagant devotedness failed to secure the honour to the Suktawuts. The leader of the rival clan had been rolled lifeless from the walls by a musket bullet; but the chief of Deogurh wrapped the body in his scarf, tied it on his back, and clearing the way with his lance, reached the summit of the parapet, from whence, flinging his dead master into the place, he shouted to his followers, "The vanguard to the Chondawut, we are first in!"

It may be supposed that the passion of revenge is fearfully strong in minds formed of such stuff as those of the Rajputs. Avowal of error, with demand of forgiveness, accompanied by the offer of a daughter in marriage, frequently stops the progress of a feud; but in other cases, no consideration, human or divine, no law of courtesy or honour, is sufficient to stay the Rajpoot when he "stoops to his revenge." A feud existed between Omeda and Dellil. Dellil was the less wealthy and powerful, but his castle was perched upon a rock, defended by a belt of forest. From this eyrie he darted down upon the rich villages of Omeda, carrying off at each fell swoop both cattle and men; while, secure in his mountain solitude, he smiled grimly at the rage of his enemy. Omeda, who appears to have been the aggressor, was a man of a fierce and singular character. One of his pranks was, suspending his son by the scimitar to the pinnacle of a chapel, and calling the mother to witness the spectacle. On other occasions, when

the dark mood was on him, he would gallop off on horseback, or on a swift camel, and be missing for some days. On one of these excursions, while wandering, perhaps without any certain aim, in the territory of his rival, the two chiefs met face to face. Dellil, under these tempting circumstances, behaved with a generosity worthy of the best days of chivalry. He saluted his enemy courteously, led him to his castle, entertained him joyously, pledged his health and forgiveness in a generous cup, and the two sworn foes resolved to forget from that moment their enmity. Both having been summoned to the court of the sovereign, Omeda invited his host to return the visit by taking Shapoora in his way, when they might travel together to the metropolis. Dellil complied, saddled twenty steeds, provided himself with funds and raiment, and moving out his equipage, accompanied his guest. Arrived at Shapoora, they ate from the same platter, and drank of the same cup—a sacred pledge of amity among the Rajports, and then repaired to the temple to swear before their deity what they had toasted in their carousal—oblivion of their feud. Scarcely, however, had they crossed the threshold of the holy place, when the head of Dellil rolled upon the pavement, and the god and the altar were sprinkled with his blood. It may not be uninteresting to add, that this atrocious deed proved the signal for the downfal of the house of Omeda. A part of the lands were confiscated as compensation to the son of the murdered chief, and the remainder not long after sequestrated by the crown.

This ferocity of disposition is fostered, not in individuals only, but in nearly the whole nation, by the excessive and habitual use of opium. In the more ancient epics of the Hindoos, there is no mention of this fatal drug; but the Rajport at all times has been accustomed to his "intoxicating cup." He still welcomes his guest with spirits distilled from grain, roots, and flowers, although the opiate maintains an acknowledged supremacy over all other stimulants. On a visit, the first question is, "have you had your opiate?" and "to eat opium together," is held to involve a sacred and inviolable pledge of amity. On birth-days, when friends assemble to congratulate their friends, in adding "another knot to his years," the large cap is produced, and a lump of opium put into it and dissolved in water. To this mixture each helps his neighbour with the hollow of his hand, and comfit balls are afterwards handed round to get rid of the nauseous taste. The animation it inspires is surprising, but the re-action is in the same proportion. Colonel Tod was frequently obliged to send the men of business to refresh their intellects with a dose, when they became "like logs" from the dissipation of the effects of one. Opium, in short, is quite as necessary to the Rajport as food.

Gaming is another species of dram-drinking, to which the Rajport is pre-eminently addicted. He stakes his money, his land, his wife, his liberty, and sometimes loses all. Yovdishtra, playing

with Duryodhana, lost the throne of India; he then staked the beautiful and virtuous Droopdevi, and lost her; finally staking and losing twelve years of his personal liberty, he was compelled to exile himself from the country. At the capture of Ontala, alluded to above, two Mogul chiefs were engaged in a game of chess, when the attack of the Rajports was reported to them. They continued to play notwithstanding, till their fortress was taken, and they found themselves surrounded by the enemy. In this situation they petitioned only for permission to finish their game; and to a desire so reasonable, and so well understood by the conquerors, no opposition could be offered. When the game was ended, the excitement and the sympathy were past, and the players were put to death without mercy.

The arms of the Rajports are beautiful and costly. Every favourite weapon, of whatever kind, has a distinctive epithet; and among those in his armoury the chief usually passes several hours every day. The slightly curved sabre, like that of Damascus, is the favourite; but the *Anchen Ferraru* kind, and the double-edged sword, are not uncommon. The match-locks, of which those of Boondi are the best, are highly finished, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl and gold; and the shields, of which those of the rhinoceros hide offer the best resistance, are frequently ornamented with animals, beautifully painted, and enamelled in gold and silver. The bow is of buffalo horn, and the arrows of reed, barbed in a variety of fanciful forms. These weapons of war are used as instruments of pastime in peace. Riding in the ring with the lance in tournaments, and the defence of the sword against the lance, whether on foot or horseback, are the chief exercises. Firing at a mark with a match-lock, and throwing javelins from horseback, are also great sources of amusement; and the practice of the bow, hallowed in the mythological legends, exhibits not merely dexterity, as with us, but great personal strength, as the Rajport is not satisfied if he does not bury his arrow in the target—usually a mound of earth or a buffalo, to the feather. Boys are early initiated in these warlike games; and to familiarize them with the sight of blood, and probably to extinguish every feeling of human pity, they are taught, before they can wield a sword, to practice, with their Lilliputian sabres, on the heads of lambs and kids. With an education like this, it is not wonderful that the Rajport acquires an extraordinary expertness in every martial exercise. Colonel Tod describes the exploits of a native friend in a manner which fills us with remorse for the incredulity we have sometimes testified, when the adventures of Baron Munchausen were on the tapis. Sheodan Sing could strike an orange from a pole with a musket ball without perforating it; and, firing at a knife stuck upright in an earthen vessel, he could smash the vessel, and divide the ball upon the blade. In addition to these facts, of which our author was an eye witness, he was accustomed (ac-

cording to his own account), to bring down an eagle on the wing, to hit a mark on his son's head with a bullet, and while swimming to bestride an alligator for diversion.

Other pastimes, also, of a more gentle description engage the attention of the Rajport. He is an adept in music; for, although as a profession, it is disgraceful, the rules of the art form part of the studies of every well educated man. The favourite measure is the tappa, the predominating character of which is a plaintive simplicity. In this respect it resembles the Scotch, and still more the Norman,—our author remarking, that at Caen he has listened to the violin, or hurdy-gurdy, till he fancied himself in Méwar. The haut-boy is a favourite instrument of the rana; and the national tappas, played by his band on the terrace of the palace, rising with a wild and melancholy swell upon the stillness of night, produces a sensation resembling what Ossian calls the "joy of grief." The toorave, another instrument, is of the trumpet kind, and the only one of the sort, as Colonel Tod remarks, which is not dissonant. Does our author forget that the bugle and the French horn belong to the same class? However the sound of the torraye, when heard pealing at night from the warder's turret in the mountainous regions of Central India, is described as being romantic in the extreme; and not less so is the "hem hem!" which follows, proclaiming "all's well!" A rude species of bagpipe, and a sort of double flageolet, with a vast variety of lutes and guitars, complete the orchestra of the Rajports.

The houses of the Rajports possess every thing except furniture. The ceiling is frequently painted and gilded, and supported by serpentine columns; and the walls are sometimes one mass of mirrors, marble, or china. But these splendid apartments are empty. A soft carpet, hidden by a white cloth, answers the purpose of chairs tables, and couches; and, on this, the guests squat themselves as they enter, according to rank. The fashion of the dress varies in each province and tribe; but cotton in summer, and quilted chints, or broadcloth, for winter, are the materials of all. Trowsers, a tunic girded with a ceinture, a scarf, a turban, and a pair of slippers, form the Rajport's wardrobe. A poinard is invariably stuck in the girdle.

The condition of the women of these people, if we are to judge by the laws of Menoo, is deplorable; but Colonel Tod, although professing the same blind respect, which has often surprised us in other intelligent men, for this legislator, who appears to us, supposing his works to be genuine, to have been one-third philosopher, one-third mad-man, and one-third moping idiot, tells us quite different. In their seclusion, there is nothing of that contumelious restraint which an European attaches in idea to what he calls the imprisonment of the Eastern female. The Rajport is the most passionate of lovers, and the most devoted of husbands. He treats his wife with habitual deference and respect, and attaches an import-

ance to her slightest actions and expressions, which would subject an European to the suspicion of being under petticoat rule.—When abroad, it is true, they yield without shame to the seductions of the Aspasias of the capital; but this is scarcely to be wondered at, when it is recollected that the song and the dance are unknown in their own abodes, and that the accomplishments of their wives are circumscribed by the circle of the household duties. No rank is too lofty to excuse the Rajport wife from personal attendance to the comforts of her husband. When the daughter of the rana condescended to become the wife of the chief of Sadri, she once refused to fill him a cup of water, remarking that "the daughter of a hundred kings would not become the cup-bearer of the chieftain of Sadri." "Very well," replied the soldier, "you may return to your father's house since you can be of no use in mine." She did return, and told her griefs with all the eloquence and indignation of an affronted woman. The chief was summoned to his sovereign's court, where he took his place as usual upon the right hand.—When the court broke up, the heir-apparent of the crown appeared standing at the edge of the carpet performing the menial affair of holding the chieftain's slippers. "As my son in law," said the rana, observing his consternation, "no distinction too great can be conferred on you. Take home your wife, she will never again refuse to fill you a cup of water."

But the Rajpoot wife is not merely of use to fill her husband a cup of water,—

"To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer."—

She sympathises in the sternest feelings of her soldier-lord, urges him on the path of gallant adventure, and menaces him for any dereliction from a warrior's duties, with, to him, the bitterest of all punishments—her contempt. The Mahrajah Jeswunt Sing gave battle to Arungzebe, and was compelled to retreat, leaving ten thousand of his troops dead upon the field. He had fought with desperate bravery, and had only withdrawn to avoid being cut to pieces by the enemy, who surrounded his remaining force on all sides; but, on arriving at his own castle, his wife, a daughter of the Rana of Ordiporr, "disdained," says Feristha, "to receive her lord, and shut the gates." Bernier, in his "History of the late Revolution of the Empire of the Mogul," gives the following more detailed account of the conduct of this lady:—

'When she heard he was nigh, and had understood what had passed in the battle; that he had fought with all possible courage; that he had but four or five hundred men left; and at last, no longer able to resist the enemy, had been forced to retreat; instead of sending some one to condole him in his misfortunes, she commanded, in a dry mood, to shut the gates of the castle, and not to let this infamous man enter; that he was not her husband; that the son-in-law of the great rana could not have so mean a soul; that he was to remember that, being grafted into so illustrious a house, he was to imitate its virtue; in a word, he was to vanquish or to

die. A moment after she was in another humour; she commands a pile of wood to be laid, that she might burn herself; that they abused her; that her husband must needs be dead: that it could not be otherwise. And a little after she was seen to change countenance, to fall into a passion, and break into a thousand reproaches against him. In short, she remained thus transported eight or nine days, without being able to resolve to see her husband; till at last her mother coming, brought her in time to herself, and composed her by assuring her that as soon as the rajah had but refreshed himself, he would raise another army to fight Arungzebe, and repair his honour."

The sentiments of these women are not merely theoretical ideas of heroism; the rajah's wife would have been as bold in action as she was chivalrous in feeling. When the beautiful queen of Ganore was driven from fortress to fortress, and at length found herself divested of power and dominion, a captive in the hands of the foe, her charms obtained terms for her which even a queen might have accepted. The conqueror invited her to become his wife, and reign at once over her country and him. The queen, aware that denial would be useless, complied, and an hour was appointed for the nuptials. Robed in a wedding garment, presented to him by his mistress, and adorned with a necklace and aigrette of superb jewels, from the coffers of Ganore, the khan repaired to the terrace, the place appointed for the ceremony, and seated himself by his beautiful bride. Presently his countenance fell, he complained of heat. Water! water! nothing availed; and in desperate agony he began to tear the garments from his burning breast. "Khan," said the queen calmly, "the vestments which cover you are poisoned. Our wedding and death shall be sealed together; you left me no other expedient to escape pollution." And so saying she sprung from the battlements into the flood beneath.

A daughter of the powerful chief of the Mohils, although betrothed to the heir of the Rhatore of Mundore, fell in love with the heir of Porgul, one of the fiercest personages of the court. Being informed of the honour which was done him, Sadov, in spite of the dangers he provoked, accepted the preference, and the nuptials were celebrated in due form, and with extraordinary splendour. While carrying home his bride to his mountain fortress, escorted by seven hundred of his retainers, and fifty Mohils, the party was met by the slighted lover, at the head of four thousand Rhatores. The gallant heir of Rhatore, disdaining to take advantage of his superiority in numbers, commenced a series of single combats with all the forms of chivalry. At length, singling out his rival, after a courteous contention, each yielding to the other the first blow, he ended the battle by slaying his enemy. The virgin-widow, at this fatal issue of her love, struck off one of her arms with a sword, sending it to her lord's father as a token of what his daughter-in-law was. She then commanded the other arm to be in like manner dissevered, and given, with her marriage jewels thereon, to the

bard of the Mohils. The funeral pile was prepared on the field of battle, and embracing her dead husband with her yet bleeding stumps, she perished in the flames.

We cannot refrain from relating another anecdote, although illustrative as much of the personal strength of the Rajpoot women as of their moral courage. As a Rajpootni was carrying her husband's dinner through a jungle, near Puchpuhar, she saw a huge bear approaching, with most bruin-like gallantry, upon his hind legs. She retreated behind a large tree, where a sort of boo-peep contest ensued, in which the rude stranger tried all his arts of contravention to seize her. Half exhausted, at length, or dreading the duration of the struggle, she boldly grasped his paws as they embraced the tree, and with so vigorous a hold that the monster roared with pain. In vain he endeavoured with his short neck to reach on either side the hand which fixed him; then they both stood as if pinned to the tree. A soldier fortunately happened to be passing soon after, and the heroine called out to him in a tone of so much unconcern to come and release her from her task for a short time, that the man did not hesitate to perform what he imagined to be an unimportant piece of gallantry. Accordingly, he took her place; but hardly had she removed a dozen paces from the scene of action, when he shouted out in turn for her assistance, being scarcely able to hold his new friend. She laughingly recommended him to persevere, and pursued her way; but immediatly after returned with her husband, who shot the bear with his matchlock.

Notwithstanding the estimation in which the women of Rajast'han are held, their fate is peculiarly hard. A violent death seems to await them at every stage of their life, and the more amiable and beautiful they are, the fewer are their chances of escape. Not merely are the magnitude of the dower, and the splendour of the nuptials, points of honour with the Rajpoot, but whatever may be his wealth or influence, it is a matter of extreme difficulty to procure a suitable match for his daughter. So wide a circle of consanguinity does the law of incest embrace, that it is forbidden to marry not merely in the same clan or patriarchal family, but in the same tribe. Thus, although the two grand subdivisions of the Gehlotes have been widely sundered for eight centuries, a marriage between them would be deemed incestuous; and, at the present time, the men of one branch regard the women of the other, although living under a separate government, and in a separate state, as their sisters. The relations, therefore, of a marriageable girl, are under the necessity of looking abroad for a suitor; and when one is found, they are under the necessity, alike imperative, of half ruining the family in marriage festivities. The birth of a daughter for this reason is usually looked upon as a curse; and, with a characteristic disregard of human life, instead of bringing up the female children with a view to a life of seclusion in a convent, as we have done in Europe, an opiate is frequently administered soon after they see the

light, which lulls them to a sleep which can be disturbed by no dishonour. Our author is inclined to think that the cruelty of the Christian parent is greater than that of the Hindoo; but he forgets to complete his argument, by adding, that the religious considerations are equally potent with both. When the Christian sends his daughter to a convent, he hopes to make up for the deprivation of worldly pleasures, to which he condemns her, by the benefits derived from a life of purity and prayer by her immortal soul; and when the Hindoo dismisses his child from the world, at her entrance upon the threshold, he quiets his conscience with the idea that he has thus fulfilled one of her transmigrations without incurring any new stain which might have the effect of retarding her entrance into bliss. This wholesale thinning of the ranks of the females probably gave rise to the existing practice among the Nairns, of allowing a plurality of husbands to the women. It is, perhaps, to this people that Ferishta alludes, when he says, that it was the custom "as soon as a female child was born, to carry her to the market place, and then proclaim aloud, holding the child in one hand and a knife in the other, that any one wanting a wife might have her, otherwise she was immolated."

Should the child, whose crime it is to have been born a female, be permitted to live at her husband's death, she is required by the laws of custom and religion, to burn herself upon his funeral pile. The epithet "widow" is a term of reproach and contempt, and the Rajportni, to whom it is applied, resents it as an insult. This barbarous practice is usually traced to its origin in the mythological legends, and by our author, as well as others; but such writers forget that the inventors of those legends themselves must have been actuated by some human motive. It is a round-about way of arriving at the causes of the actions of men, to dive into the recesses of mythology; for mythology itself is only an agent. The women of Rajast'han, we have seen, possess tempers perhaps still more fierce and ungovernable than those of the men; but being of the weaker sex they cannot give full swing to their passions by open force of arms. This probably led in early times to many such actions as that of the Queen of Ganore, which we have described above; a Rajportni would not spare her very husband if he insulted her, and poison sprinkled, perhaps frequently, the domestic hearth. It was therefore a fine stroke of policy to make the life of the female depend on that of the male. The curious thing is, however, that a practice so terrific in itself, so abhorrent to human nature, and yet so universal, is not so much as hinted at in the recognised laws of the people, the institutes of Menoo. On the contrary, this legislator provides expressly for the state of widowhood. "A virtuous wife," says he, "ascends to heaven, if after the decease of her lord she devote herself to religious austerity; but a widow who slights her deceased husband by marrying again, brings disgrace on herself here below, and

shall be excluded from the seat of her lord." There is no want, notwithstanding, of religious ordinances for the sacrifice, as Mr. Colebrook has shewn in the fourth volume of the "Asiatic Researches." The emperor Jehangir commanded that no woman, being mother of a family, should, under any circumstances be permitted, however willing, to immolate herself; and this length, at least, the British government might go with safety. It would be one step gained; and, as Colonel Tod remarks, "were all Menoo's maxims on this head collected, and with other good authorities printed, circulated, and supported by Hindoo missionaries, who might be brought to advocate the abolition of Satiism, still greater good might be effected."

Should the Rajpootnì be permitted to survive the hours of infancy; should she marry, and, by her husband continuing to live, escape the funeral pile,—there is still a third danger hanging over her head every day of her strange and terrible existence. In the Book of Judges, v. 28-30, we have a perfect picture of the Rajpoot mother expecting her son from the fray. "The mother of Sisera looked out a window, and cried through the lattice, 'Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?' Her wise ladies answered her, she returned answer to herself, 'have they not sped? have they not divided the prey, *to every man a damsel or two?*' The defeat of a Rajpoot is the signal for the captivity of his women—or rather their death; for if there is sufficient time, the husband and father have recourse to the *johur*, and immolates every female of the family. 'Who would not be a Rajpoot in such a case?' asks Colonel Tod—the question makes one tremble. Having at length conducted our Rajpootnì to the inevitable death which awaits her as maid, wife, or widow, we shall take our leave of this part of the subject. We cannot refrain, however, from taking our author to task for a very material omission he has been guilty of. He gives a highly finished account of the moral character of the women, but says not a single syllable on their personal appearance. With regard to their dress he is more communicative, assuring us, that the wardrobe of the Rajpootnì can boast of three articles of apparel, namely, the petticoat, the corset, and the scarf, besides ornaments without number. To judge by the descriptions of the poets, the Rajpoots would seem to possess very fine perceptions of beauty. We question whether more than one or two passages could be produced in the poetry of the west more truly beautiful and poetical than the following, which occurs in the "Songs of Govinda," by Jydéva, the bard of the Yadus.

"Radha, with timid joy, casting her eyes upon Govinda, while she musically sounded the rings of her ancles and the bells of her zone, entered the mystic bower of her beloved. His heart was agitated by her sight as the waves of the deep are affected by the lunar orb. From his graceful waist flowed a pale yellow robe, which resembled the golden dust of the

waterily scattered over its blue petals. His locks interwoven with blossoms, looked like a cloud variegated by the moonbeam. 'Tears of transport gushed in a stream from the full eyes of Rudha, and their watery glances beamed on her best beloved. Even shame, which had before taken its abode in their dark pupils, was itself ashamed, and departed when the fawn-eyed Rudha gazed on the bright face of Crishna.'

In the same poem we have some illustrations of the manners of the toilet. The blue god (Crishna), assisting in Rudha's devotions to the Graces, stains her eyes with antimony, 'which would make the blackest hue envious,' places 'a circle of musk on her forehead,' and intertwines 'a chaplet of flowers and peacock's feathers in her dark tresses,' replacing 'the zone of golden bells.' The author of this poem, sensible of his excellence in the art divine, proclaims it as loudly as Homer in the disputed passages in the Iliad. 'If thy soul,' says he, at the commencement, 'be delighted at the remembrance of Heri, or sensible to the raptures of love, listen to the voice of Jydéva, whose notes are both sweet and brilliant.' And he closes in the same strain, 'Whatever is delightful in the modes of music, whatever is graceful in the fine strains of poetry, whatever is exquisite in the sweet art of love, let the happy and wise learn from the songs of Jydéva.'

We had intended to have included in the present sketch some account of the religious manners of the Rajports, but the contraction of our space warns us that this must be deferred till some other opportunity. For the present it must suffice to say, that the year is filled up by religious festivals, which for the most part are regarded as mere theatrical spectacles. The one in honour of Gouri, the goddess of abundance, is, perhaps, the most delightful. It takes place in the vernal equinox, when, in the climes of the tropic, 'the matronly Gouri casts her golden mantle over the beauties of the verdant Vassanti' (spring). The effigies of the goddess are painted the colour of ripe corn, and in one of her hands she holds the lotos. For some time before the festival day the whole population is busy in preparing for the ceremony. A deputation sent to a spot beyond the city, collects 'earth for the image of Gouri,' and of this almost every wealthy family constructs a simulacrum. A small trench is then excavated by the various parties of worshippers, in some place sacred from the intrusion of the uninitiated, where barley is sown, and brought to germinate by irrigation and artificial heat. The females then join hands and dance round it, invoking the blessings of Gouri on their husbands, to whom they present the young corn, to be worn as favours in their turban. While preparing, however, to carry their own images in procession to the lake, the grand object of speculation with all is, the one which is to sweep in regal state from the palace. A thousand rumours get afloat on the subject—whispers of some new magnificence, which is to cloud the remembrance of last year's procession. At length the day arrives—the hour; and

the signal is given by the martial nakaras, which is answered by the guns on the summit of the castle of Ekling-gurh, announcing that Gouri is on her way to the lake. The cavalcade assembles on the royal terrace, which sweeps down, in gradual descent, to the water's edge. Every turret and balcony is crowded with spectators, and on the marble steps which lead from the palace to the boats, stands a dense mass of females in variegated robes, and tresses, adorned with roses and jessamines. A more imposing and exhilirating sight cannot be imagined, than the entire population of a city thus assembled for the purpose of rejoicing—the countenance of every individual, from the prince to the peasant, dressed in smiles. Carry the eye to heaven, and it rests on a sky without a cloud: below, is a magnificent lake, the even surface of the deep blue waters, broken only by palaces of marble, whose arched piazzas are seen through the foliage of orange groves, plantain, and tamarind; while the vision is bounded by noble mountains, their peaks towering over each other, and composing an immense amphitheatre.' But the rana, surrounded by his nobles, has left the palace, and the procession is seen winding down the slope, the goddess, in the midst, gorgeously arrayed in yellow robes, and blazing with 'barbaric pearl and gold.' On either side two beautiful damsels wave the silver *chamra* over her head, while others walk before, carrying silver wands, the whole chaunting hymns. 'The females then form a circle round the goddess, unite hands, and, with a measured step, and various graceful inclinations of the body, keeping time by beating the palms at particular cadences, move round the image, singing hymns, some in honour of the goddess of abundance, others on love and chivalry; and embodying little episodes of national achievements, occasionally sprinkled with *double entendre*, which excites a smile and significant nod from the chiefs, and an inclination of the head of the fair choristers.' The whole of the actors are females, not a single male being mixed in the immense group. The goddess is supposed to be bathing during her continuance at the river. 'At length, the ablutions over, the goddess is taken up, and conveyed to the palace with the same forms and state. The rana and his chiefs then unmoor their boats, and are rowed round the margin of the lake, to visit, in succession, the other images of the goddess, around which female groups are chaunting and worshipping, as already described, with which ceremonies the evening closes, when the whole terminates with a grand display of fire-works, the *finale* of each of the three days dedicated to Gouri.

The general reader will observe that there is an abundance of amusement to be found in this huge volume; the work will be still more highly appreciated by the student of eastern history, whose researches it is eminently calculated to enlighten and assist.

ART. VIII. *The Nomenclature of British Insects; forming a Guide to their Classification.* By James Francis Stephens, F. L. & Z. S. &c. 12mo. London: Baldwin. 1829.

A Systematic Catalogue of British Insects; being an attempt to arrange all the hitherto discovered indigenous Insects, in accordance with their Natural Affinities. Containing also the References to every English Writer on Entomology, and to the principal Foreign Authors. With all the published British Genera to the present time. By James Francis Stephens, F. L. & Z. S. &c. 8vo. London: Baldwin. 1829.

AMONGST the crowd of fashionables who may be seen daily thronging to the Zoological Gardens, we may, perhaps, without exaggeration, affirm that not one in a thousand ever dreamed that they might find a Zoological Garden infinitely more curious, and interesting, and stocked with a variety of animals beyond calculation, without the trouble of going to the Regent's Park. Every lane, every field, every copse, every little parterre of flowers, nay, every parlour window contains a menagerie more or less numerous, which, though usually overlooked by the incurious, is not, on that account, the less interesting to those who can find "sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks." All our readers are more or less acquainted with bees, butterflies, beetles, gnats, wasps, blow-flies, and probably with silk-worms—the tiny creatures which employ the industry of millions of human beings, and furnish the gay with their richest apparel; but many might be incredulous if they were told that Britain produces about 10,000 different sorts of insects, the history of the greater number of which is either unknown, or hitherto very imperfectly investigated. Such persons might readily suppose that the number 10,000 has, in this case, been put down at a venture, for an unknown large number, in the same way as the ancient Greeks were in the habit of talking of myriads; but we can assure the sceptical that this is not the case,—the number 10,000 being a nearly accurate estimate of the British insects now in actual existence in cabinets; and almost the whole of that number is in the rich collection of Mr. Stephens himself, the author of the works now under review. This fact alone, we think, most amply bears us out in the position which we have laid down above, that no body need go far to find a Zoological Garden incalculably more rich and extensive than that towards which the tide of fashion has recently carried half the population of the metropolis.

A fact mentioned by Mr. Stephens, proves our doctrine still more forcibly. 'In the short space of forty days,' he tells us, 'between the middle of June and the beginning of August, I captured, in the vicinity of Ripley, above 2400 species of insects, exclusive of larvæ, &c., or nearly one fourth of our ascertained entomological productions; amongst which, although upon *old* explored grounds, were

about one hundred new species, not before in any collection, so far as I have inspected, including several perfectly new genera, many of considerable size, and amongst the known insects several reputed scarce, were in considerable plenty." This fact may be supposed to illustrate, in a very striking manner, the ignorance, or the indolence of our British Naturalists in their previous investigations of native insects; but entomology, as Mr. Stephens well remarks, shows the limited powers of human research to an extent rarely surpassed by any other science, for, notwithstanding the number of her votaries, she repeatedly exhibits to them merely a single specimen of some of her choicest productions.

There are, indeed, very many subjects and employments of mankind, which, if we would obtain a competent knowledge of them, require an almost undivided attention; yet, after all our 'rising early and late taking rest,' we shall know too little to be weighed in competition with what is beyond our attainment or comprehension. As, in ascending monntainous regions, we may reach the summit of one hill with comparative ease, that of a higher with more laborious efforts, and a still higher is attained by a gifted few, beyond which our breath fails us, our natural powers become inadequate; so a small number may ascend the Alps of science, but pant, unable to attain the Himmalayah ranges of their wishes.—(Journal of a Naturalist, p. 271.)

If proficiency be the object, all the branches of natural history require undivided attention; but amusement, admiration, and intelligence, may be obtained by even superficial observation; and, of all these departments, perhaps entomology, or the investigation of the insect world, from the variety it embraces, the season, the subjects, and the vigilance necessary to catch every momentary action, requires from its followers a homage more absolute, an attention more devoted, than most others. On whatever side we turn our attention—indeed, in this world of wonders by which we are surrounded, we constantly find some subject that calls forth our admiration—and, as far as our very imperfect vision is permitted to penetrate, we observe the same unremitting order and provision for a seemingly mean and worthless purpose, as bestowed upon a higher, and apparently more worthy object. We consider insects as one of the lower orders of creation, but are as perfectly unacquainted with the objects of their being, though they have for ages crawled and winged their way around us, as the first man, Adam, was; yet is there a care manifested for the preservation and accommodation of these, which we often designate as contemptible creatures, that is most elaborate and wonderful. The forethought with which many of them have been furnished to deposit their eggs in safety from the contingencies of seasons and hostile incidents, and precisely in the situation most fitting, must call forth the admiration of all who have observed it. Some of these are lodged, in summer and autumn, deep in the earth, on that part of a plant which, in due time,

is to be raised up, constituting a stalk or blade, bearing with it, by gentle steps, those eggs, to be vivified by the summer's air and warmth. Others fix them on some portion of a herb, hidden beneath the mud in the pool; and this being elevated by the warmth of spring, conveys them, with its growth, above the element that protected them, and they hatch the infants feeding on the substance that has borne them into the air. In their chrysalis state, a cradle of preparation for a final change, the same wisdom and care are more particularly obvious from their size and frequent occurrence;* but to enlarge sufficiently upon the contrivances and manifestations of regard, brought to our observance in all the stages of an insect's life, would require us to go into details for which we cannot at present spare room.

Some time ago, there was announced to the world, by a member of the Zoological Society, the discovery of a sort of animal which, for the first months of its life, exists in the form of a serpent; which, then penetrating into the earth, and wearing a shroud of pure silk of the finest texture, contracts itself within this covering into a body without external mouth or limbs, and resembling more than any thing else an Egyptian mummy: and which, lastly, after remaining in this state, without food and without motion, for several months longer, at the end of that period bursts its silken cerements, struggles through its earthy covering, and starts into day in the form of a winged bird. This singular announcement was well calculated to raise doubts of its authenticity, both among the credulous and the learned; and yet, after all, its truth is as incontrovertible as the hatching of birds from eggs, or that of ducklings exchanging their first down for a clothing of feathers. The singularly curious animals just alluded to, are not of rare occurrence, nor confined to particular localities; they are to be found in every country of the globe, and in every parish of the empire, more numerously than sparrows,—as abundantly as the common butterfly. To entomologists we require not to offer any explanation; to those without the pale of that science—to the learned as well as to the unlearned—we may say, that the singular animals above described, are well known in one of their states, under the name of *moths*, some of which, even in this country, are little inferior in size to our smaller birds, and others so minute as to escape common observation. The very extraordinary changes in question, so uncommon as to startle the belief of those who are the least inclined to be sceptical, may be readily observed by such as will take the trouble,—changes, indeed, similar to what occur in every class of insects, disclosing a field for investigating the works of Nature, as inexhaustible as it is interesting.

The works before us furnish a facility to those who are engaged in this delightful study, superior to any thing of the kind hitherto

* "Journal of a Naturalist," p. 272.

published in any language with which we are acquainted; and when we examine their minute accuracy, as compared with the extent of the subject, we are compelled to admire the indefatigable industry of the author, no less than the singular ingenuity of his arrangements, and the profound scientific views upon which these are founded. The general reader may not be able to comprehend many of these, even were we to extract (as we could easily do) examples which would throw an enthusiastic entomologist into ecstacy. But every reader may understand the ingenious manner in which Mr. Stephens has taken advantage of the common practice of printing a point after the Arabic numerals. This apparently trivial and useless practice, by simply varying the point from a period to a comma, &c., according to circumstances, he has rendered of very considerable utility, and were it on no other account than this alone, we think this book well deserves notice; for we may consider it an actual discovery in typography of which future advantage may be extensively taken by others. We shall quote the paragraph in which our author gives an account of this novel application of the points:—

'It now only remains for me to add a few words upon the Catalogue itself. Although I have endeavoured to render it as perfect as its nature will admit, as relates to the number of species at present discovered, many are doubtless omitted, for if no single cabinet has ever yet contained a specimen of each of the indigenous Lepidoptera diurna, the most conspicuous and eagerly sought after of our insects (and such has been the case with those which I have inspected, at least two hundred in number) how much less chance is there of obtaining a knowledge of all the minute, and hitherto neglected species? And as the following Catalogue is necessarily in several places entirely prepared from the contents of my own cabinet; from the extreme difficulty of recognising kindred species in particular groups, added to the facts that no British collection has as yet been named throughout, and that the less favoured insects are usually kept in a confused and unnamed mass, a correct knowledge of such species is perfectly unattainable; nevertheless, as less than four thousand species have hitherto been recorded by name, by all preceding English writers, to inhabit Britain, and nearly ten thousand are named in the following pages, the fact of my having more than doubled the number sufficiently evinces the exertions I have made to attain perfection; and by the way of increasing its utility, I have endeavoured to form this work into an Entomologia Londinensis, by placing a * at the end of every species which, to my knowledge, has been captured within twenty-five miles of St. Paul's. I have also given an authority for the insertion of every species, where practicable, by a set of characters which require explanation. To such insects as I have never seen, a. is placed after its number in the genus (e. g. Chrysomela Sparshallii, No. 2299); to those which I have merely seen preserved in cabinets, a, similarly attached (as to Cicindela Sylvicola, No. 4;) :a:, to such as have been seen alive by me, (as Drypta emarginata, No. 7;) and a: to those insects which have actually been captured by myself (as Cicindela sylvatica, No. 1.) The uncertain species are placed beneath those

of which they may be varieties, and are known by having their names within [] (as Dromius notatus, No. 20, which may prove to be a variety of No. 19); such insects which I have obtained, foreign specimens alone, for the sake of illustration are indicated by a ‡; and such as I do not possess, by a †; and every collection in which such species are respectively contained, is referred to so far as in my power distinguishing the instances where I have seen the insects themselves, by printing the possessor's name in italics, and where I have not seen them, in Roman characters, (e. g. Anisoplia Donovani, No. 1196). The specimens of uncertain British origin are inserted in their proper situations, with their synonyms at the foot of the page, the authority for their insertion being shown by a (!) after the reference, (as Scarites subterraneus, No. 42, which is printed in Italics to denote the species to be ex-European); while the same character (!) in the body of the page indicates that the authors referred to give England as the habitat of the species (e. g. Lebia turnica, No. 27, Carabus turnicus, Fab). Finally, as in all entomological works, even in those treating upon genera, the real synonyms of the genera are not pointed out, and I have endeavoured to remedy that inconvenience by attaching a p to such genera as are not strictly synonymous, (as Lamprias of Bonelli includes a portion only of Latreilles Lebiac, while it is really synonymous with Echimuthus of Leach). And I may add that although occasionally the oldest name may by accident occupy a secondary position, I have attempted in all instances to give it the priority. And I have also endeavoured to show where a genus or a species has not been described, but only the name published, by including the references to its author or recorder in (), as Drypta (Kirby), and Polistichus fascidatus, (Ing. Inst. 90.) page 2, the references in such cases being made to the genera, as indicating the authors who have adopted them, and to the species, as showing where their localities, habits, peculiarities of structure, &c., have been recorded by the English writers. I may add, that although occasionally the oldest name may, by accident, occupy a secondary position, I have attempted in all instances to give it the priority.'—p. 19.

It has been erroneously supposed by some inaccurate writers on Natural History, that wild animals of the same species differ little, if at all, in colour, and it is owing to the artificial circumstances in which they are placed that domestic animals vary so infinitely in colours and markings. This position certainly has some appearance of truth with regard to the larger animals; but a very slight acquaintance with insects is sufficient to demonstrate its fallacy. Let any of our readers look, for instance, at two or three garden spiders [*Epeïra diadema*] and they will find that scarcely any two of them are coloured or marked alike. The following remarks of our author on this subject, show his extensive acquaintance with the science:—

'It has been observed, that the chief points of specific distinction consist of "form, sculpture, and disposition of colour." But a very slight acquaintance with the works of Nature will show that each of these characters must be handled with the greatest circumspection, as they are all

subject to much variation: however, the first is more constant in structure the next so, though in many of the Coleoptera a considerable variation from the usual standard takes place, as instances in the Carabidæ generally,* and more particularly so in Carabus[illegible]. Slight variations of this character also occur in some of the other Orders. Disposition of colour, however, is a most inconstant specific diagnostic, though its various modifications and gradations admirably distinguish the larger groups, as I have elsewhere taken occasion to notice, and as Mr. Kirby has indicated among the Geodephaga. Do we not, for example, find the Dytiscidæ characterized by prevalent tints of brown, fuscous, or olive, rarely with metallic [illegible], and is not the succeeding family (the Gyrinidæ) usually of a deep [illegible] hue, and mostly glossed with æneous? and are not the Chrysomelidæ eminently distinguished by the splendour of their brilliant, golden, or cupreous tints, most frequently upon a green or bluish ground? while, in the neighbouring family of Coccinellidæ, the species of which seemingly differ greatly in colour, all metallic splendour vanishes, and the only tints of colour which occur are black and white, with various combinations of red and yellow. Numerous other examples might be pointed out, as may be readily seen by an inspection of several of the groups in the Catalogue. There are, however, many species, especially amongst the Geodephaga and the Cricoceridæ, that partake of nearly every colour of the rainbow. Dromacia Froteus, for instance, varying in different individuals, by almost imperceptible changes, from coppery red to gold colour, bronze, green of various tints, bright blue, purple, violaceous, and even into the metallic black. The same may be remarked of all the Percili, several of the Carabi, Harpali, &c.; and it may be added, that all metallic greens have a tendency, in some specimens, to become blue, and *vice versa*. Numberless similar examples might be adduced, but enough has been said to show the slight dependence to be placed on colour alone in the detection of species. Some very extraordinary discrepancies in the Lepidoptera may, however, be pointed out. In this Order, the chief distinguishing specific marks consist in the position and number of the various coloured lines, fasciæ, ocellated or simple spots, &c., which adorn the wings; yet such remarkable changes often take place in their dispositions, as to be tantamount to a variation in colour: e. g. Abraxas grossulariata, in its usual appearance, has the wings white, with spots and streaks of black, and two orange fasciæ on the anterior ones,—one at the base, and the other towards the posterior margin: but specimens have occurred totally suffused with black, with the usual black markings of a darker hue, and the orange fasciæ barely perceptible: others have been found nearly of an immaculate white; while occasionally this latter colour is totally obliterated, and a yellow, or orange tint, adorns the wings. Of the latter description I once saw an example captured near Edinburgh, nearly of as brilliant an orange as Colias Edusa, and but sparingly maculated with black. Arctia Caja offers another conspicuous example: in this insect the usual sinuated white

* 'The monstrous variation in the sculpture of the elytra—such as the interrupted confluent striæ, or the rugose crenulated appearance of the surface, are clearly not indicative of specific difference, although such has been employed.'

or cream-coloured stripe on the anterior wing sometimes become changed to golden fulvous, while the rest of the wing becomes of a paler colour [illegible]; and I possess a specimen in which the anterior wings are white, speckled with brown, instead of being brown or black, with sinuated white streaks. Among the more conspicuous changes of colour in this Order, may be mentioned that of Colias Edusa, which is usually of a bright fulvous orange: but specimens occur nearly of a pure white.* Again, Melitæa Euphrayne also varies from deep tawney to pale luteous. Lycæna Phlæas is sometimes found of a clear glossy white, in lieu of its brilliant fiery copper-colour. The well known "illuminated females," as they are termed, of the Polyommati may also be cited as examples of the variation of colour; and P. Argus has once been found of the exact colour of Hipparchia Pamphilus,—pale fulvous! And, in conclusion, Anthrocera Hippocrepides and Callimorpha Jacobææ, have each occurred with the brilliant sanguineous markings on their anterior wings, and similarly coloured posterior ones converted into a clear pale luteous. Sufficient, therefore, has been adduced to show the very little dependence that is to be placed on colour alone in discriminating species.'—p. 16.

The most striking feature of these books is their minute accuracy. In printing nearly 900 pages of hard names and references to books, it was scarcely possible to avoid typographical errors; yet, though we have looked over the whole with some care, we have not detected a single error, besides those in the author's errata. We hope the facilities afforded by these works, as well as by the author's "Illustrations," (*See Monthly Review for November*, 1828,) will induce many to enter upon the delightful study of entomology.

Art. IX.—*British Government of India.—Examination of the Principles and Policy of the Government of British India; embracing a particular Inquiry concerning the Tenure of Lands; Strictures on the Administration of Justice; and Suggestions for the Improvement of the Character and Condition of the Natives in general.* By a Gentleman in the Service of the Honourable the East India Company. London: Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1829.

As the period approaches for the renewal or annulling of the East India Company's Charter, the interest taken by the public in the affairs of Hindoostan will necessarily increase; and the more fully and frequently the subject is discussed, the sounder and juster are the notions of that public likely to become. Great care, however, should be taken to distinguish between mere indiscriminate declamation against the Company and the present government of the colony, and, that calm and temperate discussion of the interests of the country, which can alone conduct us to just and enlightened conclusions. This caution is doubly necessary at the present mo-

* 'A beautiful intermediate specimen is in the collection of the British Museum.'

ment, as there are persons having particular ends to serve, and pretending to possess a large acquaintance with the affairs of India, who, by passion and prejudice, involve the question in obscurity, and, to make themselves notorious would willingly sacrifice the interests of millions. The business at present, however, appears to be, to inquire; hereafter, we may, perhaps, be able to decide.

The work before us, the production of an author deeply conversant with the affairs of Hindoostan, and every way competent to appreciate the schemes which have been devised for conducting them, deserves to be examined with the greatest minuteness. It is pregnant with information of the most valuable kind, and is composed in a spirit, and for a purpose, which demand the highest commendation. In a literary point of view, however, it is unskilfully constructed. Without preparing the reader to enter with him into the discussion of the subject by certain preliminary observations, which were absolutely requisite, the author rushes, like an epic poet, *in mèdias res*, appearing to suppose that the reader must possess all the information necessary to the comprehending of his various arguments. Perhaps few persons not already conversant in the history and politics of the East will be likely to consult a work of this kind, or competent to derive much instruction or gratification from it; but this, we apprehend, is the fault of the author, who, with the materials, and, we will add, the ability, to compose an agreeable as well as a useful work, has chosen to throw his observations together without order, and with very little perspicuity. To avoid the suspicion of misrepresenting any of the authorities he has occasion to quote, he copies into his text long passages from such writers, instead of basing his own reasonings on their facts, and giving those passages in notes at the bottom of the page, or in an Appendix. To increase still further the uninviting appearance of his book, the author has neglected to divide it into chapters or sections, and has added neither index nor table of contents. These things, trifling as they may seem, will injure the sale, and, consequently, the effect of one of the ablest works on Indian affairs which has for many years been laid before the public; a circumstance which we very much regret, as we are sure, that few could read and properly weigh the reasonings of this author, or reflect upon the facts which he states, without enlarging or correcting their judgment.

The author informs us, at the outset, that he has devoted many years of his life to the service of the East India Company; and we observe, from several passages in the work, that he is still in Hindoostan. He is, indeed, at Calcutta, and, if we are not deceived, has already addressed the English public on more than one occasion in behalf of our Eastern subjects. In pleading his claim to be heard with attention, he displays considerable apprehension that he may incur the charge of vanity; and, with rhetorical humility, puts forward no pretensions, except such as are founded on the

accidental circumstance of his having enjoyed access to the best sources of information. He has, however, a much better title to be heard with attention. He has most thoroughly studied the subject of which he treats, and possesses sufficient coolness and judgment to turn his studies of this kind to proper account. It would have given us great pleasure to have been able to bestow equal commendation on his style and skill as an author; but, besides the want of taste in arranging his materials, which we have already alluded to, he almost entirely wants the power to give warmth, pliancy, and rapidity to his language. This defect may, perhaps, be traced to the works he appears to have principally studied, or, at all events, to have been latterly most conversant with; which are—Mill, whose style is an imitation of that adopted in our Acts of Parliament, and the various other writers on Political Economy, who, for the most part, have no style at all. In our author's anxiety to be thought, what is now vulgarly termed, "a practical man," he moreover runs into the absurdity of disparaging "theory," and what he is pleased to call 'preconceived notions.' This is a species of cant which we are generally accustomed to find in the mouths of the most wretched of scribblers; but that a man of so much ability, and fine moral feeling, as the author of the work before us, should also be guilty of it, can only be accounted for by supposing, that we are all liable to the influence of fashion. No man, however, can think long or profoundly upon any subject without forming to himself a general idea of it, without regarding it in a certain light, and as a whole, consisting of certain parts, preserved, or connected together, by certain principles; which, in plain English, is to have formed a theory of it. What is meant to be reprehended by these writers under the name of *theory*, is an imperfect, or absurd, or visionary notion of a thing, adopted without examination, and set up pertinaciously in opposition to facts. But this is not theory, but dreaming; and one might as well condemn reasoning, because some men make false syllogisms, as proscribe theory, because solemn nonsense is sometimes so named. The man, however, who has no theory, is in that predicament merely because he is too ignorant or incompetent to form one; and, instead of making a boast of his incapacity, should be glad to hide himself, with his barren brains, in the obscurity in which Nature intended he should remain. The author of the work before us *has* a theory, though he could find no room in so small a volume to spread it in its full dimensions before the public.

The author very properly declines entering into the discussion of the question, whether the means by which we acquired the empire of Hindoostan were just or unjust, as it forms no part of his subject; his business being to analyse the various schemes which have been adopted or proposed for the conducting of the public economy of the country. He insinuates, however, that the means were unjust; and there is nothing now extraordinary or startling in

the insinuation, for the fact is generally acknowledged. But, let the means have been what they may, we are now in possession of the country, and to desert it under existing circumstances, and allow it to become, as it inevitably would, the prey of worse foreign governors, or of the anarchy which must ensue upon the removal of all foreign interference, would be still more unjust than the original conquest. The enquiry, therefore, is, upon what principles ought Hindoostan to be governed? and the obvious answer would appear to be, upon precisely the same principles as all other colonies. The question thus becomes a general one, admitting of strict and philosophical solution. Some writers, it is true, have imagined that the principles of society in Hindoostan are different from those which prevail in every other part of the world, and that in legislating for the Hindoos we can derive no aid from the history of other countries, or the practice of other men. Because the Brahmin abstains from eating beef, and believes the waters that roll beneath his feet to be a God, we must, according to these men, conclude him to stand without the pale of analogy, and to be unaffected by those principles which determine the conduct and stamp the character of other human beings. But this is merely an attempt to excuse an absurd and profligate system of politics. They are accused of tyranny and oppression, and they reply—"You do not understand the Hindoos; they are not as other men are; tyranny is no tyranny to them. They require to be governed in a peculiar manner." These are not the words, but they are the sentiments of a certain class of East Indian politicians:—of Sir Thomas Munro, Lord William Bentinck, Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Ravenshaw, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Gabegan, and Mr. Chaplin. Let the reader extract, if he can, any other sense from the following words of Sir Thomas Munro. "Great estates, though they may be created, cannot be of long duration in any province in India." And further on: "There is not the same necessity in this country, as in Europe, for a body of great or rich landlords; and even if such a body could be raised up, it would, probably, in the end be productive of more harm than good; because great landholders would, in time, become impatient of the dominion of a foreign nation, and their wealth, and the smallness of their numbers, would enable them to form combinations, which the class of cultivators have neither the means nor the wish of attempting." The doctrine here inculcated is too broadly stated to be misunderstood; but Mr. Thackeray, a disciple of Sir Thomas Munro, and the coadjutor of Lord William Bentinck, is still more explicit. Speaking of the Zemindary, or great-estate system, he says, as a reason why it should not be adopted, that by it, "the power of the government will be *curtailed*," and he then proceeds thus—"In *all countries* it may be good to limit the power of the prince, but here, the government must keep as much power as is consistent with private rights in its own hands." The reader will observe that Mr. Thackeray boldly insinuates that India is no

country; for he allows that in all countries the power of the prince should be limited, but that in Hindoostan, which, of course, is not included in the term *all countries*, and which, therefore, must be no country, the government ought to retain as much power as possible in its own hands. It would be curious to discover the process which was going on in Mr. Thackeray's mind while he was writing the paper in which these singular sentences occur, under the inspection of Lord William Bentinck; for unquestionably it was no ordinary intellectual phenomenon. Having laid down the above pithy premises, as our author wittily denominates them, this sage legislator thinks himself authorised to come to the following conclusion. "It will, *therefore*, be right to limit the demand from the land, but still to keep as much communication with the people as possible." To make clear work of the matter while he was about it, he lays aside all the trammels of shame and respect for the public, and declares, without reserve, that "the *first thing* is to govern the country; *then*, to govern it *well*;" a declaration which, at all events, has the merit of being candid.

Upon principles like these, very few remarks can be needed, as they are not shrouded in mystery by those who advocate them, but, on the contrary, are exposed in all their deformity and repulsiveness. Had they never been acted upon, it would still be dishonourable to the Government of India, that men, holding high stations in the state, should ever have publicly advanced them. But these are the principles upon which Hindoostan has in great measure been governed up to the present moment. Our internal sense of right and wrong would of itself lead us to condemn and abhor the principles upon which this set of politicians have conducted the government of this splendid colony; but we absolutely blush for our country when we reflect that these atrocious maxims are exposed to the eyes of all the nations of Europe, every one of whom is envious of our colossal power, and anxiously on the watch for every occasion to tarnish our glory, and impair our strength. What will the writers of France say when they learn, that even by the servants of the East India Company themselves, nay, by the public functionaries who administer justice and collect the revenues of the state, our Government is regarded as a "noxious vapour, blighting every thing it lights upon!" But what other judgment could they form, when the intention of our statesmen has been to shroud the minds of the natives in "thick darkness?" Our policy has been to diminish the moral resources, the religious feeling, the physical energy of the people; not to direct them for the benefit of the governors and the governed. Even Sir Henry Strachey himself, who appears to have beheld with compassion the moral degradation of our eastern subjects, is of opinion that "the total want of energy and spirit, the poverty and ignorance of the people, compose the strength of our Government." If this be the case, the strength of our Government is perfectly incalculable, for nothing

can be imagined to exceed the want of energy and spirit, the poverty and ignorance of the people of India. Even the institutions which we have transplanted from Europe into the country, in the hope, it is presumed, of bettering the condition of the natives, have by a species of fatality, produced effects directly the reverse of what we anticipated. Sir Henry Strachey, who is of opinion that little morality is to be learned in any court of justice, conceives that in Calcutta, the Supreme Court itself is one cause of the demoralization of the Hindoos, of whom he has scarcely ever known one who has had any connexion with that Court, whose morals and manners have not been contaminated by it. These, and other evils, produced by the operation of our laws, the natives imagine to be the result of "a settled premeditated plan in the Government, to lessen and degrade its most powerful subjects." The effect upon the condition of the country is deplorable. The digging and clearing of tanks, formerly the common acts of the rich and powerful natives, are now very uncommon, "except in towns and a few other places where they are least wanted;" while the ruins of ancient public works of this kind, scattered over the face of the country, deforming what they once enriched and adorned, attest the superior prosperity of past times, and cause very disadvantageous comparisons to be silently made by the natives between their present and former condition. Some slight improvement is supposed to have been effected in the state of the lower orders of the people, though, if they "borrow at enormous interest" are "always in debt," and are never "stimulated to any acts of industry by the security they enjoy, but solely by the calls of hunger," they cannot be bettered in any very extraordinary degree. The Ryots, to be sure, have the advantage of having their lives and limbs safe from the Zemindars, and collectors of revenue; but "on the other hand, the dread of *decaits*, (or assassins) the expense of prosecutions, and the spirit of prosecuting, the slowness of our legal proceedings, and the doubtfulness of the event of the law-suits on account of perjury and other causes," are evils which they perhaps think altogether equivalent to those from which they have been delivered. There is perhaps some little inconsistency in Sir Henry Strachey's account of the Ryots, or, at all events, a little confusion of language; however, he goes on to say that the Ryots are now, though more independent, much worse protected from distress, than heretofore. They once, says he, looked up to the Talookdaurs, who could assist them, and who did, to the utmost of their power, for it was their interest. The Ryots now have no protector but the regulations; and the regulations, though they may serve to defend them, in some measure, from violence and barbarity, will not feed them. If, by defending them from violence and barbarity, and enabling them to labour in security and independence, however, the regulations put it in the power of the Ryots *to* provide, if they please, for themselves, they are perhaps equally beneficial with the generosity of

the Talookdaurs; but, undoubtedly Sir Henry had good reasons for his opinion, though he has not fully stated them. With regard to the poor of Hindoostan, we learn from the same excellent authority, that there is no certain and regular provision for them, though there are more poor than in any other country, and the ability and disposition of private individuals to support them, are continually diminishing. From people in so destitute and forlorn a state, neither patriotism nor loyalty could be expected; and it is therefore by no means surprising that there should be in this country, as elsewhere, a very numerous class of individuals ready to serve under any standard where they can get subsistence. These people, of course, have no idea of loyalty, or disloyalty, except to the masters who support them, and would willingly enlist in the service of any foreign power; "but," says Sir Henry, "I do not call them disaffected, because custom and necessity lead them to hire themselves to any masters who may be able to maintain them."

It had been proposed by some high-minded and enlightened politicians, to confer titles and honours on such of the Natives as might greatly distinguish themselves in the service of their rulers, in order, by emulation and ambition, to awaken the dormant energies of the nation. The advisers of this measure never, of course, contemplated it as a solitary regulation, inserted anomalously into a system with the whole spirit of which it would be at variance. They proposed it as one of the steps which would lead to the result desired, which was, the establishment of our power in Hindoostan upon the affections and interests of the people, instead of making their fears, their ignorance, their poverty, and their demoralization the bulwarks of our ascendancy. Sir Henry Strachey was asked his opinion upon this point, and he replied:—"With respect to the eligibility of conferring titles and honours on the Natives, it might possibly, if practicable, be of use. It might serve to attach them to the Government, and to make them hold themselves in estimation. But how such an arrangment is to be brought about, I have no conception." This is very possible, and the thing be practicable, notwithstanding. He goes on, however, and inquires—"On whom can titles be conferred, when none are placed in a situation where it is possible to render themselves eminent or conspicuous? How can their merits be known when their rulers have no connexion with them? when there is no intermediate class between the sovereign power and the common people?" As far as we understand the matter, the proposed measure was intended gradually to create such a class; and without creating such a class, by some means or another, the civilization and improvement of the Hindoos are altogether impracticable. Sir Henry Strachey could not, of course, intend that his interrogatories should be taken for arguments against the conferring of titles and honours on the Hindoos; he regarded the measure as highly desirable in itself, as having an undoubted tendency to attach the people to our Government; for they who

expected such rewards would be altogether as much interested in supporting our rule, as they who enjoyed them. It is only meant to signify that the means of carrying the design into execution did not occur to him. Were the Government of India once seriously bent upon conferring on the Natives all the advantages in their power to bestow, consistently with their own safety and interest, the means of effecting these, and other innovations, would very readily present themselves. Power is deficient in invention, only when it is deficient in the desire to invent; convince it that there is anything to be gained by effecting any particular purpose, and it will effect it.

Under the present system no Native can distinguish himself as a soldier, because he can never rise beyond the rank of a Soubedaur; but make it the interest of the Hindoo to possess the qualifications necessary to the command of a battalion, or an army, and he will possess them. The English peasant is as ignorant of the art of war as the Hindoo; but, when taken from the plough-tail, and thrust into the field of battle, his soul sometimes expands, receives the seeds of ambition, and he ripens into a general. Were the road to military honour more open and accessible in this country, this would more frequently happen; for the intellect, like the spirits in Pandemonium, has the power to diminish or enlarge its dimensions to suit the space it has to move in. What happens in England, would also happen in India, under similar circumstances.

Passing from military to civil affairs, it is asserted, that however narrow and mean may be the field in which the soldier can exhibit his prowess or his skill, they who devote themselves to learned professions have, if possible, still fewer opportunities of recommending themselves to their masters. The consequence is, that instead of rising into philosophers, poets, and historians, and adding to the wisdom or the pleasure of their fellow-creatures, men, possessing a more than ordinary portion of intellectual energy, sink, in Hindoostan, into religious impostors, into quacks, into mountebanks, or into assassins, in order to escape the necessity of thankless and eternal labour. Hence the prodigious swarms of hermits and ascetics, carrying fire on their heads, chains upon their limbs, and bodies, and delusion, fraud, and hypocrisy in their faces and in their hearts, who wander about perpetually over the face of the country, giving it the appearance of a den of fools and knaves, and, if we were to add, the *reality*, perhaps we should be still nearer the truth.

When we wish to shut a man out from the enjoyment of any privilege, the best thing we can do is to pronounce him incompetent to make a proper use of it, to attach suspicions to his character, and to his talents, and, in a word, to vilify and degrade him as much as possible in the eyes of the world, and in his own. By pursuing this system unbendingly, for any length of time, we shall be almost sure to render him as despicable in reality as we repre-

sentiments, for men have seldom the wish to perform more than is expected of them. Thus, we declare the laws to be known and universal, and in return they cheat us whenever they can in support of their own. In Hindoostan we act upon the same principle. It is, according to some, our interest that the Hindoos should be a weak, ignorant people; we act towards them as if they were so, and our response we have seen. Upon this question Sir Henry Strachey's opinion is of the greatest value, for he had abundant opportunities of verifying his observations, and the judgment to make use of those opportunities properly. "Some are of opinion," says he, "that the more power the Natives have, the more they abuse it; that they are utterly unfit for any but the lowest employments; and that, however great their salaries, moderation and disinterestedness can never to be expected from them. *This appears to me a most false fallacy.* The vices and the crimes of the people proceed from their poverty and ignorance; and I do not consider they are likely to grow much richer or wiser while the present things exists." This writer, however, appears to have some apprehension, that, to increase the knowledge of the Hindoos, would be to increase the dangers of our own position; "for it is the principle of ignorance," says he, "and not of fear, that at present preserves us; and I should imagine, it will be only when European laws, religion, and literature come to be disseminated in this country, that it will be necessary to draw the reins tighter, and to show that we certainly, *at present* possess power irresistible, to command obedience." There is a manifest absurdity in this sentence. When the literature, laws, and religion of Europe, come, at some distant period, to be diffused over Hindoostan, what will it avail to draw the reins tighter, and to show that at the time Sir Henry Strachey wrote, which is the only time to which the words "at present" could be meant to apply, we possessed "power irresistible, to command obedience"? Whether we shall *then* possess such power neither Sir Henry Strachey, nor ourselves, can possibly foresee. If we shall, our policy must be immensely improved between this time and that. Of our present irresistible force, he says, "But this sort of power, the result of policy and force on the one hand, and utter ignorance and wretchedness on the other, does not suppose any influence whatever, over the hearts of the Natives."

It is honourable to the East India Company that, whatever may have been the course of policy adopted by its servants abroad, it has seldom required from its official agents the suppression of their sentiments upon any subject whatever; and has frequently solicited, or commanded, them to disclose their opinions. This would seem to imply a desire to know how their system worked, and, if possible, to discover the best means of improving and correcting it. In 1808, Mr. J. Stuart, at that period a judge of circuit, after minutely considering the condition of the Company's Hindoo subjects, and the modes most likely to better it, delivered his senti-

ments in writing to the Government in the freest style possible. His views are diametrically opposed to those of the Munro school, and favour, as far as possible, the employment of Natives in conducting the public affairs of the country. His theory, which is worthy of an Aristotle, or a Plato, is, that "the natural mode of managing men, is to employ the agency of those, whom, from the relation in which they stand to them, they regard with sentiments of respect and confidence." The persons alluded to in this proposition, are the aristocracy, or gentry, of the country, using the term "aristocracy" in the sense in which it was used by Aristotle and Plato; that is, to express the best educated, and the best principled men in the community.

When the English first took possession of Hindoostan, they found a considerable body of men in it who might be termed "gentry," and these were the persons to whom they should cautiously and gradually have entrusted such posts as ought to be filled by Hindoos. These men were by no means deficient, upon the whole, in a knowledge of business, or the world; and they possessed that elevation of sentiment which, as Mr. Stuart justly observes, in a certain degree, seems always attached to the long possession of power and affluence. Without too much burthening our Government, says this sagacious observer, we might have reserved a considerable number of offices for Natives, upon a liberal footing of confidence and emolument. These would have been a resource to many of those families; would have maintained them in a decent state of respect and competency; and have enabled them to give their children an education which would have preserved them from falling below the place which their parents held in society. But our Government has not appeared to think this object worthy their attention. If, therefore, not the policy, it has at least been the tendency of the internal measures of Government, to hasten the extinction of this class of men. Accordingly, the greatest part of these families have sunk under neglect and poverty, and their descendents have become confounded with the mass of the people. Mr. Stuart, as well as all other enlightened and liberal men who have made the history and institutions of India the object of their study, entertains a considerable degree of respect for the character of the Natives; such as it was, at least, before the influence of our system of policy had vitiated and degraded it. It appears, however, to be the opinion of most men of reflection, that unless a better system be quickly adopted, the Hindoos will, in reality, become incapable of the act of thinking profoundly or continuously, as well as of all habits of virtue and morality.

. . . If the safety of our Indian empire depend upon the ignorance, weakness, and misery of the Natives, and is absolutely incompatible with their moral improvement, the sooner we are driven out of the country the better, as well on our own account as on theirs, for unjust dominion, oppression, and the infliction of torture, are no

less baneful, in their effects, to the governors than to the governed. According to the apparent meaning of the author of the work before us, which, we are afraid, is not precisely identical with his real meaning, both the British Government and the East India Company have very much at heart the happiness of the inhabitants of India. He observes, somewhat sarcastically, that the anxiety of the Court of Directors and the Board of Control to better the condition of the people, has shewn itself on *many occasions*. On many other occasions, it is to be presumed, this benevolent anxiety *has not* shewn itself, notwithstanding that "the *orders* of these public bodies to the local government of India are honourable to the British character."

In corroboration of the opinions above quoted from the writings of Sir Henry Strachey and Mr. Stewart, the author of the work now before us remarks, with more truth than correctness of style, that the minds of the Natives 'are running to waste, and daily approaching nearer to a state of vegetation.' This, of course, he advances upon his own authority; and, with the experience and researches of many years to support him, his authority is of great weight. We regret that, not content with his own experience, and with the testimony of sensible and unprejudiced men, he should, after this, have recourse to the diluted and formal reasoning of Mr. Mill, in corroboration of his opinions. This gentleman, after describing the process by which men would arrive at a state of things, in which they would have food, "and nothing else, adds, by that figure of speech called tautology," there would be nothing for elegance, nothing for ease, nothing for pleasure, which, as Swift has it, is as clear as mud, if they had nothing but food. But the state of things contemplated by Mr. Mill is impossible, unless the whole human race should return to complete barbarism, and lose all traces of their present condition; which they may do, and will do, if the fiat of destiny commands it; but this state of things is not to be retarded or hastened by human legislation. We cannot produce it, if we would. Even in Hindoostan, the retrogradation observable in the people may not arise altogether from misgovernment, but may be the natural and necessary result of principles in operation there, from the first formation of Hindoo society. We suspect there is something more in the matter than is generally supposed. We fear that Hindooism has performed but part of its task, and having, by its first energies, produced a portion of good in the midst of much evil, it is now eaten away to the core, and showing the poisonous principle which always lurked within it. Still, whatever may be the fate of the institutions of India, the people must remain, and it is the duty of England to engraft upon the trunk of Brahminism as many of the institutions of Europe as it may be found capable of supporting. The author of the work now under examination is sanguine in his hopes of reform, and his opinions, as we have before observed, are entitled to very high re-

spect. It shall, then, says he, be supposed that the object be to civilize the people of India, and in such a manner as, during the execution of the design, to secure our own supremacy unimpaired. And here I become protest against the specious maxims of those politicians, who would scare us with propositions about the necessity there is of abandoning the application of general truths and maxims to so singular a race of men as the inhabitants of India. What is true in Europe is true in Asia also. How cautiously soever we may proceed, it is undeniably true that we ought to work with the best instruments and materials here, as elsewhere, if we wish to make perfect our design. Cautiously acting upon true principles, we are certain of success. Timorously and foolishly adopting expedients and palliatives, we may cover defects and diseases, but we shall never cure or eradicate them.

If the question were simply to civilize a people who had no institutions of their own, it could very easily be solved. But, in this case, we have not a block of marble to shape into any figure we please, but a ready formed image, badly sculptured, to mould and polish, with the consent of hosts of jealous guardians, so as, that it shall attain a high degree of beauty. We should first ascertain what there is of good in the institutions and manners of the people, and what there is of bad. We ought to retain all that is good, and project plans for reforming what is bad. But these plans ought to be cautiously executed. Reforms must be insinuated, not insisted upon; otherwise the open hostility of those to be reformed will be the certain result. Our wisdom and firmness must be led blindfold by conciliation. If we advance a step without that guide, we shall be entangled in a labyrinth, or fall into a pit, from which all our wisdom will never extricate us. Taking the Natives along with us, they will voluntarily work with our instruments, and complete our design. Advancing without their concurrence, they will deprive us of the means, and probably destroy us for our attempt to benefit them. These cases are, of course, put in the extreme; but, knowing the best and the worst, we shall, at least, act with moderation and judgment. It is truly said, by Lord Bacon, that it is the solecism of power to think to command the end, yet not to endure the means.

The Natives, especially of the higher castes of Hindoos, and the Mohammedans, are eager to acquire learning. Their own, of course, they esteem and prefer, but they are now daily becoming more desirous, particularly the Brahmins, Kayets, Prabhoos, and Seniars, of learning what we know, and of fitting themselves to serve us by an acquaintance with our language and literature. They have seen us subdue their monarchies as if by a magical feat. They fully understand that we have effected the conquest by our wisdom, valour, and prudence; and that, by our unanimity and subordination, we shall maintain our authority. They appreciate our intentions of being just to all men, and wonder at our moderation in so much as being their masters, and devoid of any fellow-feeling to-

wards them, but, as humane beings, we never oppress them. But they dislike us; they hate us *as foreigners and eaters of beef*; the Brahmins especially, who feel that their consequence and power are fast decaying. The superstitions of the lower orders are not the less gross and disgusting, though they are persevered in without so much reverence as before for the priesthood. Their morals are becoming every day worse, for there is every day a diminution of the checks to immorality that existed in the ability of the Brahmins, and in the respect paid to their enforcement of moral and religious precepts. Without untying a single cord with our hands, our presence and toleration alone have loosened some of the strongest bands that united the Hindoo communities. Equal justice has engendered a contempt of superiors. Government, and its magistrates, take little interest, and seldom interfere in the punishment of moral delinquencies. Our refusal to arbitrate in religious and caste disputes has produced many new, and given fresh life to many old ones. Low castes begin to presume on stepping beyond their line, and on adopting the usages of higher castes, even those of the Brahminical order. We have either broken down, or very much depressed the influence of the natural chiefs of the people by positive enactments, or through the silent operation of our levelling systems. The religious heads, and learned men, are, from want of encouragement, and from the spirit of encroachment on caste, fast descending into contempt and diminishing in numbers. With these facts before us, we should shape our proceedings so as to prevent the calamities, the approach of which they portend. We are presented with one of two alternatives—we must either prop up a religion, and a system of moral responsibility, the best parts of which are tumbling down, or, we must allow them to crumble away altogether, and, by placing education and a better system within the reach of the people, draw them into morality and subordination through the conviction of their beauty and propriety.'

On this part of the subject we differ altogether from our author. We do not think we have the alternatives of which he speaks. A religion, like Hindooism, cannot be revived, or re-invigorated, when it has once begun to fall to decay. It must be allowed to die of its own accord, or in the common course of nature. The experiment was tried upon a grand scale by the Emperor Julian, but failed, in spite of the genius, and wisdom, and power of its author. Paganism, like an expiring taper, gave one or two bright gleams before it sank for ever into darkness; but its day was past, and all the power of all the governments upon earth could not have animated its dry bones with life. We *must* put education and a better system within the reach of the people, or sit down quietly and see them adopt a worse, if that be possible. A religion the people of Hindoostan must have, like all other people. We cannot draw them into morality and subordination through the conviction of their beauty and propriety, for we cannot mould them into a nation of

philosophers. It is religion, and religion alone, that can teach 'morality and subordination,' to a whole people; and no project was ever more insane than the attempt to build up civil government, and a lofty edifice of civilization, upon any other basis. And if the people of India are to have a better system of religion put within their reach, and we by no means desire to see it forced upon them, what can that system be but Christianity? It is not, we suppose, meant that we are to invent any new system expressly for Hindostan, for the invention of a new religion is not a very easy task; and we have never yet heard of a system so compatible with the happiness and civilization of mankind as Christianity. When a better is offered to us, let us accept of it; but, until then, perhaps we may contrive to go on with the religion we possess.

The author of the work before us does not agree with those who regard the system of castes, as our safeguard. 'Though eminent men,' says he, 'have considered the strength of our government to consist in the division of the Hindoos in castes, and their consequent disunion on all points unconnected with the Hindoo religion—a disunion, by the by, which may be chimerical—I am inclined to view the danger of our present condition as in no degree less than it would be, were all the Natives reduced to one class, provided they were treated as men, and not bound down like wild beasts or slaves. Guided by my experience of the people, I should say, that leaders alone are required to unite myriads against us. Men of the lowest castes sit on the thrones to which they have raised themselves by their talents and military prowess in India, as elsewhere; and Brahmins administer their affairs. I never knew caste to be an obstacle to Hindoos coalescing in any great, or even in any petty design. It is quite true, however, that to tamper with their religion, would instantly unite them in a league which might never otherwise have been formed. Sir Henry Strachey's remark was just, for the instant, but it does not hold to any extent of time. The total want of energy and spirit, the poverty and ignorance of the people, compose, in my opinion, the strength of our government. A bold leader, a few intelligent followers, might infuse spirit and knowledge sufficient to harass us with thousands of ignorant and barbarous foes. As for the rest, we may trust to Lord Bacon's opinion, that poverty and discontent are likely enough to generate such characters. It remains for his majesty's government to make an election between the only two courses left to their option: for I cannot, for an instant, entertain the belief, that they would rather see the Hindoos in the most degraded state of morality, even if such a state were not highly dangerous to our supremacy in India, than (if need were, to choose that course) to prop up and regenerate Hindooism to a certain extent.'

We have already observed, that we do not think the regenerating here recommended, within the pale of possibility. Propped up, of course, it might be; but not in a manner greatly to benefit

the morals of the people. If Hindooism stands in need of external aid, its doom is pronounced, and it will fall in spite of all we can do to prevent it: if it be capable of regeneration, its hold upon the minds of the Natives must be much firmer than this author appears to believe. Be this, however, how it may, we think the policy recommended in the following passage the best that could be adopted in the commencement of the civilization of the Hindoos:—"I shall suppose it possible,' says the author, 'that his majesty and his advisers may agree with me in thinking, that of the two alternatives to which I have adverted, that which will afford to the Natives of India opportunity to study our literature and wisdom, in the room of their own, will be the one resorted to. We should, therefore without loss of time, encourage and gratify the taste of the Brahmins, and others, for becoming acquainted with our stores of learning and science, by instituting royal seminaries and establishments for instructing the people, and by translating, into their own language, the works of our most approved authors. The most scrupulous care should be taken to avoid every allusion to religious principles and doctrine of sects, whether Christian, Chinese, Mahommedan, or Hindoo; for, if an alarm should be taken, or a prejudice imbibed, that the faith of the students was liable to be unsettled, not a Brahmin would send his son to be instructed. Moral precepts of every nation, whether from our own sacred book, or from the works of philosophers, should be freely taught and disseminated. The Hindoos are delighted (I speak from my own knowledge of them) with moral tales and theories; but, although they have many precepts of their own, they require a new stimulus to adopt them as their rule of conduct. What it is possible to accomplish by educating, with discretion, the Natives of India, can scarcely be any longer pronounced a subject of speculation. Mr. Elphinstone has fully ascertained their readiness to accept the instruction we may be prepared to afford, if it does not militate against existing prejudices of religion and caste. Of all the acts of that great man, some perhaps will, in future times, redound more to his honour, than his establishment of schools, and his exertions to disseminate knowledge by books, among the people within the influence of his government. Discerning the glorious boon he had been conferring on them in its true colours, the Native chiefs and subjects of his government, have perpetuated to posterity their sense of gratitude, by founding English professorships, the fruits of a large subscription of money, in his name. Might I venture to approach the throne, and to exhort the advisers of his majesty to follow the example of this wise statesman, I would hold such language as this:—"Let the name of George the Fourth be hailed, in all future ages, by the nations of India, as that of the enlightener of the understandings of millions!" The plan is perfectly easy, and would be a royal and suitable introduction of the King of England to this race of men, who, till lately, only knew his majesty as the

sovereign of their rulers, and in that knowledge had no mean opinion of his power.' Further on the author adds:—'In colleges and schools let the Natives obtain an education to fit them for holding the offices of judges, and collectors of revenue. Employed in these important offices they should, for several generations at least, be rewarded for the highly able discharge of public duties, during a considerable and fixed period, with landed estates instead of pensions, and with promotion to the privileged classes. Magisterial powers should be entrusted to respectable men, and a local gentry should be distinguished by gradations of rank, on such a plan as has been already adopted by Mr. Elphinstone, while Governor of Bombay, for the Deccan.'

The author proceeds to recommend other judicious regulations, but we have copied enough to show the spirit in which the work is composed, as well as the necessity of our Government's attending immediately to the affairs of India. We regret that we have not been able to give a brighter picture of the present—but we have no doubt that a better prospect is opening for Hindoostan, as well as our other colonies; and this will be rendered more brilliant and permanent, in proportion as the opinions of Europe are introduced in the rear of her sciences.

ART. X.—*K. W. F. Solger's Vorlesungen über Aesthetik Herausgegeben von K. W. L. Heyse.* 2 Bande. 1829. Leipzig. Brockhaus. London: Black und Young.

Solger's Lectures on Æsthetics. Edited by K. W. L. Heyse. 2 vols. 1829. Leipsic. Brockhaus. London: Black and Young.

MANY, perhaps most of our readers have never heard of the name of Solger, and may be disposed to wonder that we should have selected a comparatively unknown author, to read them a lecture on Æsthetics. But we intend to do no such thing; we avail ourselves of the appearance of the present volumes, to give a sketch of the life and opinions of Solger, as affording a specimen not altogether uninteresting, or uninstructive, of the influence and tendency of peculiar modes of thinking which are prevalent among certain classes in Germany. Possessed of considerable talents, and exercising an unwearied industry in the prosecution of his studies, he proved the sincerity and ardour of his attachment to literature, by declining splendid offers for a comparatively scanty pittance; his diction was pure and engaging, and his person and manners must have been peculiarly fascinating, as a large town in Germany, in which he had been appointed Professor of Philosophy, before he had received his first year's payment, actually sent a deputation to request him to accept the office of Bürgermeister, which he, however, declined. He was on terms of confidential intercourse with many of the most eminent among his countrymen, who have cherished his memory with the most tender affection,

and two of his most intimate friends, Ludwig Tieck and Friedrich von Raumer, the historian of the Hohenstaufens, have published his posthumous works, and a selection from his letters, which form one of the most interesting productions that have issued in the last years from the German press, and it is from these volumes that our information is derived. With respect to the work before us, it does not require any particular notice of praise or blame, and appears merely to have been given to the world under the impression that the name of Solger at present enjoys a reputation which would confer an interest upon every subject that was connected with him. The principal works which Solger published during his life, are, "Erwin, or Dialogues on the Beautiful, and on Art." Philosophical Dialogues, and a Translation of Sophocles. We have not read any of them, nor do they appear to have excited a very great sensation in Germany, the last perhaps excepted, which proceeded from Griesbach, a friendly and affectionate letter, inviting the author to read lectures at Jena.

We proceed now to the more immediate part of the present article.

Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand Solger was born at Schwedt, in Uckermark, on the 28th of November, 1780. During his residence at the university of Halle, he afforded an encouraging proof of the advantages of a judicious arrangement and division of time. He was originally intended for the law, but little allured by the dry technicalities of that study, he devoted himself more to the study of languages, and read the ancients with great diligence. He contrived also to acquire a considerable facility in English and Italian, and commenced other languages, without, however, completely neglecting the science for which he was originally designed. It must not be supposed that he attained these advantages by constantly remaining in his room, poring over musty quarto or modern octavos; he was one of the gayest among the students, and whilst he diligently applied himself during the hours of labour, he was sure to be found among all the little parties of pleasure, and dances that lighten, and too frequently expel, the service of devotion to the Muses. He was highly pleased with Fichte's delivery, and considered himself very fortunate in having an opportunity of comparing two such men as Fichte and Schelling. Yet the polemic tendency of Fichte's character did not escape his notice. We find his opinion altered during his residence at Berlin, and the following is no unjust description of that celebrated philosopher.

"Fichte renders our life here very unpleasant, not only through his paradexical caprices and real perversions, but also through his wilfulness and egotism. When any one imposingly says, 'I do not say and wish this as an individual, but it is the idea which speaks and wants through me;' it is a beautiful mode of speaking, to which I willingly allow the merit of sincere zeal; but when he, throughout, in the smallest as in the greatest,

proceeds from this axiom, that this idea has chosen for itself only one organ, Mr. Fichte, it appears to me that the individuality which is in other instances the evil that is to be destroyed, is re-instated in its rights as sole ruler. He has no measure for any thing. He treats the students for the slightest offences, as if they were children of hell, in a manner that irritates every one who respects the honour of his neighbour. He strives not after the spirit of a law or regulation, but merely after the letter which he interprets often in a manner really ridiculous. On the other hand, he allows himself the most striking departures from the letter and spirit of the law, when he will carry any of his whims into execution. If he is outvoted in the senate, he will not execute its decrees, seeks the most ridiculous pretexts to find a flaw in the form, and, if he cannot succeed, he calumniates us in the department.' (A local sessions.)—p. 226.

Solger displayed from his youth that love of the ideal, which forms so striking a feature in the German character, and induces many to rely upon their feelings alone, as revealing to them in undefined, indistinct perceptions, or longings, the secret voice of nature. As this is one of those peculiarities to which we alluded at the commencement of this article, we may, perhaps, be permitted to make a few remarks upon it, the more especially as it is absolutely impossible, without noticing this tendency in a considerable number of eminent German writers, to understand, or to render intelligible to others one of the principal directions which the literature of that country has followed.

This doctrine, which is but the offspring of Jacob's philosophy, might be admitted as true if man came from the Deity, as Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, in full and matured possession of his faculties; but those feelings alone which are universal among mankind, however diversified by climate, education, or institutions, can be admitted as human instinct or the voice of God. When we perceive how partially the feelings have full play, how much is suppressed or turned into artificial directions by parentage, or the accidents of birth and education, the impossibility of selecting them as sole umpire of the mind, will be distinctly manifest. But we would not be misunderstood, God has not left us without a sign by which we may distinguish Him in his works, it is only the arrogance of man, who thinks that he can intuitively comprehend the infinite, and ventures without previous thought to decide on holy things, that we would reprobate. We believe that few have reflected long, intensely, and single-heartedly, on the Creator and the wonders of the universe, on man, and on his destiny, without a ray of light falling on their mind, and pointing out the way that they should go. Life must give results to all, and dull indeed must that mind be that wanders amidst its mysteries, and never strives to raise its thoughts beyond the perplexing and disheartening conflicts of mere earthly reality. It is one of the greatest advantages of poetry that it refines and purifies our best affections, and its universal influence proves how deeply the principle has been implanted in our nature. It dis-

plays creation in all its youthful beauty, sustains us with its elastic reviving power, reminds us of our heavenly origin, and, revealing to us how much of holy and aspiring force still remains slumbering within us, proclaims a future life as the sphere of actions in which those germs will be developed, and bear glorious fruit, from which new instincts and new feelings will arise, more noble and exalting, in endless succession, and infinite approach to the source of all life.

But here, confined in time and space, bound to earth by a mortal body, it is not the least difficult, but at the same time not the least necessary, duty, to restrain the mind in its soarings, to accommodate the use and exercise of our faculties to our present state, nor to permit them to revel in boundless luxuriancy, on themes and subjects which incapacitate us from fulfilling our duties in our present sphere. We may, and ought, to look above in the heavens, but we must not forget that here we touch the earth.

It was a natural consequence of that decided tendency to the ideal, to which we have already remarked that Solger was addicted, that he was discontented with his age. And this idea he imbibed from Fichte, although in a letter to his brother he affirms the contrary.

'Your invective against the age pleases me very much. For I do not merely repeat it after Fichte, but it is my real opinion that every honourable man must be discontented with his age, and particularly with the present age.'—p. 129.

We avail ourselves of the present opportunity of presenting our readers with a character of this celebrated man, which has lately appeared, and which, although expressed with considerable severity, deserves attention from those, who, from the character of the man, would form an idea of his system. In the present growing attachment to German literature and science, when many, with all the fondness of beginners, magnify and extol, somewhat indiscriminately, it will not be uninteresting to obtain portraits of those who have exercised a great influence on their age or nation, from those who had good opportunities of judging from the original.

'The unpractical which we have already noticed in Fichte, his wilfulness and egotism, his incapability of judging things in life according to their true standard, his obstinate adherence to the letter of the laws, and again, his arbitrary interpretation and contempt of them when they interfered with his own ideas, were elements of Fichte's nature, as it displayed itself more or less in all his writings. A passionate, excited condition, like that of an orator, who, striving after good effect, doubts the disposition of his hearers, a strong, didactic method, which delivers every thing in a tone of absolute, infallible certainty, and unceasingly impresses on the reader that the salvation of science depends on what he has spoken, that it must be so, and cannot be otherwise; and that the very attempt to comprehend it otherwise is absurd, and betrays a limited understanding and complete incapacity for science; the subtle web of thought, which spins around him,

and burying him in a labyrinth of abstractions, unobservedly cuts him off from the objective world, a total contempt of experience and of all the knowledge drawn from it, and an incapacity for assuming other positions, and forming a just estimate of the views which they afforded: these are the dark shades of his works, under which their brightest passages suffer, and are weakened in their effect. Hence, the reader soon feels himself tired, and, in spite of all the means used to compel his understanding, in spite of popular treatises, he is seldom convinced, quieted, or enlightened, which, however, is the final aim of philosophy. Even his excellent and admirable delivery could not long preserve his doctrine when the spirit of the times changed, and other teachers appeared, whilst he himself thought that he could learn nothing from others, and remained, or thought that he remained, stationary, as if chained to his position. He displayed a particular animosity against the Natural Philosophy, and his mind was filled with bitterness when Schelling's system obtained favour from the public, and the study of the natural sciences, which he had so neglected, continued advancing, and threatened to overshadow and control philosophy. Beholding everywhere confusion, he became himself confused; according to his own confession, he knew not what to do, he knew not how to speak to the public, nor if it were worth while to address his countrymen through the press. And, singularly enough, he uttered his expression in the same year in which, besides his *Directions for a Happy Life*, he published two other works, *Vorlesungen über das Wesen des Gelehren*, and *Elements of the Present Age*. That the fault was chiefly in himself is proved by his speeches to the German nation, which appeared in 1808. Why did these celebrated speeches, one of the noblest legacies of his powerful spirit, produce such a pervading and blessed effect. Why did they gain for him so many hearts, and attract even those who had been repelled by his earlier doctrine. Unquestionably because he here first understood the spirit of the time, because he, in powerful and inspired language, expressed the idea of which all were convinced, which all acknowledged to be the one thing needful, 'to give courage and hope to the dejected, to proclaim joy in the depth of mourning, and to pass gently over the hour of greatest oppression. Here he wished to collect the morning rays of a new world which had already dawned and gilded the tops of the mountains, and to thicken them into a mirror in which the comfortless time might behold itself, that it might believe in its own existence, and that the development and form of its real substance should prophetically pass before it.

Such, we believe, will be found a true picture of that remarkable man, although we have found it necessary to Anglicise a few Germanisms in the description. The following is also, too completely German to be omitted by any one who professes to give a view of the national character.

'As philosophical culture manifestly does not lie in the sphere of practical life, (although a pure philosophy is certainly only found by the way of the most real reality) but art not only fills, but is itself that practical sphere; the ancients were right in beginning their culture with complete exercise in the enjoyment and understanding of art. From a field thus impregnated spring afterwards those living and free minds, those truly beautiful souls, the philosophies, which, neither swerving into empty sensualism, nor stiffening into cold abstraction, contain a whole organic life, and throwing

their own full and universal nature on the mirror of quiet, equal consideration, represent by this single act of existence and self-enjoyment, the True and Beautiful in inseparable unity.'—vol. i., p. 150.

It was to be expected that the writer of these, and similar passages, would belong to those philosophers who make religion and philosophy the same. But it has been well observed that Solger has committed a fault which is very common with Philologists, of neglecting the natural sciences.

For this neglect nothing, not even the study of the noblest monuments of art, or even of art, taken in its most comprehensive sense, can atone. Nature and art are opposed to each other in as much as in the former the Creator works by no intermediate agent known to us, whereas in art, man is the efficient agent that brings its productions to maturity. The purest principles of the latter can be found only in its prototype, nature; and the philosopher who neglects to derive his information from the fountain source, assumes a name to which he has no right. Tried by this test, how many pretenders to science would disappear. How few are there, who, devoting their whole energies to the great cause which they profess to advocate, strive unceasingly to advance with time, unfettered by prejudice or pride. If the soi-disant philosophers content themselves with studying a few questions in metaphysics, without aspiring to universal knowledge, it would be unjust to blame them, but from those, who profess to establish new religions, or who venture to describe the Godhead as if they had been in familiar intercourse with him, we have a right to expect something more than dark and obscurely worded theses which no one can understand or explain. To expect perfection in this difficult science would be to exact from human nature more than it can afford; Kant, perhaps, may be instanced as the man of modern times who most nearly deserved the title of philosopher; his system was not the result of a rash and unweighed attempt; he displayed the acuteness of his mind, and the profound attention with which he had studied the system of the universe, by the extraordinary assertions which he hazarded, and which were proved to have been dictated by a prophetic spirit, but the errors which even he committed, the imperfection of his studies on many subjects that were absolutely necessary to the successful prosecution of his science, should teach us humility and respect for those who proceed cautiously in the path of human knowledge and investigation.

These observations of course are not intended to apply to Solger, indeed we have merely selected him as an instance of the prevailing opinions of those under whose ranks he ranged himself. Although we cannot give him so high a rank as his friends in their partial affection have done, yet we cannot terminate this article without expressing our favourable opinion of his talents, his qualifications as a teacher, or recording the excellence of his character as a father, a husband, and a friend. In his philosophical investigations

he proceeds with perfect freedom in the outset, and seems at last to have adopted the principles of Schelling, as far as respects the doctrine of identity. To the neglect of the natural sciences, Solger was, as we have before said, liable, but he expressed his meaning with clearness, although neither his premises, nor his conclusions were always those which we feel inclined to admit. Snatched from the world at an early age, we can only judge of what he might have, by what he had already afforded, and although we do not see anything of extraordinary value in his Æsthetics, his *Nachgelassene Schreften* will be read with interest and profit by those who wish to study the gradual development and progress of an ardent and enthusiastic mind.

ART. XI.—1. ***Friendship's Offering: a Literary Album, and Christmas and New Year's Present, for*** 1830. 12mo. pp. 384. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

2. ***The Literary Souvenir; or, Cabinet of Poetry and Romance.*** Edited by Alaric A. Watts. 12mo. Longman and Co. 1830.

3. ***The Iris; a Literary and Religious Offering.*** Edited by the Rev. Thomas Dale, M. A. 18mo. pp. 332. London: Sampson Lowe, and Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830.

4. ***The Winter's Wreath for*** 1830; ***a Collection of Original Contributions in Prose and Verse.*** 12mo. pp. 384: twelve engravings. London: Whittaker and Co., and G. Smith, Liverpool.

5. ***Forget-Me-Not; a Christmas, New Year's, and Birth-day present for*** 1830. Edited by Frederic Shoberl. 12mo. pp. 418: thirteen engravings, with a vignette title. London: Ackerman and Co.

6. ***The Amulet; a Christian and Literary Remembrancer.*** Edited by S. C. Hall. 12mo. pp. 392: eleven engravings, with an inscription plate. London: Westley and Davies. 1830.

7. ***The Juvenile Keepsake.*** Edited by Thomas Roscoe. 18mo. pp. 232: eleven Engravings. London: Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830.

8. ***The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not; a Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birth-day present for the year*** 1830. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. 12mo. pp. 229: nine engravings, with a presentation plate, a vignette title, and a vignette tail-piece. London: N. Hailes; Westley and Davis, and R. Jennings.

9. ***Ackerman's Forget-Me-Not; a Christmas, New Year's, and Birth-Day present, for youth of both sexes, for*** 1830. Edited by Frederic Shoberl. 12mo. pp. 274: eight engravings, with a vignette title, and an inscription plate. London: Ackerman and Co.

10. ***The New Year's Gift, and Juvenile Souvenir.*** Edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts. 12mo. pp. 240: eleven engravings, with a vignette title. London: Longman and Co. 1830.

IT is an essential part of a critic's duty to point out the difference between what is elegant, and what is fantastic—between the efforts

of a bad and tawdry taste, and the productions of a light but pure and cultivated ingenuity—the difference, in short, between the despicable pretensions to produce a fashionable literature by modern novelists, and the elegant luxury of good taste exhibited in the beautiful little volumes before us. We cannot conceive of an objection to the universal circulation of these interesting works, but there are many, and those very solid, arguments in its favour. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to produce a popular love of the fine arts; to give it a right direction, and to feed it only with what is excellent, is still more difficult. We take it for granted, at present, that the humanising effects of such a passion, properly nourished, is admitted, and with this supposition, the Annuals present themselves before us as the best accomplished ministers of taste, and of the good feelings belonging to it, which the lighter class of modern literature has ever possessed. They fly through every quarter of the land, loaded with song and beauty. The fair inhabitant of the loneliest hamlet receives from them an idea of the power which can give form and multiplied existence to gentle thoughts and images; and the gay population of provincial towns are gradually taught that art has a diviner power than that exhibited either by their drawing masters or their milliners. It is next to impossible that any one should have looked at the engravings of these volumes, and endure anything common or vulgar for the remainder of the year. The more they are circulated, therefore, the better. Correcter ideas will every day gain ground respecting what is worthy of admiration in the fine arts. The inhabitants of the provinces will have something to console them for the want of exhibitions and rare collections, and the daughters of tradesmen and manufacturers, who visit neither London nor Italy, will not want the means of forming a good taste, the best and most valuable adornment, next to the moral ones, of woman. Let no one henceforth then be without these jewel-cabinets of art. They may inspire the austerest heart with thoughts that it will be luxury for it to feel at least once in a year, and for all that are young and hopeful of delight, or old and happy, or who would see pleasure and gentle feelings kept alive by the purest means, they are the Offerings, and Souvenirs, and Amulets which they may best give as tokens of their friendship, or keep as safeguards against all the evil spirits of inhumanity or moroseness.

It is not in theory merely that these beautiful annual volumes deserve this praise, nor is it a matter of surprise that they eminently possess the qualities which obtain it. The immense sums which the proprietors expend upon the embellishments, place the spirited publishers among the best patrons of modern art, and the Editors have the good taste to second their liberality. Mr. Alaric Watts, and Mr. Hall, are both of them well known to possess the most cultivated judgment in the fine arts, and to employ a considerable part of their time in searching the most valuable collections. Much of the

same ability is discernible among the other conductors of the Annuals, and they are thus rendered that which we have said them to be—admirable means for diffusing throughout the country a strong and chastened passion for whatever is most beautiful in human art.

What we have said in respect to the embellishments of the Annuals, will, in a great measure, apply to their literary contents, and would entirely so, if the taste of the editors had only to will and to possess, or, if they would no more let their good nature induce them to admit a page of bad poetry, than an indifferent engraving. We confess we do not know what explanation those gentlemen could give for the appearance of some of the pieces which serve to fill their volumes. Most of them have well earned the confidence of the public by productions of their own, which puts it beyond a doubt, that there is no film on their eyes in judging of poetry; and yet we find more than one piece in their collections which, we are sure, if they occupied our place, would meet with no very gentle treatment at their hands. When this fault is committed to make way for a great name, as it frequently is, and we fear must be, we will admit the plea of necessity or policy, but no such excuse can be made for the admission of verses which have neither merit nor a popular name to recommend them. And such, we appeal for the proof to the shrinking consciences of Messrs. Watts, &c., exist beyond a doubt in the Annuals of the present year.

We do not say the above in the spirit of a carping criticism, but out of pure love for the beautiful and costly little works which they produce. Nor do we say it in the affectation of any contempt for the light and sparkling kind of literature which distinguishes them, for we have met with both prose and poetry in the Annuals, which it would be the most contemptible folly in the world to pretend to despise. They have become, in fact, the vehicle for a class of compositions which was otherwise sinking into unmerited neglect, and which we really could not spare from our general literature, without depriving it of one of the qualities which makes it fit to nourish minds of all characters, and give life and impulse to all the feelings which it is good for man's heart to cherish. We can no better spare the minor poetry, as it is called, of the day, than we can spare the brooks and rivulets which, without ever becoming rivers, delight us, by making the hills green, and the vallies and meadows fertile. There is nothing more likely to awaken kindly feelings, to sooth angry or rankling ones, than the voice of poetry, —of quiet and tranquillizing poetry—drawing its sweetness from the home-rest of the heart, and its pure, universal language, from the teachings of a spirit—a spirit of delight and love, that has found one vehicle for its revelations in poetry, and, if it could find a thousand others, would charm and subdue us to its power a thousand times more. We deprecate, therefore, any mixture of weak or

indifferent verses in the matter of these elegant publications; but we should doubt of the good taste or reason of any one who regarded their general contents as not meriting considerable attention,—all the attention indeed, and that is not a slight one, which ought to be paid to a class of writing which, more than any other, feeds the mind with sentiment, and the heart with passion. It is hardly necessary to say any thing regarding the prose part of these works, as it partakes so closely of the same taste and tone of feeling as the poetry. It may, perhaps, however, be worth remarking that, in this respect, the accomplished editors have not exercised their judgments to the best. A hardier, bolder, and more vigorous kind of prose than that which composes the major part of their volumes, would not only contrast better with the delicacy, and an exquisite delicacy it is, of the poetry, but give room to a more earnest vein of thought, to a bolder and more elevated range through the bright, but mysterious, world of humanity. We would have all the poetry only so many gushing streams of golden light, all murmuring of love, or a sweet and tender melancholy; but we would feel the breath of a lofty spirit in the prose. We would see the fair faces, that were beaming with smiles as we read one of the lovely little lays that abound in these volumes, assume an expression of deeper, more *mind*-entranced, interest, when we come to the prose; we would have them look as if they felt that they were in the presence of beings that were bright, beautiful, and mighty in the strength of thought. We know that much patience and exertion are necessary, to give any thing like the merit to these publications which they possess in so high a degree, but we think it not impossible that their interest and value might be improved, by the prose part of their contents being thus of a somewhat severer character. Having said this much, we shall proceed to the agreeable task of gathering a fresh garland of flowers from the little fairy-land which is opened to us, endeavouring to award such a measure of praise to its separate divisions as they may merit.

We begin with 'Friendship's Offering'—a work to which the editor has imparted so much kindliness and beauty of sentiment, that he has made the volume, as it should be, a fit commentary on the title. We observe, and that with great pleasure, that its pervading spirit is that of a deep and heart-stirring benevolence; not wanting an occasional mixture of deeper passion, but for the most part breathing of freedom, and of the all-glorious sentiment of devotion to the cause of universal happiness. It is not less varied than its companions in romance and poetry, but we think it is not difficult to discern the influence of an individual mind, in the character of each of these volumes; and if we may judge from the editor's own productions, the tone which he was most desirous of giving to 'Friendship's Offering,' was that which we have described, and one which it is so sweet to hear, that the voice of friendship itself is not sweeter. We recognise, with pleasure, among the prose

articles a tale of singular strength and interest, by Mr. J. A. St. John, and with part of which we shall begin our extracts. This very powerful tale is founded upon a passage in Lanzi's History of Painting in Italy, in which mention is made of Spinello Aretino, who painted the Fall of the Angels, and delineated the person of Lucifer with so much terrible power, that the figure remained burnt in upon his heart and brain, and haunted him wherever he went. Having been sent to Arezzo to pursue his studies under Bernado Daddi, he became enamoured of his master's daughter Beatrice, whose portrait he painted; but in doing it, 'the image,' according to the author, 'passed into his soul, to be thence reflected, as from one mirror upon another, on the canvass, and shed the light of Paradise over his fancy—as the musk deer perfumes the thicket in which it slumbers.' We must pass over the elegant description of the picture, and merely mention that about the same time Spinello commenced his celebrated Fall of the Angels, which was intended for the church of St. Angelo at Arezzo. The whole force of his imagination, it seems, was employed in the conception of the Lucifer, and he produced a figure, of which the characteristics were that of beauty—but of a beauty,

'Not calculated to delight, but, on the contrary, to awaken in the soul all those feelings of uneasiness, anxiety, apprehension, and terror, which slumber in the abysses of our nature, and are disturbed only on very extraordinary occasions. In short, the beauty of Spinello's Lucifer was that of the lightning, dazzling, pale, and fearful, such as it appears to the benighted traveller on some unknown and unsheltered heath, when the bright flashes, as they pass, appear to be the arrows of death, and himself the quarry at which they are successively darted.'—pp. 321, 322.

We must refer to the tale itself for a description of all the awful and mysterious fears, which took possession of the artist's mind after the completion of this painting; they are delineated with great power and feeling. But, while suffering under his strange torture, he received intelligence, that the girl to whom he had been betrothed in his native town, had proved false to him, and he fled to Beatrice, whose beauty had already so deeply impressed him, for relief. In her lovely countenance, however, there was now discovered a certain something which filled him whenever he looked at it, with a wild and thrilling horror; yet still she was his only companion, and her presence his only delight. But we must here let the author speak in his own language, the following being as admirable a description of a scene of obscure horror as we remember to have ever read.

'The summer passed away in this manner, and autumn drew near; and as the glories of the sun became dimmer, the figure of Lucifer appeared to increase in dimensions and brilliancy, and acquired more power over the imagination of Spinello. The apparition usually made choice of the night for its most awful visits; and when the unhappy artist lay down to court slumber upon his couch, the Lord of Lost Spirits seemed to lie down

beside him, in all his fearful beauty, to project himself into the sphere of his sleeping fancy, and to envelop himself in all the folds of his dreams.

'Tortured by an enemy who appeared to have passed by some dreadful process into the very core of his being, Spinello felt his energies and his health departing from him; while his imagination, into which every faculty of his mind appeared to be fast melting, increased in force and volume, as a wintry torrent is increased by the waters of every neighbouring streamlet. At length it occurred to him that perhaps this demon of his fancy, which he was well convinced was an unreal phantom, yet could not banish, might possess no resemblance to the figure his pencil had produced; and might disappear, or at least be reduced to the condition of ordinary ideas, by a comparison with the bodily representative of his original conception. This thought presented itself to his mind one night in October, as he lay tossing about in sleepless agony upon his bed. He instantly started up, dressed, threw on his cloke, which the coldness of the night, windy and dark, rendered necessary; and seizing a lighted torch, issued forth towards the church.

'The holy edifice stood in those days, when Arezzo was but a small place, at some little distance from the dwellings of the citizens, and was surrounded by a thick grove of sycamores mingled with pine trees. The townsfolk had long retired to rest, and the streets were empty and desolate. Not even the shadow of a monk flitted by him as he passed, with his torch flaring in the wind, and casting an awful and almost magical light upon the houses, painted, according to the fashion of the time and country, in broad stripes of deep red and white. As he approached the church, the wind, whistling through the pine branches, which swung to and fro, and flapped against each other, like the wings of the fabled Simoorg, or of some mighty demon struggling with the blast, sounded like numerous voices issuing from the black roof of clouds above him, and shrieking as he passed. At length he entered the church, which in those times stood open day and night to the piety of the people, and drew near the altar. Upon the walls on both sides were suspended rude images of the Saviour carved in wood, and blackened by time, and numerous antique scripture pieces by Giotto, Cimabue, and other fathers of the art, which seemed to start into momentary existence as Spinello's torch cast its red light upon them. At every step, his heart beat violently against his side, and appeared as if it would mount into his throat and choke him. But his courage did not fail, and he ascended the Mosaic steps of the chancel, and, with his torch in one hand, climbed up upon the altar and lifted his eyes towards the picture. As he stood on tiptoe on the altar and passed his torch along the wall, the mighty ranks of the fallen angels, in headlong flight before the thunderbolts of heaven, seemed to emerge from the darkness, with the awful form of Lucifer in the extreme rear reluctantly yielding even to Omnipotence itself, while blasting lightnings played about his brow and eyes, that flashed with the fires of unextinguishable fury. On first casting his eyes over his picture, a feeling of self-complacency and pride stole over the soul of the artist. No one had ever before succeeded, as no one but Milton has ever since, in delineating that tremendous majesty which sits upon the throne of hell. But as he continued to gaze with a kind of idolatry at the work of his own hands, his imagination became excited by degrees, and life appeared to be infused into the figure of the gigantic demon. In spite of the singular beauty of the features,

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which looked like those of an arch-angel, the face before him appeared to be but a mask, beneath which all the passions of hell were struggling, gnawing, and stinging, and devouring the heart of their possessor. "The baleful eyes, that witnessed huge affliction and dismay," appeared to flame in the obscure light, like the fabled carbuncle of the Kaianian king; and the mighty limbs seemed to make an effort to free themselves from the canvas, and spring forth upon the floor of God's temple. As this idea rushed upon the mind of Spinello, the wind, moaning through the aisles, and multiplied by the echoes, sounded like the voices of wailing and desolation, which, the imagination may suppose, mingled in dismal concert when the spirits fell from heaven; and the artist, overpowered by the crowd of horrors which fastened like hungry vultures upon his fancy, sprang from the altar, and, stumbling in his haste, extinguished his torch. His imagination, now wrought up to a frenzied pitch by the awful scene, distinguished in every moan of the blast the shrieks of a fallen spirit; and the wind, as if to increase his misery, raised its voice and swept through the sacred building with tremendous power, howling, and shrieking, and gibbering as it passed. The demoniac excitement of the moment now became too great to be endured. Spinello sunk upon the ground, struck his forehead against an angle of the altar, and fainted away. How long he remained in this condition, he could never conjecture; but when he recovered his senses, all around him appeared like the illusion of a dream. The wind had died away, the darkness had disappeared, the moon had risen, and was now throwing in its mild and beautiful light through the long windows upon the chequered pavement; and, rising from the ground, he crawled out of the church and reached his lodgings.'—pp. 326—330.

We are sorry our limits compel us to leave untold a great part of this remarkable story, it being impossible, without transcribing it literally, to give an idea of its most interesting features; we must, therefore, merely mention, that the gloomy and terrifying vision gained every day a greater power over Spinello's mind, till his body was emaciated with disease, produced by the torture of his fears, and ———

'At length he became convinced that his last hour drew near; and he blessed God that his struggle was about to terminate. As soon as this idea took possession of his mind, he grew a little more tranquil; and, excepting when he thought of Beatrice, awaited the final hour with a kind of satisfaction. In this pious mood of mind, he one evening wandered to his usual haunt on the sea-side. The sun had set—the moon and all the stars were in heaven—and the earth and the sea were sleeping in the silver light. He sat him down on a lofty rock overhanging the sea, which was deep and still in that part; and with the waves on his left, and the earth in all its loveliness on his right, he raised his eyes towards heaven, and was absorbed in devotion. At that moment, a face of unutterable beauty presented itself in the bright moonlight before him. With a single glance, he discovered it was that of Lucifer, but softened to angelic loveliness. Uttering a wild and piercing shriek, he started from it towards the edge of the precipice. Beatrice—for it was she—instantly caught him by the hand to drag him back; and pronounced his name. The words and the touch dissipated his illusion; and with the rapidity of lightning revealed to his mind the fatal secret of his misery. He now saw that, having been

occupied with thoughts of her when he painted his picture, he had lent a portion of her beauty to the fallen archangel; and hence the pain her looks had occasionally inflicted on him. While this conviction darted into his mind, he was already falling over the precipice; but he still grappled at the rock, and made desperate efforts to recover himself. Beatrice, also, finding that he was going and drawing her after him, for she still held him by the hand, caught hold of a tuft of grass which grew on the edge of the cliff, and grasped it convulsively. In this situation they hung for an instant, suspended over the abyss; but the grass-tuft by which she hung gradually gave way; and in another instant a sudden plunge in the deep waters below told that the loves and miseries of Spinello and Beatrice were ended.'—pp. 336, 337.

This tale would carry the volume far and wide, did it possess fewer other attractions than it does; but the poem of the 'Bechuana Boy,' by Mr. Pringle, is exquisitely tender, and, in some parts, equally powerful. It is the short story of a poor child met in the desert, by the writer, we believe, and leading with him a tame springbok. He tells the tale of his destitution, of the capture of his parents by the white men, and of his own vain rage at the sight:

'"Away—away on bounding steeds
The white man-stealers fleetly go,
Through long low valleys fringed with reeds,
O'er mountains capped with snow,—
Each with his captive, far and fast;
Until yon rock-bound ridge was passed,
And distant stripes of cultured soil
Bespoke the land of tears and toil.

'"And tears and toil have been my lot
Since I the white man's thrall became,
And sorer griefs I wish forgot—
Harsh blows and burning shame.
Oh, English chief! thou ne'er canst know
The injured bondsman's bitter woe,
When round his heart, like scorpions, cling
Black thoughts, that madden while they sting!

'"Yet this hard fate I might have borne,
And taught in time my soul to bend,
Had my sad yearning breast forlorn
But found a single friend:
My race extinct or far removed,
The boor's rough brood I could have loved—
But each to whom my bosom turned
Even like a hound the black boy spurned!

'"While, friendless thus, my master's flocks
I tended on the upland waste,
It chanced this fawn leaped from the rocks,
By wolfish wild-dogs chased:

I rescued it, though wounded sore,
All dabbled with its mother's gore;
And nursed it in a cavern wild
Until it loved me like a child.

'"Gently I nursed it—for I thought
(Its hapless fate so like to mine)
By good UTIKA it was brought
To bid me not repine—
Since in this world of wrong and ill
One creature lived to love me still,
Although its dark and dazzling eye
Beamed not with human sympathy.

'"Thus lived I, a lone orphan lad,
My task the proud boor's flocks to tend;
And this pet fawn was all I had
To love, or call my friend;
When, suddenly, with haughty look
And taunting words, that tyrant took
My playmate for his pampered boy,
Who envied me my only joy.

'"High swelled my heart!—but when the star
Of midnight gleamed, I softly led
My bounding favourite forth, and far
Into the Desert fled.
And there, from human kind exiled,
Four moons on roots and berries wild
I've fared—and braved the beasts of prey
To 'scape from spoilers worse than they.

'"But yester morn a Bushman brought
The tidings that thy tents were here,
And now rejoicingly I've sought
Thy presence—void of fear;
Because they say, O English chief,
Thou scornest not the captive's grief;
Then let me serve thee—as thine own—
For I am in the world alone!"

'Such was Marossi's touching tale.
Our breasts they were not made of stone—
His words, his winning looks prevail—
We took him for 'our own:'
And one, with woman's gentle art,
Unlocked the fountains of his heart,
And love gushed forth, till he became
Her CHILD—in every thing but name.'—pp. 34—36.

We are sorry not to have room for one or two other spirited pieces, and especially for one by Mr. Redding, the author of the very beautiful little poem of Gabrielle, which we reviewed in a late number.

The plates are generally meritorious and striking; the best appear to be 'Spoleto,' engraved by T. Jeavons, from a drawing by Purser, and 'Mine Own,' an exquisite portrait, delightfully engraved by Edwards, whose labours this year rank him among the first of our artists. 'The Honey Moon' is much too warm for the character of the work, and we are sorry it was admitted.

We have always admired 'The Literary Souvenir,' as coming as near as possible, perhaps, to the beau ideal of an Annual. The good taste with which the illustrations are selected, and the really resplendent style in which some of them are executed, afford the best proof we could bring of what we have said respecting the general value of these volumes. 'The Tournament,' engraved by Willmore, from a drawing by Martin; a portrait, by Danforth, from a painting of Sir Charles Leslie's; and 'The Sale of the Pet Lamb,' from W. Collins, engraved by Charles Rolls, are exquisite specimens of art, as is also the beautiful print of 'Oberon and Titania,' by Edwards, from the painting by Howard. We could well, indeed, find some notes of praise for each of the illustrations, but we have said sufficient to indicate the character of the volume, in respect to its pictorial excellence. Of its literary contents, we have to remark that Mr. Watts has succeeded in forming one of the very sweetest collections of minor poetry we ever remember to have read. The pure and delicate spirit which pervades it from beginning to end, and the exquisite tone of moral feeling which delights the reader in many of the most elegant stanzas, merit the highest praise, and do credit to the compiler, both as a poet himself, and that an excellent one, and as the editor of a work which we always hope to see retaining its present fitness to delight the purest and the loveliest class of readers. In our selection of specimens, we are obliged to consult our space as well as inclination, but the following verses, by Mr. Walker, claim attention at any rate. There is a calm pathos in them which will admit of being long dwelt upon.

'How can I sing?—All power, all good,
The high designs and hopes of yore,
Knowledge, and faith, and love, the food
That fed the fire of song, are o'er;

'And I, in darkness and alone,
Sit cowering o'er its embers drear,
Remembering how, of old, it shone,
A light to guide, a warmth to cheer.

'Oh! when shall care and strife be o'er;
And torn affection cease to smart;
And peace and joy return once more,
To cheer a sad and restless heart!

'The lamp of hope is quenched in night,
And dull is friendship's soul-bright eye;
And cold the hearth of home-delight,
And mute the voice of phantasy.

'I seek for comfort, all in vain,
I fly to shadows for relief;
And call old fancies back again;
And breathe on pleasure's withered leaf.

'In vain for days gone by I mourn,
And feebly murmur, o'er and o'er;
My fretful cry, "Return! Return!"
Alas, the dead return no more!

'It may not be; my lot of thrall
Was dealt me by a mightier hand;
The grief that came not at my call,
Will not depart at my command.

'Then ask me not, sweet friend, to wake
The harp, so dear to thee of yore;
Wait, till the clouds of sorrow break,
And I can hope and love once more.

'When pain has done its part assigned,
And set the chastened spirit free,
My heart again a voice shall find,
And my first notes be poured to thee.'

We greatly regret not being able to extract the lines by Caroline Bowles, entitled 'The Dying Mother to her Infant.' 'The Hymn to Liberty,' by the author of those already given; the 'Neglected Child,' by Mr. T. H. Bayley; a 'Summer Scene,' by Mr. Morris; and some others which we must, however, leave to our readers' discrimination. But we must not pass over the lovely little poem of 'Oberon and Titania,' by T. K. Hervey, from which we extract the following:—

'Like some fair bird, that, 'mid the leaves and flowers,
From sky-ward travel, folds its silver wing,—
Amid the spicy shade of woodbine bowers,
And weary with her moonlight wandering,
Slumbers the Fairy Queen!—her deep repose
Won by no mortal music;—by the sound
Of lulling water, flinging, as it flows,
A low, wild, melancholy murmur round:—
And strains that, from the distant fairy-sphere,
Unheard by earthly watchers, bring her rest,
Are lingering, yet, within her dreaming ear,
Singing, like memory's in a mortal breast!
The breeze, with airy footstep stealing by,
Plays to the sleeping queen his even-song;
And the musk-roses utter sigh on sigh,
As the faint, thrilling measure floats along,—
Struck from the harp that has a thousand strings,
Wild-thyme and oxlips and the myrtle leaves,
Yet tuned as soft as when a mother sings
What scarce the ear—but more the heart—receives!

'No mortal eye may gaze upon that bower!—
The moon—her playmate of a thousand years—
Looks through the larches, at her own sweet hour:—
Oh! can that fairy cheek be wet with tears?
Weep the immortals!—Oh, the bright young queen!
Dreams have been with her, not of angel birth,
Pangs, her pure essence only makes more keen,
From passions that have all too much of earth:—
Too like a spirit, since she wears not wings,
Too much of mortal, for her spirit-boon,
Lovely as heaven makes its loveliest things
But loving as they love beneath the moon!
And she is of a race that often wept;—
Though never more, in forest or in dale,
Nor in the valleys where, of old, they slept,
Or held their revels till the stars were pale,
Shall they be met by poet or by hind,
Laughing away the live-long summer night,
"Dancing their ringlets to the whistling wind,"
Or trooping, darkly, from the eye of light;
Yet many a waker, in the vanished years,
On the hill-side, beneath the twilight dim,
Hath gazed upon the more than mortal tears,
Or listened to the melancholy hymn
Of some lone fairy,—while her sisters played
Upon "the beached margent of the sea."—
But gone—for ever gone—from shore and glade,
Elfin and fay, that haunted stream and tree,
Back to their own far land of faerie!

'Why weeps Titania? have her dreams, to night,
Been of the lost companion who has trod,
A thousand years, beneath the same sweet light,
Tending her footsteps o'er the dewy sod,—
Her bosom's lord,—estranged and distant, now?
—Witness the moon! the Fairy King is near,
Bent o'er her beauty with a smiling brow,
And drinking hope from each unconscious tear;
In love's own service weaving fairy spells,
And singing—like the sweet, far sound of bells!'—pp. 56—58.

With the mention that there are some sweet verses by the editor, in his own peculiar and happy style, we must finish our notice of the poetical part of the 'Souvenir.'

There is great merit in many of the prose pieces, but we doubt whether they do not partake of the fault we have mentioned as common to the Annuals. 'The Smuggler's Isle,' however, by the author of "Tales and Confessions," deserves to be mentioned as exhibiting considerable power. There is also a sketch of great interest by the author of the "Kuzzilbash;" a striking tale by Mr. Macfarlane, author of "Constantinople in 1828;" another by Mr.

William Howitt; and one or two others of merit, but they are too long for extract, and all too tale-like in every sense of the word. We must conclude, therefore, with the following lighter specimen from 'The Last Man in Town':

'And now my horrors began. There are plenty of nuisances and abominations in London, to annoy the sensitive, at all seasons; but occupied as I had been of late—gay, and full of spirits, I never particularly heeded them, nor did they ever, in the slightest degree, excite my spleen. But the case was altered now,—for I had leisure to be annoyed. I became quite a Tremainy sort of man, and the least thing fidgeted me.—Not that the evils I am about to relate, are by any means little things, and I wish to heaven there were some law to put them down!

'Was it not enough, when I paced the hot pavement in melancholy mood, that I was overtaken by no elegant, smooth-rolling, hammer-clothed carriage, or prettily bowed to from its window; but where I *overtook* many a creeping, rattling, tumble-to-pieces Hackney-coach, (save when a close-built, dark-green chariot, with barouche box, and perhaps leather over the horses' loins, raced swiftly by, and proclaimed itself the vehicle of some medical practitioner)? Was it not enough, that I was ever and anon obstructed in my way by the broken-up pavement, and broken-winded paviours, who were taking the opportunity of mending the streets, while the inhabitants were away? Was it not enough, that I saw the paper-capped painter, be-daubing and be-beautifying many a shop, and shop-window, "giving dreadful note" that no customers, now, at least, were expected? —Was not all this enough to increase the spleen of a man already splenetic; but must I have dirty little Jew boys at every street corner, ringing little brass bells in my ears, and clamorously soliciting me to purchase their tiny coffee-pots, coal-scuttles, and dolls' slop-pails? Must I have a great brawny fellow thrust a vulgar-looking sword-stick into my hands, and insist upon my buying it because it was only two shillings and sixpence? Must I be followed, pestered, and dunned, at every crossing, by a Black, with a red nightcap and stunted broom; or a sailor-looking ruffian, with a poultice round his leg, drawling out, "Now *do*, Sir! God bless you, Sir; spare a halfpenny;" as if (joking apart!) one really carried halfpence upon all occasions? Must I have, "*Puy a broom,—Puy a broom,*" screamed in my ear, at the highest pitch of a high Flemish voice, and the article itself thrust into my face?

'Nor are these brooms, brass bells, copper coal-scuttles and sword-canes, the only articles people want me to carry home in my pocket. I am unceremoniously and incessantly urged to the purchase of bundles of pencils,—knives, with blades sticking out in every direction,—Morocco pocket-books, "only a shilling," and "good strong dolls." Not to mention the nasty little bits of damp paper, pressed upon me every thirty yards, inviting me to the purchase of flannels, the cure of cutaneous disorders, the inspection of a learned pig, or a half-naked man they call a skeleton!

'Again, if I walk through Piccadilly, towards the Park, may I not even look at a Hammersmith or Fulham stage, without the man taking me for such a one as would wish to enter therein,—as if I looked like a person who wanted to go to Hammersmith!

'But, worse than all, if I pass through the Haymarket, or the Strand,

between the hours of six and nine of an evening, must I be positively beset by a posse of boys, or shirtless Irishmen, who follow me the whole length of the streets, importuning me to "*Buy a bill of the play,—Buy a bill of the play?*" In vain I say I am not going,—in vain I tell a lie, and say I have got one; nor oaths nor imprecations avail;—in vain I push one away, another succeeds, like the heads of the Hydra, till I have fairly passed one or other of the theatres. Near Covent Garden and Drury Lane, when those theatres are open, and in the courts leading to them, it is even worse.

'Now I am upon the subject of nuisances, I will mention one, which concerns the equestrian, who is persecuted, though not equally with the pedestrian. There is no one who ever rode through a single street in town, but is as conversant as disgusted, with the bore of little boys, or ragged men, running after you, and following you street after street, exclaiming at regular intervals, and in the same tone, "*Old your orse, Sir? —Want your orse held?*" 'Tis vain to swear at them; vain to strike at them with your whip; equally vain to try and escape them, by putting your horse into a trot, and endangering his knees. When you think you have fairly got out of their reach, and the sound of their odious whine, you look round, and behold with dismay the same face, with a nasty sort of knowing grin upon it, and hear with disgust, the same eternal, tormenting, never-to-be-escaped "*Old your orse, Sir?—Want your orse eld, Sir?*" This may seem a trifle; but trifles sometimes raise our wrath. I do not think I am overpettish, but I own my bile is very severely excited by the annoyance.'—pp. 188—191.

The next of these delightful works upon our list is, 'The Winter's Wreath,' the very appearance of which, by the way, puts to flight every gloomy idea associated with that season. It is cheerful not only in its illustrations, but in its poetry, and prose peculiary so, with some few grave exceptions. It does not strike us that the plates are executed in the most elaborate and finished style of art, but there is a variety and a neatness about them, which some years ago would have been deemed inimitable: we must own that we were not much pleased with the frontispiece, the 'Idol of Memory;' too much of the form is revealed, according to our ideas of pictured beauty. But to most of the other plates, we take no exception. The text abounds with engaging tales, and presents some very pleasing specimens of poetry. From the latter we select two which would adorn any publication. The first, by Mrs. Hemans, is a splendid composition.

'THE MINISTER.

'SPEAK low!—the place is holy to the breath
Of awful harmonies, of whisper'd prayer:
Tread lightly!—for the sanctity of death
Broods with a voiceless influence on the air;
Stern, yet serene!—a reconciling spell
Each troubled billow of the soul to quell.

'Leave me to linger silently awhile!—
Not for the light that pours its fervid streams
Of rainbow-glory down through arch and aisle,
Kindling old banners into haughty gleams,

Flushing proud shrines, or by some warrior's tomb
Dying away in clouds of gorgeous gloom.

'Not for rich music, though in triumph pealing,
Mighty as forest-sounds when winds are nigh;
Nor yet for torch and cross, and stole, revealing
Through incense-mists their sainted pageantry;
Though o'er the spirit each hath charms and power,
Yet not for *these* I ask one lingering hour.

'But by strong sympathies, whose silver cord
Links me to mortal weal, my soul is bound;
Thoughts of the human hearts, that here have pour'd
Their anguish forth, are with me and around:
I look back on the pangs, the burning tears,
Known to these altars of a thousand years.

'Send up a murmur from the dust, remorse!
That here hast bow'd with ashes on thy head!
And thou, still bathing with the tempest's force,
Thou whose bright spirit through all time hath bled,
Speak, wounded love! if penance here, or prayer,
Hath laid one haunting shadow of despair?

'No voice, no breath!—of conflicts past no trace!—
Doth not this hush give answer to my quest?
Surely the dread religion of the place
By every grief hath made its might confest!—
Oh! that within my heart I could but keep
Holy to Heaven a spot, thus pure, and still, and deep!'—pp. 13, 14.

The lines by 'Mary Howitt' are in a different and more lively strain—somewhat after the fashion of the "L'allegro" of Milton.

'Oft in the days of bright July,
When the parched earth is brown and dry,
And the hot noon-day's sun looks down
Upon the dusty, barren town,
And scorching walls, sun-smitten, glare—
And stifling is the breeze-less air,
And, through the day, flows all around
A ceaseless tide of wearying sound,
And busy crowds with restless feet,
Pass up and down the burning street,
I sit in some still room apart,
And summer visions fill my heart;
Visions of beauty, green and cool—
The water-lily's shadowy pool;
The untrodden wood's sequestered shrine,
Where hides the lustrous columbine,
And leaves astir for ever make
A breezy freshness through the brake.

I think of some old country-hall,
With carved porch, and chimneys tall,

And pleasant windows many a one,
Set deep into the old gray stone,
Hid among trees so large and green
'Tis only dimly to be seen.
I think of its dark garden-bowers,
Its little plots of curious flowers,
Its casements wreathed with jessamine,
Flung wide to let all odours in,
And all sweet sounds of bird and bee,
And the cool fountain's melody.

'I think of mountains still and gray,
Stretching in summer light away,
Where the blue cloudless skies repose
Above the solitude of snows;
Of gleaming lakes, whose waters lie
In restless beauty sparklingly;
Of little island—nooks of rest,
Where the grave heron makes her nest;
And wild cascades with hurrying roar,
Like the sweet tumult of Lodore——
Lodore!—that name recalls to me
Visions of stern sublimity,
And pastoral vales, and lonely rills,
And shepherd people on the hills,—
And more— old names of men unknown
Save on their mouldering church-yard stone,
Or to some mountain-chronicler
Who talketh of the days that were;—
For, in gone years, they of my race
Had 'mong the hills, their dwelling place,
In an old mansion that doth stand
As in the heart of fairy-land.
These mountains, lakes, and glorious skies
Lived in their children's memories,
There tended they, in evening hours,
Their garden's antiquated flowers,
And, on the Skiddaw mountain gray
They gambled through the sunny day,—
Blest summer revellers! and did float
On Keswick Lake their little boat!—

'Let Mammon's sons with visage lean,
Restless and vigilant, and keen,
Whose thought is but to buy and sell,
In the hot toiling city dwell;
Give me to walk on mountains bare,
Give me to breathe the open air,
To hear the village children's mirth,
To see the beauty of the earth—
In wood and wild, by lake and sea
To dwell with foot and spirit free!'—pp. 37—39.

The 'Iris' has been formed on a plan intended to unite religion and literature in the closest bonds of amity—an union pure and natural, and which, in their own primitive character, always existed. But the task of bringing them together is a difficult one to accomplish in the present day. Neither has religion the multitude of great and glorious spirits to illustrate its power which it once possessed, nor literature the beauty and grandeur which once filled its glorious channels. Had the design, therefore, of a religious Annual, entered into the thoughts of our forefathers, the editor, we doubt not, would have found his undertaking a much less difficult one to complete. But Mr. Dale possesses many very distinguished qualities for the office he holds, and has produced a volume which claims considerable attention. The engravings are all from the old masters, and on scriptural subjects. The 'Madonna and Child from Murillo,' and the 'Incredulity of Thomas,' are both excellent. We are sorry we cannot say so much of the 'Flight into Egypt,' or of the 'Raising of Lazarus.'

The literary contents afford much delightful moral reading, and strongly recommend the work to the religious public. Among the most attractive of the poetical pieces is one by Mr. S. C. Hall, which we extract.

'WONDERS AND MURMURS.

I.

'STRANGE, that the Wind should be left so free,
To play with a flower, or tear a tree;
To rage or ramble where'er it will,
And, as it lists, to be fierce or still:
Above and around, to breathe of life,
Or to mingle the earth and the sky in strife;
Gently to whisper, with morning light,
Yet to growl like a fettered fiend, ere night;
Or to love, and cherish, and bless, to day,
What to morrow it ruthless rends away.

II.

'Strange, that the Sun should call into birth
All the fairest flowers and fruits of earth,
Then bid them perish, and see them die,
While they cheer the soul, and gladden the eye;
At morn, its child is the pride of spring,—
At night, a shrivelled and loathsome thing!
To day, there is hope and life in its breath,
To morrow, it shrinks to a useless death;
Strange does it seem, that the sun should joy
To give life alone that it may destroy.

III.

'Strange, that the Ocean should come and go,
With its daily and nightly ebb and flow,—
To bear on its placid breast at morn,
The bark that, ere night, will be tempest-torn;

Or cherish it all the way it must roam,
To leave it a wreck, within sight of home;
To smile, as the mariner's toils are o'er,
Then wash the dead to his cottage door;
And gently ripple along the strand,
To watch the widow behold him land!

IV.

'But, stranger than all, that Man should die
When his plans are formed, and his hopes are high;
He walks forth a lord of the earth to day,
And the morrow beholds him a part of its clay!
He is born in sorrow, and cradled in pain,
And from youth to age—it is labour in vain;
And of all that seventy years can show,
Is, that wealth is trouble, and wisdom woe;
That he travels a path of care and strife,
Who drinks of the poisoned cup of life.

V.

'Alas! if we murmur at things like these,
That reflection tells us are wise decrees;
That the wind is not ever a gentle breath,—
That the sun is often the bearer of death,—
That the ocean wave is not always still,—
And that life is chequered with good and ill;—
If we know 'tis well such change should be,
What do we learn from the things we see?—
That an erring and sinning child of dust
Should not *wonder* nor *murmur* but *hope* and *trust!*'—pp.38-40.

The Editor has contributed many beautiful illustrations of the prints, but we must pass them over for want of room, as well as several other contributions, which would give a favourable idea of the publication. There is a piece by the Rev. Hobart Caunter, on the 'Efficacy of Religion,' which deserves mention, and a short extract from which we must give.

'Life is a varied scene of hopes and fears;
Doubt and uncertainty pervade its years.
Though hope's bright torch illumes our weary way,
How oft do fatal fears our steps betray!
Peace now reveals, now hides her angel form,
Now glows the sunshine, and now howls the storm,
Now pleasure holds us in her easy thrall
Till woe starts up and turns her sweets to gall.
But there's a refuge whither we may flee
And find repose in our extremity:
Religion is the rock to which we cling
When o'er our heads their storms misfortunes fling;
She is our true—our only faultless guide
Through ebbs and flows of life's precarious tide.
'Midst all the woes that crowd its chequered way
And mar the sunshine of its brightest day.'

She to the soul a sacred balm supplies
Till, rapt in holy thought, it greets the skies.'—pp. 329.

Mr. Dale's 'Daughter of Jairus,' is a poem of considerable length, but more than equal to its length in excellence. The return of Jairus to his home when he meets his daughter first struck with sickness, is beautifully described.

'Praise to the Lord of Earth and Heaven,
By whom so sweet a child was given!
When too, th' appointed offering paid,
He sought once more his blest abode,
Soon as the homeward path he trod,
His eye glanced anxious for the Maid
Who still was first to meet him there,—
Whose glance first beamed, whose lips first bade
His welcome from the House of Prayer.—
Haste in his steps, joy in his heart—
What mean that sudden pause and start?—
As Jephtha from the battle-field
Triumphant to his home returning,
His daughter at his gate beheld,
And joy was changed to mourning—
So as Jairus now drew nigh,
The sight that burst upon his eye,
Was doubt, fear, wonder, agony;—
Yet stood a form to greet him there,
And yet it was his daughter fair!

Why looks he thus? No fatal vow
Binds him to slay that lovely maid;—
No laurels grace his conquering brow
For which so dear a price is paid!
Oh no! but there she stood—nor flew
To greet him with the welcome kiss;
Her eye indeed was fixed on his,
But it was lustreless and dim—
Her cheek indeed was turned to him,
But O how changed its former hue—
The rose of youth and health had fled,
And left the paleness of the dead!
Yes, she *was* changed! Disease had come
Since last he left his peaceful home
And changed her thus—but she had known
What pangs would rend her father's heart,
If entering now the gates alone
From which he did not thus depart;
And therefore had o'er-mastering love
Her weakness nerved, her pains subdued—
And therefore—not in vain she strove
Her watchful Mother to elude

And drag without her fevered frame,
And greet her Father as he came!
Sad greeting this—for though the sight
Flushed her wan cheek with fresh delight,
And lit the eye, with languor dim,
O could it nerve the powerless limb?
It could not—and too well he guessed
Why thus, as one entranced, she stood—
Nought spoke, nor asked—but to his breast
Clasped her in wild and frantic mood!
Sad greeting!—ever till this hour
Her fond embrace was first to bless
His glad return from Salem's tower
To home, and all home's happiness;
Now *his* embrace met no return—
Her eye had lost its sudden ray—
Her cheek at once had ceased to burn—
And fainting in his arms she lay.
In agony of speechless dread
He bore within the senseless Maid
And laid her on her mother's bed,
His rose of Beauty—soon to fade.'—pp. 280—282.

Nor must we omit the following verses by Mr. Jerdan, which are full of feeling and sentiment.

'THE FOOTSTEPS' FALL.

I.

'The Footsteps' Fall! Time presses on,
With you, with me, with all;
And sad it is to mark the change
Ev'n in the Footsteps' Fall.

II.

'I recollect those childish days,
When innocent, and small
Like fairy prints, upon the grass
Were seen our Footsteps' Fall.

III.

'I recollect that riper age,
When, blest in love's sweet thrall,
Swiftly, to meet, o'er night's lone path,
Echoed the Footsteps' Fall.

IV.

'I've known the dream, that flies ere proved,
Eager at pleasure's ball,
Where merry, merry rang the laugh,
Merry the Footsteps fall.

V.

'I've known the busy, business world,
The world of care and gall—
Where, drudging weary years of toil,
Heavy the Footsteps fall.

VI.

'And now the tottering frame of old
Slowly obeys the call;
Life wanes apace, though hastening down,
And feebly Footsteps fall.

VII.

'The end is near,—the last dark step,—
The coffin and the pall;
Silence,—and never more on earth
Shall sound our Footsteps' Fall.'—pp. 224.

The 'Forget Me Not,' for the new year, maintains the character from its very commencement it had earned as a sterling work, conducted with singular tact, and fitted for almost every class of readers. It has humour for the gay, admonitions for the serious, romances for the imaginative, and ghost stories for the timid. It was never remarkable for the superiority of its poetry, and in that respect the present volume scarcely differs from its predecessors. But considering it in the mass, we are bound to say, that it is a most delectable production. There is a 'Flower Girl," near the sixty-sixth page, whom it is dangerous for any unmarried man to approach—she looks so bewitching; what can be finer by way of contrast than that Spanish Princess who stands in front of the volume, and seems as if she were the Patroness of all the enjoyments which it affords! But we need not go into detail. The 'Forget Me Not,' either is, or soon will be in every body's hands, and we commit it to the public favour which Mr. Ackerman has so long and so deservedly experienced. We can hardly forgive him however for that tale called, 'A Quarter of an Hour too Soon.' It gave us a pain in our side for a week. It pours forth a rattling merciless succession of incidents of the richest drollery, arrayed in the language of a master.

We feel great pleasure in congratulating the editor of 'The Amulet,' upon the beauty of his new volume. Its illustrations may be favourably compared with those in any of the Annuals which we have yet seen. The print of 'The Minstrel of Chamouni,' ought to be alone sufficient to raise the work to a high degree of popularity. To this print are added 'The Crucifixion,' by Martin, 'The Dorty Bairn,' by Wilkie, and 'The Sisters of Bethany,' by Leslie, three of our most celebrated artists, and several other engravings of scarcely inferior merit. We do not know that excellence can go much farther in the way of decoration, than the point which the Amulet has reached this year.

Perhaps we might be allowed to observe, that the papers of which the work is composed, have rather too much of uniformity in their heaviness. There is a capital article upon the Irish love of procrastination, by Mrs. Hall, who seems not only well acquainted with the manners of our Hibernian brethren, but particularly happy in describing them; with this exception, the book contains little to

interest the lighter class of readers. We have seldom met with a more ridiculous piece of bombast than 'the Essay upon Prophecy,' by the Rev. Charles Williams.

The introduction of Juvenile Annuals was a lucky thought, and we have no doubt has considerably increased the sum of happiness in this world of ours. It is a fortunate circumstance also, and contributes not a little to their respectability and importance, that the name of Roscoe is attached to the patent of this happy invention, which, so long as it remains there, will be a surety to the public, that the anxious little hearts that are beating high with expectation for Christmas presents, will never miss either the pleasure or the good they look for. We pass from the larger works of the season to the smaller ones by a very easy transit, while the 'Juvenile Keepsake' is at hand to assist us. This admirable little miscellany, which last year obtained our decided praise, is still more deserving of it the present one. There are several plates of great merit, and the literary contents are admirably selected, and as excellently adapted to amuse and instruct the youthful reader. Puerility, which is quite as disgusting to a child as a man, and sometimes more so, is judiciously avoided; and we have perused many of the pieces, both prose and poetry, with the greatest satisfaction at the unaffected taste and pathos which they exhibit. 'The Mock Coral Necklace,' by the author of the "Rival Crusoes," deserves very marked attention. The Poem also, by the late Mrs. J. Hunter, is an excellent feature in the volume; but we must confine ourselves to the following specimens: 'Newton in his Study,' is a little poetical drama of great merit. The philosopher has just discovered the theory of colours, and the spirits who rule over the light are in fear and confusion.

'SCENE.

'Sir Isaac Newton in his study. He raises his head from some papers and optical instruments, over which he has been pondering, and thus invokes the light.

'"Pure and etherial essence! fairest light!
Come hither, and before my watchful eye
Disclose thy hidden nature, and unbind
Thy mystic, fine-attenuated parts,
That so intently marking, I the source
May learn of colour, Nature's matchless gift."

'The room is darkened. Meantime a fairy voice thus sings:—

'"Sisters, hark! a mortal hand
Aims to break our heavenly band!
Who is he thus bold to dare
The unseen spirits of the air?
How should dim and earthborn sight
Pierce the elements of light?
Let him find how vain his skill!
Mock the pride of human will!
Draw the veil more close than ever
That his power may raise it never!"

CHORUS.

"By the lowly violet's dye,
By the deep dark sea,
By the azure vaulted sky,
By the greenwood tree,
By the glow-worm's yellow light,
By the orange grove,
By the rose with blushes bright,
We our spell have wove.
Mortal! now to part us try,
We thy potent arts defy!"

FIRST FAIRY SINGS.

I will go where Spring-time dwells
Midst her early flowers,
Painting violets and harebells,
For her shady bowers.

CHORUS.

Safe and hidden thou shalt lie,
Undiscern'd by mortal eye.

SECOND FAIRY.

In old ocean's mighty bed
Fifty fathoms deep,
I my dark-blue cloak will spread,
And my vigil keep.

CHORUS.

Mortal hand shall strive in vain
To withdraw thee from the main!

THIRD FAIRY.

Far above the earth and air,
I will soar on high;
And the glorious freedom share,
Of Infinity.

CHORUS.

Mortal eye shall reverent see,
Powerless to injure thee.

FOURTH FAIRY.

I was made on earth to dwell.
And my sylvan sway
Still I'll hold in mossy dell.
Where bright waters play.

CHORUS.

Palsied be the hand that dare
Spoil thy peaceful empire there!

FIFTH FAIRY.

Where the golden-tressed sun.
Chases back the night,
Where he pours his blaze of noon
I will wing my flight.

CHORUS.

Eagle eye alone can gaze
On that pure, that glorious blaze!

SIXTH FAIRY.

Smiling on a cloud I'll lie
In the sun-set hour,
But as quick as thought I'll fly
Ere dark night can lower.

CHORUS.

Mortal hand shall seek in vain,
Thy light essence to retain!

SEVENTH FAIRY.

Where the youthful life-blood flows,
I will hide my head,
Mine be still to guard the rose
On the fair cheek spread.

CHORUS.

Watchful thou shalt safely lie,
Deep conceal'd from human eye.

'Newton, who has remained lost in contemplation, now lays down the prism. The little Fairies at the same instant disappear, and he breaks forth into the following soliloquy:—

'"O! is it not a dream—a waking vision?
A beauteous, wondrous vision? Have I seen
The particles of light indeed divide,
The elemental colours issue forth
From one pale ray? O, sight incredible!
And yet it is no dream, but glorious truth!
With awe-struck spirit, and with bursting thought,
I saw the brilliant colours promptly spring,
And marv'llous stand as in the bow of Heaven—
Intent I gazed, and gazing felt the power,
To question and investigate what man
Erst search'd in vain, or ignorant admired,
Thou beautiful and wonderful creation!
For ever bright and lovely, whether snow,
In its pure whiteness, spread a dazzling veil,
Or milder skies a verdant mantle fling,
Or smiling earth shine forth one flush of flowers,
Or ripening months their ruddy fruits display—
Beauteous in rosy morn, in gorgeous eve—
Where is the heart that loves thee not?—
O, if to me the privilege be given,
To search out things yet hid from mortal eye,
To the high work I consecrate my powers;
Blest, if but dimly I may see the means,

Omnipotent yet simple, whence arise
The glories spread abroad through Earth and Heaven?"'—
pp. 280—283.

The following Sonnet, by Miss J. E. Roscoe, is very tender and very elegant:

'Thou, angel-like, sit'st at the couch of pain,
Inspiring thoughts of heaven—while in thine eye,
Where lingers the soft tear of sympathy,
There is a holy rapture—yes, in vain
Pain, sickness, anguish, rivals to thy love,
Would dim the hope, and quench the sufferer's faith;
Thy tender smile disarms the sting of death,
At thy bright presence all its fears remove!
Thou enterest, and with thee the visions come
Of the blest spirits and immortal bowers;
The very fragrance of thy fading flowers
Breathes some sweet thoughts and whispers of that home
Where, when these days of pain and weakness flee,
The unfetter'd soul shall meet its God and thee!'

The 'Juvenile Keepsake' is altogether a most beautiful little volume, and the manner in which it is got up, as the phrase is, does considerable credit to all parties concerned in its production.

We observe that Mrs. Hall prefixes to her 'Juvenile Forget-me-not,' a complaint that Mr. Ackermann has given a nearly similar title to a new annual of the same class. This complaint appears to us to be by no means a reasonable one. She was the first herself to invade the original right of Mr. Ackermann, by producing a work under a name which really belonged to him. It were better if both authors and publishers were governed by stricter ideas of *meum* and *tuum*, than those which have recently prevailed amongst them; but since piracies are so common, it little becomes the first offender to cry out for that justice which they have themselves denied.

While, however, we consider Mrs. Hall's complaint as that of a person less sinned against than sinning, we cannot refuse to her little publication the great praise which it deserves. It aims exclusively at the amusement of the young; and is composed of a number of articles of various merit, but they are at least written in a style which children may understand, and are filled with matter in which they are likely to find an interest.

Mr. Ackermann's 'Juvenile Forget Me Not' is, perhaps, a work superior in every respect to that which we have just mentioned. But it is not edited by a woman, and in that fact the whole difference may at once be comprehended. The reader perceives that there may be some pleasing prints, and many good anecdotes and rhymes in Mr. Ackermann's work; but that they are of a grade not well suited to the juvenile capacity. This is the real state of the case. Mr. Frederick Shoberl must leave the tutelage of the young folk to Mrs. Frederick Shoberl, if any such lady there be; for the

tender sex possess the strongest instinct of knowing what is suited to the mind, as well as the appetite of children.

Hence it is that Mrs. Alaric Watts seems likely to stand eminently conspicuous amid all her competitors. In her first 'Juvenile Souvenir,' she aimed at things rather beyond the moderate design which she originally had in view. She endeavoured to please the taste of matured persons; and at the same time to attract the smiles of the young. She has found that the two objects were inconsistent. She has referred for her better guide to her maternal feelings, which have enabled her this year to produce a little volume, which may be safely and confidently recommended to all those who can read, and have not yet numbered a thirteenth summer.

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*The Horse in all his Varieties and Uses; his breeding, rearing, and management, whether in labour or rest; with Rules, occasionally interspersed, for his Preservation from Disease.* By John Laurence. London: Arnold. 1829.

WE are always glad to meet with works of this description written by sensible and practical men, and so far as we can form a judgment from the style of the present publication, its author is qualified for the useful task he has undertaken. In addition to the knowledge he possesses of the science to which he devotes himself, he has the great merit of having imbued all his directions with a most humane feeling for the noble animal of which he treats. We highly respect every attempt which is made by the legislature to prevent cruelty to the brute creation, but a much surer method of effecting this laudable purpose, would be the publication of works which would set forth the noble nature of the animals it is sought to protect, and that not by the mere panegyrist or moralist, but by plain, professional men, whose observations would be attended to as a matter of course by horsemen both of high and low degree. Mr. Laurence's book appears to be well adapted to answer all the purposes of an assistant, in the matters of which it treats.

ART. XIII.—*Modern Methodism Unmasked in a Letter to the Rev. R. Warner, author of Evangelical Preaching.* By a Layman: London: Baldwin and Cradock. 1829.

THE folly of this theological essay is only equalled by the silly presumption which induced the author to meddle with a subject of which he is so thoroughly ignorant as that of religion. But his noise and fury are proportioned to his ignorance. Scarcely a church or sect is permitted to escape his abuse, and though the evangelical part of the religious world is the especial object of his vulgar vituperation, all are sooner or later bespattered by his vicious violence. In a journal like this, devoted to literature, we have nothing to do with theological questions, but we have an equal concern with the style and tone of works written on religious sub-

jects as we have with those on any other class of publications, and we must therefore tell this theological layman that he has produced a very contemptible pamphlet, one which will bring upon him the ridicule of every person acquainted with the state of religious parties in England, but which may prove dangerous among the ignorant, by giving them most erroneous notions of what is believed and practised among our brethren of different denominations. The man who can charge whole bodies of Christians with a blasphemous hypocrisy, an anti-scriptural and dogged love of error, ought to be made to eat his book, which, considering the fiery nature of its contents would be no very pleasant meal.

ART. XIV.—*Chozar and Sela: or the Seige of Damascus: and other Poems.* By James Fletcher, of Clare Hall, Cambridge. London: Mason. 1829.

WE have for some time past given up as hopeless the attempt to persuade young men of promising talent to keep it back from public exercise till it have acquired some degree of maturity and strength. The flower blossoms, be its hues ever so rich, never opens itself to the gaze till it is furnished with all the qualities, which give the plant perfection. But we have begun to consider this idea of a young authors not being wise in publishing their poems, as an error of the dark ages, and as nothing seems capable of persuading them to the contrary, that it is as much a law of nature they should publish as it is that they should make love and marry. We, therefore, refrain from making any observation on Mr. Fletcher's judgment in letting the world see these early productions of his mind. There are signs in them of poetical talent, thoughts spring up here and there to our view which are evidences of reflection, and the little volume is superior to scores got up in the same style, and of the same class. There are several passages like the following, which a young writer would not be found composing without talent which deserves cultivation and encouragement.

'The youth's dark eye turned from the plain
Towards the maid, as if the pain,
Which the mute horde of war awoke
Within his mind, that deeply spoke
In low, prophetic, thrilling tone
Its baleful warning, like the moan
That issues from the dark cloud's cell,
Pealing its deep-voiced tempest-bell,
Could quaff Nepenthe from that cheek,
So beautiful, so warmly meek—
That cheek was lovely still, but pale
As if 'twere blanched by Horror's tale,
For grief had stolen the trembling tinge
Of bloom which once disported there,
Just like the vestal flowers that fringe
A woody spring, and scarcely dare
As some secluded, lovely maid,
Slow stealing from the harem's shade,
Timid, and bashful, to display
Their beauty to the eye of day.

That lovely cheek was bleached by woe,
Pale as the rose of Jericho.
And that soft eye of heaven's own blue,
Like Vesper's chalice filled with dew,
O'ercharged and swollen, could not restrain
The current of its balmy rain.
If Chozar's soul before that eye
Then bent in sweet idolatry,
When Justice stern the sin records,
Let Mercy weep away the words;
For none could mark that eye's soft ray,
And turn still cold, unmoved, away;
Oh! none could see it glistening through
Its liquid veil of balmy dew,
Nor own affection's soft control
The Keblah of the amorous soul.'—pp. 30—32.

Of the minor poems which follow Chozar and Sela, the following deserve to be quoted:—

'How oft to thee, when Sadness pours
Her secret tears, my fancy strays?
How oft to thee, in those still hours,
When no unkind, obtrusive, gaze
Can mock a lowering Melancholy,
Or sternness quench Affection's blaze,
Does Memory's constant, tear-dimmed eye
Survey those happy vanished days,
Which sooth my sadness with a dream,
Flitting too soon with daylight's beam!

'Though Disappointment's chilling cloud,
The eager quest of fame and lore,
May veil with momentary shroud
Those tracks of pleasure, now no more,
As pictures on the streamlet's breast
Vanish by tempests ruffled o'er,
But in the hour of Nature's rest
Are clear and vivid as before;
When mental tempests sleep, appears
Each trace still fresh, still dewed with tears!

'And ah! how sweet in life's hot war,
When cruel anguish rages round,
And storms are gathering from afar,
To hear still Memory's peaceful sound,
The verdure of the ivy bough
With which our crumbling hearts are bound;
How sweet, when Sorrow's wintry brow
On Pleasure's loveliness has frowned,
To visit still the withered flowers,
Which scented once her summer bowers!'—pp. 97, 98.

In conclusion, we have only to advise Mr. Fletcher to avoid in future, a

he values his hope of becoming a good poet, to avoid all eastern subjects, and all imitations of Moore and Byron. He will never be original if he do not, and an imitator of poets is no poet.

ART. XV.—*Signs and Symbols, Illustrated and Explained, in Three Courses of Lectures on the History of Initiation.* By George Oliver, Vicar of Clee. 2 vols. London: Washbourn. 1829.

THIS is a very remarkable work, and though we are unable to speak as to its worth in regard to the primary intention of the author, his labour and erudition are sufficiently apparent to assure us of the merit of the undertaking as a work of great research. His object is to deliver freemasonry from the aspersions of the uninformed, and set it in its true light, as an antient and most venerable institution, before the eyes of the learned and thinking part of the community. That he is considered by his brother masons well qualified for the task, is amply proved by the vast number of testimonies which he has prefixed to the present volume, and which were rendered him when he published a former one on the same subject. 'It is decidedly the best masonic production I have met with,' says one. 'Your Lectures have been read with great pleasure and satisfaction by many of our brethren in Manchester,' says another. 'At a general meeting of the brethren of this lodge, it was proposed by brother William Padley, and seconded by brother Styring, and resolved unanimously, that a vote of our most sincere and grateful thanks be presented to brother, the Rev. J. Oliver, in testimony of the high opinion we entertain of his talent, as manifested in his works on Freemasonry.' And a score other similar testimonies follow from other clubs or members of the society. We cordially add our own praise, if such can be acceptable from any of the uninitiated, to that which is thus given, so far as the work is useful and interesting for the great quantity of information it contains on subjects connected with antiquity. A short passage, which we must strip of its learned notes and references, is all we can find room for from this curious volume.

'The Gothic Mysteries were introduced by Sigge, a Scythian prince, who, it is said, abandoned his native country when it became oppressed by a population too dense for the comforts and necessities of a pastoral life; and with a chosen band of followers, wandered in search of another settlement. Travelling to the north-west of Europe, he assumed the name of Odin, the supreme deity of the Scandinavians, and in his progress founded many empires, and performed such prodigies of valour, as are wholly incredible, except to the believers in Scandinavian tradition. In every country which he subdued, he introduced the eastern mysteries, modelled into a form subservient to his own secret purposes. He placed over the celebrations twelve hierophants whom he styled Drottes, and invested them with uncontrollable authority; they were alike priests and counsellors of state, and judges, from whose decision there was no appeal. Their power was extended to its utmost limits, by being allowed a discretionary privilege of determining on the choice of human victims for sacrifice. Even the monarch was not exempt from this choice. Hence arose the necessity of cultivating the esteem of these sovereign pontiffs; for if an officer of the highest dignity in the State became obnoxious to the Drottes, as the

dreaded arbiters of life and death, from whose decision there was no appeal, his life was held by a very uncertain tenure; for at the very next celebration it was almost sure to be offered up in sacrifice to the gods.

'This privilege was an abundant and never failing source of wealth as well as influence; for the superstitious people, animated by the hope of averting a calamity so exceedingly dreadful, were profuse in their offerings and oblations; and in times of general calamity when the blood of numerous human victims was necessary to appease their sanguinary deities, the oblations of the Drottes were of increased value, in proportion with the expected danger of the trembling suppliant. Hence, as this order of men, like the Israelitish priesthood, was restricted to one family, they became possessed of unbounded wealth, erected splendid palaces for their residence; and these immunities and distinctions increasing their power in every age, they ultimately became so proud, overbearing, and tyrannical, as to erect themselves into objects of terror to all other classes of the community, which, in the end, accelerated their destruction.'—vol. ii. pp. 201—205.

ART. XVI.—*Astronomy: or, The Solar System explained on Mechanical Principles; with its application to the Deluge, and to the Astronomical Miracles recorded in the Scriptures. Illustrated with Engravings.* By Richard Banks. London: Simpkin and Marshall, &c. &c. 1829.

MR. BANKS, in his Preface to this little Volume, earnestly calls the attention of scientific gentlemen to its contents, not doubting that they unfold the true theory of the solar system. A book consisting of no more than a hundred and three pages, and in that short compass, containing an explanation of discoveries in which every one must feel interested, certainly deserves perusal. The very best theories, while new, are to be looked at with caution, mathematical ones especially, because the subjects they concern are not often affected by speculations, and when we are accustomed not to see a change of system above once in three or four hundred years, or perhaps a thousand, we have a right to doubt every one at first who asserts he can affect the revolution—it requires an original and mighty mind to do such a thing, and they are rarer, and appear at more distant intervals than comets. But the same reason which renders it necessary to receive a theory with caution, makes it a duty to examine every one which is set forth with any appearance of acute scientific ability, and this qualification for his task, Mr. Banks seems to possess, in no slight degree. Our mathematical readers will understand the plan of our author's reasoning by the following extract.

'Having for a long time directed my attention to the *mechanical* construction of the Solar System, and having entertained the opinion that a connection existed between the Sun and Planets, as to their distances and motions, which has never been satisfactorily explained, I have endeavoured to develop that connection.

'The first point to which I directed my attention was the diurnal rotation of the Sun and Planets, and seeing that the heavenly bodies constantly turned on their axes, I conceived that the diurnal rotation of the Sun was the governing principle or measure of the diurnal rotation of all the Planets.

'With a view to ascertain this, I found, by calculation, the convex surface of a Planet, and then multiplied it by the number of its rotations in 25 days

and 12 hours; that being the period in which the Sun makes a diurnal rotation. Thus,

	Miles.
The diameter of the Earth being - - - -	7,916
The convex surface of the Earth - - -	196,862,256
I multiplied this by 25,571, being the number of diurnal rotations, which the Earth makes during one diurnal rotation of the Sun, - - - - - -	25,571
The product is the quantity of the Earth's rotation during one rotation of the Sun, or . - - -	5,033,964,766
I then proceeded to find, in the same manner, the convex surfaces of all the other Planets, and their quantity of rotation. Say - - - - - -	
Mercury - - - - - -	
Venus - - - - - -	
Mars - - - - - -	
The four newly discovered Planets - - -	
Jupiter - - - - - -	
Saturn - - - - - -	
Uranus - - - - - -	
Total Quantity of rotation, - - - -	

Having found the total quantity of rotation of all the Planets, I then proceeded to ascertain the convex surface of the Sun.

Had my principle of diurnal rotation been true, and the diameter of the Sun and Planets accurately taken, the total quantity of the planetary rotation would have been equal to the total quantity of the Sun's rotation, or in other words, its convex surface; but I found that the planetary rotarion exceeded that of the Sun.

I then acted upon the supposition, that the dimensions of the Planets were right, and taking the total quantity of rotation of all the Planets, I found the diameter of a Sun whose convex surface should be equal to the total quantity of planetary rotation before given.

Ferguson, in a work published in 1794, states the diameter of the Sun to be - - - - - -	763,000
Bonnycastle's Astronomy, published since the above, states the diameter of the Sun to be - - -	883,246
Bonnycastle's Sun larger than Ferguson's in diameter	120,246
Upon the principle of diurnal rotation, and supposing the diameter of the Planets to be correct, I call it - -	969,272
Making the Sun larger than Bonnycastle's	86,026

Having settled this point, I then conceived that there was in the heavens a common centre of equilibrium, and that the distances of the Sun and Planets from the centre, were governed by some fixed law. I found the solidity of one of the Planets, and then multiplied it by the radius of its orbit.

We cannot pursue the subject farther, but recommend the volume to attention.

ART. XVII.—*An Essay on the Lever; containing a Mathematical Investigation of its Properties, and Numerous Examples of its application in the construction of Machines and Implements.*—By G. G. Ward, Machine Maker. London: Steill. 1829.

THIS ingenious essay obtained the prize at the Mechanics' Institution, and contains a very full and clear explication of the important mechanical theory on which depend the power and properties of the most necessary of our machines. Supposing its production to have been occasioned by the effects of the Mechanics' Institution in improving the mind of the Author, it is the best proof of their utility which the supporters of such societies could allege. There are some curious observations on the history of the lever, one or two of which we give.

'That their discovery was coeval with the infancy of mankind there can scarcely be a doubt, when we consider how little adapted are the unaided physical powers of man, to carry into effect the vast designs of his stupendous intellect.

'The first book of the Pentateuch contains an indirect proof, that the properties of the lever were understood in the time of Abraham: the more especially if the operation of weighing was performed with a steelyard. The passage reads thus: "and Abraham *weighed* unto Ephron the silver which he had named in the audience of the sons of Heth."

'The remains of Hindoo and Egyptian architecture, which strike even the era-proud mechanist of the present day with wonder and astonishment, afford evident proofs of some method of accumulating immense mechanical energy. Among others may be mentioned those vast monuments of ill directed labour and absurdity, the time-defying pyramids; as the immense masses of stone of which they are composed even to their summits, must have required the aid of machinery of no ordinary construction to raise them to their present elevation.

'Another proof that the properties of the lever were early understood, may be deduced from the fact of astronomy having been the favourite science of the early peopled nations of the East; the study of which science would naturally lead to the construction of instruments in imitation of the motions of the heavenly bodies, which could scarcely be effected without a knowledge of the principles on which the lever depends; and we have good proof that astronomy was cultivated by the Persians 3209 years B.C., and in Egypt and Chaldea 2800 years B.C. Archytas of Tarentum, who is said to be the inventor of the screw, and who lived 400 years B.C., applied the principle of the lever in the construction of a crane.

'But the writings of Aristotle afford direct proof that its properties were understood, as he has endeavoured to explain them, and likewise to reduce some of the other powers to the principle of the lever.

'About 254 years B.C. flourished that universal genius, Archimedes the Syracusan, who has erected to himself an imperishable monument by his astonishing applications of the mechanic powers. He is said to have invented numerous machines and engines for raising weights, launching vessels, draining marshes, and various other useful purposes; but our admiration of his genius is unbounded, when we consider the fertility of

his invention, in devising means to defend his native city against the attacks of the Romans. Here, indeed, he shines with redoubled splendour, as the prince of mechanicians, and the able defender of his country against the aggressions of a foreign gigantic power.

'Who for a moment can contemplate this venerable character, surrounded by the inventions of his superlative genius, and the numerous applications of his consummate skill in the art of mechanical combination, and not be ready to forgive that slight ebullition of the "conscious pride of art," which modern pseudo-criticism has endeavoured to magnify into a vain-glorious boast. It was but the honest exultation of a soul deeply impressed with the consciousness of mental superiority: it was but that eternal struggle between mind and matter, which led this great philosopher to exclaim, "give me a place whereon to stand, and I will move the earth."

'But Archimedes rendered invaluable service to succeeding mechanicians, by his able developement of the properties of the lever, which has been a sure guide to those who have made this branch of science their study.

'But even those benefits conferred on mankind, were not sufficient to prevent him falling a victim to indiscriminate butchery; and the ruthless sword of a hireling homicide was buried in the breast of a man, who might otherwise have lived to enjoy the honest reward of his labours, or to have increased his demands on the gratitude of posterity by further inventions or discoveries.

'After the time of Archimedes, it is rather difficult to trace the progress of the science of mechanics; those who pursued it seemed to have merged into the character of geometers or astronomers; and there appears to have been but very little progress made in the practical part, as the invention of the pump by Ctesibius, and the Clepsydrae by Her o of Alexandria, are the only inventions of note that we meet with.'

Mr. Ward is said to be only a journeyman machine maker; his essay, therefore, proves him to be a man of very great natural ability, and we are happy it has been thus brought into notice as well as action.

ART. XVIII.—*Cours de Littérature Française, par M. Villemain, Membre de l'Academie Française, &c. Examen des Ouvrages de Thompson, Young, Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Ossian, Beccaria, Filangieri, Alfieri,* &c. Paris: Pichon et Didier. 1828. Londres, Black and Young.

THE volume before us contains an examination of the works of the authors mentioned in the title page, considered with respect to the influence exercised on their writings and habits of thinking by the French school of the last century. A variety of circumstances concurring with the peculiarly defective state of political society in France, rendered that country the object of general attention for the greater part of the eighteenth century, which has been not unjustly called the age of reform. It would be contrary to analogy to suppose, that the general ferment which terminated in that terrible but beneficial explosion which shook all Europe to its foundations, should even in its predisposing causes have been entirely confined to the place of its birth. An able investigation of the amount and extent of this

influence by a competent judge, would afford a solution of some of the most interesting problems presented to the human mind. But the successful execution of such a task requires talents and powers as various as they are rare, surpassing even the laboured catalogue of qualities which M. Villemain has accumulated in his description of the principal requisites of an historian. To give in narrative, with truth and connexion, events as they have happened, to raise ourselves above the dangerous and perplexing vicinity of national contact and early prejudices, has been often described as a task difficult in the highest degree; but how greatly are the difficulties increased when, not content with entering upon general principles, we descend to details, and strive to point out the exact share of influence exercised upon writers in a foreign nation, by a splendid and celebrated school of our own. The comparative facility of communication between the different countries of a civilized quarter of the globe, imprints a family resemblance on the habits of thinking, which may mislead the observer, who, standing in the centre of his early thoughts, views every thing refracted into his national medium. Much as the enlightened may vaunt their superlative epithet cosmopolitan, we fear that few will be found who can judge impartially, and with equal power of other nations in their finer shades of difference, for this presupposes an equal familiarity with the habits, language, and mind of all.

We suppose that our readers will consider these remarks as indicative of our opinion, that M. Villemain has not succeeded in his undertaking. We do not impute to him, as a fault, the failure of an attempt which it is in itself highly honourable to have made; and perhaps the circumstances under which M. Villemain published his present work, were not the most favourable to success. Before a youthful audience, it is often more necessary to imprint primary opinions in forcible language than to enter upon delicate discussions and minute investigations. Whilst we readily admit the many proofs of talent displayed by the French professor in his lectures, we must confess that it is not in works of this kind that we expect attempts like the present to be successful; nor are we very sanguine in our expectations, that it is from the pen of our author that the world will derive much new light upon the subject. There is a thread of vanity throughout the work that proclaims too loudly a love of praise, a desire of exciting applause by finished phrases and high-sounding words, that awakens in our minds a distrust of the lecturer, nor is it by recording in parentheses, in a report confessedly published under his own superintendence, all the *on rits* and *applaudissemens prolongés*, that M. Villemain received or noticed from his auditors, that he displays that soberness of judgment and delicacy of taste, which might be expected to form a primary feature in a work like the present. A few extracts and remarks will convey to our readers some idea both of the merits and defects of the volume.

We were glad to observe, that in the first lecture in which the merits of Young and Thomson are considered. M. Villemain forms a juster estimate of the sounding bombast of which the author of the "Night Thoughts," is frequently guilty, than is to be met with in general among our more northern and sentimental brethren on the continent. To deny Young the praise of high and lofty thoughts would be unjust, but the long and wordy dissertations in which he clothes his grief, display the powers of an acute and reasoning mind, but not the deep and heart-rending feelings of a poet.

With Thomson (or, as he is here called, Thompson) as depictured by M. Villemain, we are not so well contented, nor do we think it a fair trial to take a passage of Virgil, and condemn an English poet, because his description is more or less diffuse.

Admitting, as we readily do, that Thomson sometimes accumulates too much, we would merely suggest the different state of science in ancient and modern times, the vast minuteness of discoveries in all branches, the inexhaustible store of new allusions that were thus furnished to the close and genial observer of nature. If we consider all the great writers of modern times, from Shakspeare downwards, we shall find this in an extraordinary degree. Let us hear no more then of this measuring of the mind, of this bed of Procrustes, by which the men of one age are to be tried and tortured according to the rules of periods when society, philosophy, all that influenced the minds or affected the observations of men, was totally different.

Richardson is the object of our author's praise, and *proh pudor!* he is compared to Shakspeare.

It is however, acknowledged, that this paragon of novel-writers is sometimes tedious, and the defence advanced is too curious to be omitted.

'Literature not only reproduces the manners of society, but also depends in its forms on certain accidents of this society. Political England, animated by debates, had at that time in its manners something domestic, grave, solitary, which permitted long reflections and readings (*lectures.*) Science, wit, and talent were not yet convenient, expeditive things which were to be acquired in an hour, and put to immediate use. In the solitude of the numerous castles which peopled England, in the peace of those families which seemed like so many clans, or tribes, during the long evenings of winter, a romance was read slowly, they made still less haste than the author, they followed him willingly through all his windings, they got rid of their ennui by his tediousness (on se desennugait par ses langueurs). But when a more advanced civilization abridges equally the labours and pleasures of the mind, when so many *resumés* are made even of the most serious histories; romance must likewise become a resumé; fiction has no longer the right to claim attention so long, when truth can hardly obtain an audience. These are the accidents of society, which it is important to establish; afterwards, we must forget them for a moment. When we examine as a work of art, a monument erected by a man of genius.'—Premiere leçon,—pp. 16 17.

This desire of finding a recondite meaning, or an extraordinary apology for every thing, sadly disfigures the work. Thus, from an expression of Hume, that he retired from his public offices with an increased fortune, M. Villemain deduces what he calls '*une consequence serieuse.*' This serious, and, we must add, startling consequence, reminds us of Lord Burghleigh's shake of the head; the reader shall have it in Mr. Villemain's conception:—

'He himself does not appear to have attached much importance to his participation in affairs; he contents himself with saying, that he returned from them with more money and revenue. *This remark would be a trifle if I ought not to draw from it a serious consequence,* it is, that this great mind remained always French in the habits of his life. He had not the serious sentiment of the institutions of his country, and the love of political

glory in a free state. Affairs were to him only a fortunate passage, which served to ameliorate his fortune, and to facilitate his independence. He sought his reputation not in the parliament of London, but in the *salons* of Paris. He was less an English patriot than a fellow citizen of those French philosophers, whose writings enchanted all Europe.'—3d leçon. p. 16.

The author then enters into a long disquisition on the qualities requisite in an historian, which, in our opinion, has nothing at all to do with the subject, and to which we only allude that we may expose a dangerous assertion gratuitously introduced. '*C'est une chose injuste qu'il soit encore plus difficile d'avoir des talens que des vertus; et cependant cela est vrai.*'

Against such a perversion of language we must protest. It is impossible to confer upon ourselves intellectual endowments or capacities, but no one who considers the subject, can doubt for a moment, that virtue in its highest and purest sense cannot exist without accompanying talents. It may be called, in some measure, the parent of talent, exerted according to the scope of creation. The mistake into which our author has fallen, arises from considering virtue here as positive, whereas in the present state of human constitution it must be imperfect and relative.

Gibbon fares but badly at the hands of our author, who does not seem to understand the peculiar direction of his scepticism. Whatever may be the faults in the tone that pervades the Decline and Fall, we are convinced that the historian cannot be charged with a wilful misrepresentation of facts. That his scepticism frequently displayed itself in misanthropical and unfeeling observations, we admit and deplore, nor would we wish to become his unqualified champions, but we think that every one who reads impartially his autobiography, can trace the cause of his unsettled state of mind to the defective system of his early education; his reading was too desultory and multifarious, and unfortunately, by the complexion of the times in which he lived, rendered it hopeless to expect unity of mind under such circumstances. His course of reading, and admiration of the ingenious but sophistical works of the French schools, both in arts and literature, were not likely to prove remedies, and thus he wandered through the maze of life, collecting no firm results, proceeding from no stable data, a giant groping in the dark.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

Domestic and Foreign.

'Parallel Miracles, or the Jews and the Gipsies,' is announced by Saml. Roberts: it is to prove the latter people to be descendants of the ancient Egyptians, denounced by the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, &c.&c.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, the editor of 'The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not,' &c., announces for early publication a volume for the young, under the title of 'Chronicles of a School-Room, or Characters in Youth and Age.'

The Art of Dancing, by Mr. C. Blasis, principal Dancer at the King's Theatre, will be published in a few days, accompanied with 16 engravings, illustrating upwards of sixty positions.

The Private Memoirs of the Court of Louis XVIII. are just ready for publication.

'STORIES OF TRAVELS IN TURKEY, and of the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants of Constantinople,' with a description of that interesting City, founded upon the narratives of Macfarlane, Madden, Frankland, Dr. Walsh, and other recent Travellers. With a preliminary sketch of the History and Geography of the country, and embellished with Copper-plates and a Map, are announced for publication this month.

A new work on Natural History is to be published in the early part of the month, under the title of 'The British Naturalist;' or an Account of the appearance and habits of the more remarkable living productions of Britain and the British seas, with the scenes where they are found; combining popular language and scientific principles, with a becoming allusion to the wisdom of the Creator, as displayed in his wondrous Works. Embellished with Illustrations.

The following remarkable account from the 'Revue Encyclopédique' is well deserving the attention of the curious:—

CALCULATING CHILD.—A child, seven years old, named Vincent Zuccaro, has lately been exciting public astonishment at Palermo. Born of poor parents, and uninstructed, he possesses an extraordinary facility in calculation. He comprehends, and works quickly, and as if by instinct, all the combinations of numbers which depend upon arithmetic. What was related of him appeared so little credible, that it was deemed necessary to make a public experiment, with a view to establish the truth of the alledged facts. This experiment took place in the palace of the Accademia del Buon Gusto, at Palermo, in the presence of above four hundred of the most respectable and intelligent inhabitants of the city. Two professors of mathematics were placed close to the child, to prevent any imposition, and to take the notes of the questions put to him, and his answers. A great number of problems were proposed, all of which Vincent Zuccaro resolved with the most admirable ease. Several might be quoted, the solution of which showed singular clearness of conception in a child. We will confine ourselves to two of the most simple—for the others would require a multiplicity of details.—Question: "A vessel set off from Naples for Palermo at noon, and sailed at the rate of ten miles an hour. Another vessel, which sailed at the rate of seven miles an hour, set off at the same moment from Palermo for Naples. Supposing the distance between the two places to be 190 miles, at what hour would the two vessels meet, and how many miles would each have advanced?" Vincent Zuccarro promptly replied: "The first vessel will have advanced 105 15-17 miles; the second 74 2-17 miles." It was observed to him that he had resolved only a part of the problem, and that it remained to tell at what hour the meeting would take place. "That is evident; at 10-17ths hours after their setting off," was his reply. This, in fact, was in some sort comprehended in his first answer; and the child, who was aware of the connexion of the two circumstances, thought that it had been equally obvious to his interrogators, and therefore that it was useless to mention it. The second question was: "In three successive attacks, there perished, first the fourth, then the fifth, then the sixth of the assailants, who were thereby reduced to the number of 138. How many were there originally?" Answer: "360." Question: "How did you find that?" Answer: "If there had originally been sixty, there would have remained twenty-three after the attacks; but twenty-three are the sixth of 138; therefore the assailants were originally six times

sixty; that is to say, 360." Question: "But why did you suppose the number sixty, in preference to fifty or seventy?" Answer: "Because neither fifty nor seventy is divisible by either four or six."—It is evident that he did not avail himself of any of the mechanical processes (if they may be so called) employed by all arithmeticians. The Marquis Schiso, who was the first to discover the singular faculty of this child, has joined several of the principal inhabitants of Palermo in soliciting from the government the means necessary for his education, on which subject they will consult scientific and professional men; every body being of opinion that such a phenomenon ought not to be subjected to the ordinary course.

Raphael's Cartoons.—These master-pieces are, it is said, about to be sent from Hampton Court to the King's Chapel in the Pimlico Palace.

Lithography.—A Brussels correspondent of the '*Journal des Connoissances Usuelles*' states, that in Brussels, where there were a few years ago only one or two Lithographic establishments, there are now twenty-six in full play.

Literary Rewards.—The King of Prussia, who, in 1813, wrote a very flattering letter, accompanied with a gold medal, to M. Julien, at Paris, the author of "the Spirit of Pestalozzi's Method of Education," has recently addressed to the same gentleman another letter, accompanied with a second gold medal, in return for a copy of the fourth edition of his "Essay on the Employment of Time." Such notices, from crowned heads, are rightly considered the best encouragements to literary and useful exertion; and we wish they were more useful.

Hungarian Universities.—In the Royal Academy of Presburg there are 433 students; viz., 236 of philosophy, and 197 of law; add to which there are in the Archiepiscopal Lyceum of Turnau 78 students of philosophy, and in the Episcopal Lyceum of Waitzen 60. At the Royal University of Pesth, there have been, during the present year, 1,710 students: viz., 73 of theology, 381 of law, 401 of medicine, and 609 of philosophical science. Of this number, 1,243 are Roman Catholics, 142 Greeks, 68 Protestants of the Augsburg confession, 140 *Reformés* of the Swiss confession, and 158 Jews.

Meditations upon Nature.—At a late sitting of the Paris Royal Academy of Sciences, M. Meckel was unanimously elected Corresponding Member in Germany, to fill up the vacancy in the section of medicine and surgery.—M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire read a memoir, entitled "Meditations upon Nature;" and made some observations on this new branch of science, cultivated in Germany, and which has specially received the name of philosophy of nature. The principles which its partisans profess, are the pretension of uniting the *ensemble* of the phenomena of nature; of arriving at conceptions, not by deductions *à priori* drawn from the observation of particular facts, but from primitive views. M. St. Hilaire stated the difficulties of such an hypothesis, but admitted that a man of genius might make progress in such a science. Kepler, he said, pursued his astronomical studies according to the inspirations of his genius, without the aid of knowledge and observation; and Newton had, by similar means, established one of the most important propositions—that planetary bodies attract in direct proportion to the inverse masses of the square of the distance. One of the principles professed by these philosophers is, the unity of orga-

nic composition; and that all organised beings are divided into two distinct classes, according to whether they breathe in the midst of air or water. Vertebrated animals, they contend, are constructed under a double point of view. Their embryo presents two respiratory organs, and if one of them dominates over the other, the result is, that the animal becomes either an aerial one or a fish. The author professes to have paid much attention to monstrosities, and endeavours to prove that though they were formerly considered as contrary to nature, yet, in fact, they only furnish new proofs of the constancy of her laws. M. de St. Hilaire, in conclusion, said, that, if we believed in the determinate existence of certain organic materials, in that of a very few laws for their disposal, in a prescribed and necessary order of arrangement, and, consequently, in the philosophical resemblance of beings;—and, finally, that if we had made these propositions, extended to all their identical cases, the subject of an abstract and general principle, we should, at least, not have conceived that principle before the examination of the facts; but, on the contrary, have adopted it only after long-continued investigation.

The Poetical Works of the Rev. George Croly will be very shortly given to the public.

In the Press, Tales of the Classics, in 3 vols.

Nearly ready in two volumes, the Memoirs of the celebrated Bolivar, including the secret history of the Revolution.

A new Novel, called The Heiress of Bruges, may be shortly expected from the pen of Mr. Grattan.

The Memoirs, Correspondence, and Private Papers of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States, edited by Thomas Jefferson Randolph, will appear in a few days.

The Adventures of an Irish Gentleman may be very shortly expected.

A Novel, entitled Basil Barrington and his Friends, is announced for immediate appearance.

Sir Edmund Temple announces an Account of his Travels in South America.

Stories of a Bride, by the Authoress of "The Mummy" will be ready in a few days.

Nearly ready, Recollections of Travels in the East, by John Carne, Esq., Author of "Letters from the East."

A New Work, by the Author of the O'Hara Tales, is in a state of forwardness.

The celebrated Author of Caleb Williams is at present engaged in writing another novel.

The Exclusives; a Novel said to be written by a very exalted personage.

Random Records, by George Colman the younger, are nearly ready for publication.

The Memoirs and Correspondence of Gen. Sir Thomas Munro, Bart. and K. C. B. late Governor of Madras, may also be very shortly expected.

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CONTENTS

OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR DECEMBER.

No. LII.

ART. I. Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel De Foe; containing a Review of his Writings, and his Opinions upon a variety of important matters, Civil and Ecclesiastical. By Walter Wilson, Esq. of the Inner Temple. - - - - - 475

II. Conversations on Vegetable Physiology; comprehending the Elements of Botany, with their Application to Agriculture. By the Author of "Conversations on Chemistry," &c. &c. 490

III. William Tell, a Play translated from the German of Schiller. With illustrative notes. - - - - - - - - 505

IV. The Picture of Australia: exhibiting New Holland, and Van Dieman's Land, and all the Settlements, from the first at Sydney to the last at the Swan River. - - - - 513

V. Annuaire de Celvados, 1829. - - - - - - 523

VI. Travels in Chaldea, including a Journey from Bussorah to Bagdad, Hillah, and Babylon, performed on foot in 1827. With observations on the sites and remains of Babel, Seleucia, Ctesiphon. By Capt. Robert Mignan, of the Hon. East India Company's Service. - - - - - - - 536

VII. Napoleon durch sich selbst gerichtet. Von J. Weitzel. Napoleon judged by Himself. By J. Weitzel. - - - 551

VIII. The British Naturalist; or Sketches of the more interesting productions of Great Britain and the surrounding Sea, in the scenes which they inhabit; and with relation to the general economy of Nature, and the Wisdom and Power of its AUTHOR. - - - - - - - - - - - 560

IX. Medicine no Mystery: being a brief Outline of the Principles of Medical Science, designed as an Introduction to their general Study, as a branch of a Liberal Education. By John Morrison, M.D. &c. - - - - - - - - - 567

X. The British Almanack, of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, for the year 1830.

2. The Englishman's Almanack; or, Daily Calendar of General Information for the United Kingdom, for the Year of our Lord 1830. - - - - - - - - - - - 583

ART. PAGE.

XI. The Romance of History.—Spain. By Don T. De Trueba. 588

XII. 1. The Keepsake, for 1830. 2. The Gem, a Literary Annual. 3. The Landscape Annual; or the Tourist in Switzerland and Italy. 4. Emmanuel: a Christian Tribute of Affection and Duty: for the year of our Lord 1830. 5. The Comic Annual. - - - - - - - - - - - - 596

XIII. An Inquiry into the Causes of the Decline of Historical Painting, with the Means to be pursued for its Restoration. By Douglas Guest. - - - - - - - - - 606

XIV. Some Account of the Life of Reginald Heber, D.D., Bishop of Calcutta. - - - - - - - - - - 609

XV. The 'Doom of Derenzie. A Poem. By the late Thomas Furlong. - - - - - - - - - - - 612

XVI. The Grammatical and Pronouncing Spelling-Book: on a new plan, designed to communicate the rudiments of Grammatical Knowledge. By Ingram Cobbin, M. A. - - 614

XVII. The Student's Algebra, with Notes and Observations; in which the Elements and Practice of that Science are rendered Familiar, and Practically adapted to the use of Schools. By John Darby. - - - - - - - - - 615

XVIII. A Glance at London, Brussels, and Paris. By a Provincial Scotchman. - - - - - - - - - 615

Literary and Miscellaneous Intelligence - - - - 617

Monthly List of Recent Publications - - - - 619

Index. - - - - - - - - - - - - 621

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1829.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel De Foe; containing a Review of his Writings, and his Opinions upon a variety of important Matters, Civil and Ecclesiastical.* By Walter Wilson, Esq., of the Inner Temple. 3 vols., 8vo. London: Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1830.

THE growth and development of genius are exhibited under a vast variety of circumstances. The power of the intellect is fitted alike for attack and resistance, and when employment is not found for its activity in the one, it throws all its vigour into the other. He who is a bold and imaginative theorist in one situation, is a fearless polemic in another; and when fortune turns against him, and he is deprived of friends, or support, he gathers up his forces into his own bosom, and stands prepared for a contest unto the death. To a mind of genuine strength and energy it matters little, therefore, what be the external circumstances under which it is placed. Let it but have had time and opportunity to gain maturity, to stretch itself into its full proportions, and it will manifest the same might and dignity through all changes of condition. The most useful of the Creator's gifts, the hardy corn, will flourish, it is said, under every climate, and so with the powers that are likely to produce the greatest benefits to man, as an intellectual being. They are found in different modifications wherever he exists, and the bleak plain and sterile mountain are as often made venerable by their growth, as the luxurious city.

The fortunes of individuals have little direct influence upon the development of their genius. It is an essential quality in minds of a superior order to be independent in their action. The primary distinction between them and less gifted ones is, that they are not chained to the present; that they are not licked into form by the fashion of the times, or changed every instant in their purpose by

some accident of life. The same observation will apply to the pursuits which first engage their attention. He who is born a poet, can be no more stripped of the glorious garb with which his spirit is invested, than he can of his human nature. The mind that has a clear apprehension, a vigorous grasp, and which unites to these qualities those of patience and industry, will go on increasing in strength, whether it be employed on natural or moral speculations, whether working in solitude or in the hurry of the world, or on whatever subject it begins its labour. All it has to do is to preserve its activity, to be constantly exerting its power and energy on the things which are presented to it, and which may be illustrated or bettered by its action. It was thus that the greatest men of old were at once poets and philosophers; that they were bold and patriotic citizens as well as writers; that in our own era, Milton, and others bearing the seal of genius on their souls, poured from their free hearts an eloquence that was mighty in strength, as the shout of a risen multitude, and an eloquence also that seemed sweet and harmonious, as the song of an angel. And, according to the same principle it was that Daniel De Foe passed the early and most active part of his life in the study of politics, but ended his career in the composition of works which render him famous for the beauty and fertility of his invention.

No literary biography can be more interesting in this respect than that of De Foe. It furnishes us with one of the best proofs that could be given of the independence of the human mind, and of that principle in its nature to remain unchanged, though its employments may be varied, to which we have alluded. The celebrated man to whose memoirs these observations refer, was the son of a respectable butcher, who resided for many years in the parish of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, where he obtained sufficient property to retire from business, and where his son, Daniel, was born in the year 1661. The proper name of the family was Foe, the De being an addition made by Daniel, but for what cause is not fully known. His parents were very strict Non-conformists, and distinguished for their piety and their devotion to the opinions they professed. From them he derived that veneration for religion, which formed so striking a part of his character in after life; and from his early association with the most fervent supporters of the Independents, his determined and ceaseless zeal in their defence. His education, which he received in his early years, was conducted at home, and under the eye of his parents, according to the usual custom of the Non-conformists of that period; but when he was about fourteen, they sent him to an academy at Newington Green, which was under the superintendence of a Mr. Morton, a distinguished Independent minister.

Our author was characterized in his youth by great liveliness and buoyancy of spirits, but his love of sport did not prevent his making great progress in learning; and it is reported, from one of

his own papers, that he had obtained an acquaintance with five languages,—with theology, mathematics, natural philosophy, logic, geography, and history. Political science, also, appears to have been an important object with his tutor; and it is not improbable that the spirit with which he, at an early period of his life, entered into public controversy, was in some measure derived from Mr. Morton's plan of education.

It was the intention of Daniel's parents that he should enter the ministry, but, for some unstated cause, he took a contrary line of occupation, concerning which he thus expresses himself, in one of his reviews:—'It is not often that I trouble you with any of my divinity; the pulpit is none of my office. It was my disaster first to be set apart for, and then to be set apart from, the honour of that sacred employ.' The business to which he devoted himself has not been exactly determined. He is mentioned, in several cotemporary publications, as a hosier; and Mr. Wilson supposes him to have been a hose-factor, which seems to be probable, and in some measure explains the mystery of his first entrance upon the world. But it was at about the age of twenty-one he commenced his literary career. His first publication is said to have been on the war between the Turks and the Emperor of Austria; but that which occasioned most attention was a satire against Roger L'Estrange, who had lately published his "Guide to the Inferior Clergy." This lampoon bore the singular title of '*Speculum Crape-Gownorum;* or a Looking-glass for the Young Academicks, new Foyl'd. With Reflections on some of the late high-flown Sermons: to which is added an Essay towards a Sermon of the newest fashion. By a Guide to the Inferior Clergie. Ridentem discere verum quis, vetat? London: printed for E. Rydal, 1682. 4to. pp. 34.' The former part of this long and curious title was in allusion to the crape gowns worn by the lower orders of the clergy, and one of the effects of the publication was the disuse of the habit, which furnished the author with a cognomen for his book.

When the insurrection in favour of the Duke of Monmouth took place, De Foe, who was then four-and-twenty, joined his party. On the discomfiture of the insurgents, he had the good fortune to escape the destruction which reached so many; and he is shortly after found settled in business, in Freeman's Court, Cornhill. In 1687-8, he claimed his freedom by right of birth, and was registered as Daniel Foe. His present biographer ascribes this discovery to the industrious Mr. Chalmers, who says—"I was led to those discoveries by observing that De Foe had voted at an election for a representative of London, whence I inferred that he must have been a citizen, either by birth or service." In one of his reviews, published July 21, 1711, he says, that he was a freeman by birth, and had been near thirty years a liveryman of the city.

The reign of James the Second, and the great events which followed his abdication, furnished subjects, in which men of active minds found ample matter for speculation. They were adapted to call forth talents of every variety. Politics were closely connected with theology; and the doctrines, on which only doctors and school-men were formerly employed, entered into the discussions of men of business and calculating citizens. De Foe was well fitted, both by his education and the natural turn of his mind, to shine at such a period. He was enthusiastic in the cause of public liberty—he was devoted to the interests of the sect in which he had been brought up—he had studied theology with the industry of a divine, and was acquainted with every question, in all its bearings, which was agitated among his countrymen. He entered, therefore, with more zeal and ability into the controversies of the age, than most of the disputants engaged in that hot warfare of wit and reason. We cannot follow his progress as a political writer, but must refer for a very ample account given of his productions, to the excellent memoir of Mr. Wilson, who has very judiciously abstracted the sum and substance of most of his pamphlets. When the Revolution occurred De Foe is mentioned as residing at Tooting, in Surrey, where he was a conspicuous man among the Dissenters there, and formed them into a regular congregation. He is supposed, however, to have been still carrying on his business as a hosier in London, and to have retained his agency house in Cornhill.

The accession of William and Mary, the Toleration Act, and other popular procedures, were hailed by De Foe with the most ardent expressions of patriotism, and he enlisted himself among the defenders of all the measures pursued by the new monarch, in opposition to the party which still supported the cause of the fugitive James. But about the year 1692, he was busily engaged in his mercantile pursuits; and to forward his interests in that respect, he made a voyage to Spain, and other parts of the continent; but, to use his own emphatic language, 'a wit turned tradesman! no apron-strings will hold him; 'tis in vain to lock him in behind the counter, he's gone in a moment. Instead of journal and ledger, he runs away to his Virgil and Horace; his journal entries are all Pindaricks, and his ledger is all heroicks. He is truly dramatic from one end to the other, through the whole scene of his trade: and as the first part is all comedy, so the two last acts are always made up with tragedy; a statute of bankrupt is his *exeunt omnes*, and he generally speaks the epilogue in the Fleet Prison or the Mint.' The fact appears to be, that his literary pursuits engrossed all the best faculties of his mind, while those of commerce employed only his looser thoughts. He also loved the society of men like himself, devoted to speculation, and passed in their company much of the time which was required for business. The consequence was, that in 1692, he was obliged to evade the pursuit of his creditors by flight. The account given of his failure is very curious,

and serves well to illustrate the state of the commercial world at the time the circumstance occurred.

'In allusion to his misfortunes, Mr. Chalmers observes, "With the usual imprudence of superior genius, he was carried by his vivacity into companies who were gratified by his wit. He spent those hours with a small society for the cultivation of polite learning, which he ought to have employed in the calculations of the counting-house; and being obliged to abscond from his creditors in 1692, he naturally attributed those misfortunes to the war, which were probably owing to his own misconduct. An angry creditor took out a commission of bankruptcy, which was soon superseded on the petition of those to whom he was most indebted, who accepted a composition on his single bond. This he punctually paid by the efforts of unwearied diligence. But some of these creditors who had been thus satisfied, falling afterwards into distress themselves, De Foe voluntarily paid them their whole claim, being then in rising circumstances from King William's favour. This is such an example of honesty," adds Mr. Chalmers, "as it would be unjust to De Foe and to the world to conceal." The amount for which he failed cannot now be ascertained; but it must have been considerable, and shews that he was no petty-trader. Being reproached by Lord Haversham for mercenariness, he tells him, in 1705, that "With a numerous family, and no help but his own industry, he had forced his way with undiscouraged diligence through a sea of misfortunes, and reduced his debts, exclusive of composition, from seventeen thousand to less than five thousand pounds."

'It deserves to be remembered, that at the time when our author fell into misfortune, the laws against bankrupts were much more severe than they are at present; insomuch that it was a matter of some hazard for a man to surrender to his creditors, unless there had been some previous understanding for a composition. "The cruelty of our laws against debtors," says De Foe, "without distinction of honest or dishonest, is the shame of our nation. I am persuaded, the honestest man in England, when by necessity he is compelled to break, will early fly out of the kingdom rather than submit. To stay here—this is the consequence: as soon as he breaks, he is proscribed as a criminal, and has thirty to sixty days to surrender both himself and all that he has to his creditors. If he fails to do it, he has nothing before him but the gallows, without benefit of clergy; if he surrenders, he is not sure but he shall be thrown into gaol for life by the commissioners, only on pretence that they doubt his oath. What must a man do? If he carries away his effects he is a knave, and cheats his creditors; if he stays here, he is starved in a gaol, and must end his days by a lingering death. It is certainly the interest of the creditor, that when a debtor has failed, he should come and throw himself into the creditors' hands, and there be safe." In arguing the subject some years afterwards, De Foe observes, with equal judgment and shrewdness, "Sometimes I was apt to suggest the following important trifles, viz., That a prison paid no debts; that the more a bankrupt spent, the less he had left; and that the less he had, the less the creditors would have at last; that he who had nothing to pay, could pay nothing; and that to keep a man in perpetual prison for debt, was murthering men by law."

'The foregoing extracts will serve to shelter the character of De Foe from any dishonourable imputation in absconding from his creditors; a step which he thought himself justified in taking during the negocia-

tion for an amicable settlement, in order that he might escape the horrors of a dungeon.

'Although the habits of De Foe were but little suited to those of trade, it is probable that other circumstances contributed to his insolvency. He seems to have fallen into an error, by no means uncommon to persons in business, that of extending their trade beyond their capital. "I think I may safely advance, without danger of reprehension," says he, "there are more people ruined in England by over-trading, than for want of trade; and I would, from my own unhappy experience, advise all men in trade to set a due compass to their ambition. Credit is a gulph which is easy to fall into, hard to get out of. Caution, therefore, is the best advice that can be given to a young tradesman; and moderation is a useful virtue in trade as well as in politics." In another place he observes, "the richer the tradesman is, the bolder he is apt to be in his adventures, not being to be so easily wounded by a loss. But, as the gamester is tempted to throw again to retrieve the past loss, so one adventure in trade draws in another, till at last comes a capital loss, which weakens the stock, and wounds the reputation: and thus by one loss coming in the neck of another, the tradesman is first made desperate, in his desperation ventures his all, and so is at once undone. If any man should be so ill-natured as to tell me I speak too feelingly upon this part of the subject, though it may not be the kindest thing he could have said to a poor author, yet it may not be the worse for the argument. An old sailor, that has split upon a sunk rock, and has lost his ship, is not the worse man to make a pilot of for that coast; on the contrary, he is in particular able to guide those that come after him, to shun the dangers of that unhappy place."'—pp. 212—215.

Another cause for his failure is said to have been the imprudent manner in which he allowed persons to involve themselves in his debt, or rather the little hold which creditors had at the time on the knavish part of their defaulters. The Mint, in Southwark, was a legal sanctuary to the most mischievous members of society, and secure there from the reach of justice, they bid defiance to the tradesmen whom they had defrauded. Projectors and usurers helped to accelerate his ruin; but he bore his misfortunes with magnanimity, and as soon as his affairs mended, paid, not only the composition which he had been allowed to make, but the total sums which he was indebted to the several persons with whom he had been connected.

On his affairs being settled, he removed to Tilbury, where he was occupied in superintending the Pantile Works; but this speculation also failed, to his great loss. He was, however, about this time so fortunate as to obtain an appointment under government; and his first and most celebrated poetical publication, 'The True-born Englishman,' introduced him still further to the notice of the Court. King William sent for him to the palace, and rewarded him by employing his services in some important but secret transactions. 'How this poem,' says he, speaking of the affair, 'was the occasion of my being known to His Majesty; how I was afterwards received by him; how employed; and how, above my capacity of

deserving, rewarded, is no part of the present case; and is only mentioned here, as I take all occasions to do, for expressing the honour I ever preserved for the immortal and glorious memory of that greatest and best of princes, and whom it was my honour and advantage to call master, as well as sovereign; whose goodness to me I never forget; and whose memory I never patiently heard abused, nor ever can do so; and who, had he lived, would never have suffered me to be treated as I have been in the world.'

Had William lived, De Foe would have risen, it is probable, to a conspicuous station in public life, or would, at least, have obtained a situation which would secure his influence over the affairs of the country. At the death of the king he was residing at Hackney, where he lived for many years, and in the register of which parish are found the names of several of his children.

Passing over a few minor occurrences, we come to a most important circumstance in De Foe's life—the publication of his celebrated work, the 'Shortest Way with the Dissenters.' This famous satire was a grave, but ironical piece of advice to the high-church party, and was written in such a style, that it was some time before either side discovered the author's drift. He complained bitterly of the stupidity which prevented his meaning from being at once understood; but it is not quite clear to us that he handled his weapon with so much neatness and dexterity as he has had credit for. A satire must be somewhere deficient, if it be not at once felt; and irony oversteps its mark, when it can be easily mistaken by a great variety of persons for sober earnestness. The minds of men, at the period when the 'Shortest Way with the Dissenters' was published, were fully prepared for an extravagancy of conduct very little above that which is described in the satire; and it wanted, therefore, a sharpness which could have been at once felt, to produce the convulsion which De Foe looked for from his production. Both parties, as it was, mistook for a long time his intention; but the moment it was discovered, he became subjected to the most violent persecution. He was apprehended, tried at the Old Bailey for the libel, and sentenced, after having been persuaded to throw himself on the queen's mercy, to stand three times in the pillory, pay a fine of two hundred marks, be imprisoned during the queen's pleasure, and find securities for seven years. This punishment, however, was converted into a popular triumph, and he published a 'Hymn to the Pillory,' in which he celebrated both the occasion of his intended disgrace, and the circumstances which led to it. In Newgate he continued his literary and political pursuits with unabated vigour, and during his captivity projected his famous periodical, entitled 'The Review,' which commenced in 1704, and served for many years as a vehicle for his sentiments.

'The first number of the REVIEW was published Saturday, February 19th, 1704, under the title of 'A Weekly Review of the Affairs of France. Purged from the Errors and Partiality of News-writers and Petty-States-

men, of all sides.' It was at first a weekly publication, and continued so through eight numbers; after which, it was published twice a week, on Tuesdays and Saturdays. The original size was a whole sheet, or eight quarto pages; but after the fourth number, it was reduced to a half-sheet, the publishers having discovered that they were likely to become losers by the concern. "The necessities of the trade," say they, "compel us to this alteration; the publishers of this paper honestly declaring, that while they make it a whole sheet, they get nothing by it; and though the author is very free to give the world his labours for God's sake, they don't find it for their convenience to give their paper and print away." It seems to have been a joint property between the author, printer, and publisher. Before the alteration, the cheapness of the work, it being published at the low price of one penny, occasioned an imposition upon the public; for "the common sellers of News, from the unusual size, and general success of the paper, took occasion to impose upon the world, and sell it for two-pence." The paper was now printed in double columns, and by means of a smaller type and fuller page, as much matter was crowded into it as formerly. When it had been published about four months, the author was solicited to produce it three times a week, in reply to which, "he thanks the gentlemen for their approbation of his work; and is very willing to oblige them; but, as he assures them again, he has all along wrote it without profit, or any manner of gain whatsoever, so he is not able to spare so much more of his time from other needful studies, as such a thing would oblige him to."

'The opening number contains a sort of *exposé* of the author's design, which was primarily to present the public with a correct account of foreign events, in opposition to those writers who delude the world with false notions of things, and possess the nation with improbable and inconsistent stories of events that never take place. In the course of the work, he intended to give a complete history of France, and more particularly of the rise and fall of the Protestant religion in that kingdom; together with an authentic statement of the events of the war, with a view to undeceive those who were misled by the mis-statements of party writers, whose object was to undervalue the power of France, because she was our enemy. "As to our brethren of the worshipful company of News-writers, Fellows of Scribbler's College, Students in Politics, and Professors of Contradiction, let them please to be careful not to impose absurdities and contradictions in their weekly papers, and they shall meet with no ill treatment: But if they tell a lye that a man may feel with his foot, and not only proclaim their folly but their knavery; if they banter religion, sport with things sacred, and dip their pens in blasphemy, our *Scandalous Club* is a new Corporation, enacted on purpose to make inquisition of such matters, and will treat them but scurvily as they deserve.—Not that the author thinks it worth while to take up your hours always to tell you how your pockets are picked, and your senses imposed upon; but only now and then, where 'tis a little grosser than ordinary. For the body of this paper, we shall endeavour to fill it with truth of fact, and not improper reflections The stories we tell you shall be true, and our observations as near as we can, shall be just; and both shall study the reader's profit and diversion."

'In order to give the reader an idea of the execution of the work, as well as to justify the character before given of it, we shall present him

with a brief abstract of its contents; and the rather, as it is now so difficult to be met with.

'A considerable portion of the first volume is devoted to foreign politics, more particularly the power and grandeur of the French monarchy, for the reduction of which, within reasonable limits, the principal nations of Europe were then embarked in an expensive war. In estimating the power and resources of France, which had attained their summit under Louis XIV., he was anxious to guard his countrymen against the folly of despising such an enemy. "Our ancient English historians," says he, "have always spoken of the French with a great deal of contempt, and the English nation has been apt enough to have very mean thoughts of them from tradition, as an effeminate nation. This, I am apt to believe, proceeds from the uninterrupted victories which our ancestors obtained over them, in the reigns of our Edwards and Henrys. But, whatever the French were in former days, however effeminate their kings or people, it must be owned the case is altered; and we find them to our loss, a bold, adventurous, wise, politick, and martial people. Nor am I afraid that anybody shall suspect me of a design to magnify the enemy, in order to discourage friends, and undervalue my native country. They will make a much better improvement of my account of the French greatness, who quicken their preparations, and double their endeavours."'—vol. ii. pp. 205—208.

While still in prison, De Foe collected his writings, which had been pirated by different publishers, and printed a volume of his Miscellanies some time after; after which he obtained his liberty, through the friendship of one or two powerful men, whose exertions are thus commemorated by him:

'In the interval of these things, and during the heat of the first fury of high-flying, I fell a sacrifice for writing against the rage and madness of that high party, and in the service of the Dissenters. What justice I met with, and above all, what mercy, is too well known to need a repetition. This introduction is made that it may bring me to what has been the foundation of all my further concern in public affairs, and will produce a sufficient reason for my adhering to those whose obligations upon me were too strong to be resisted, even when many things were done by them which I could not approve; and for this reason it is that I think it necessary to distinguish how far I did or did not adhere to, or join in or with the persons or conduct of the late government: and those who are willing to judge with impartiality and charity, will see reason to use me the more tenderly in their thoughts, when they weigh the particulars.

'I will make no reflections upon the treatment I met with from the people I suffered for, or how I was abandoned even in my sufferings, at the same time that they acknowledged the service I had been to their cause; but I must mention it to let you know, that while I lay friendless and distressed in the prison of Newgate, my family ruined, and myself without hope of deliverance, a message was brought me from a person of honour, who, till that time, I had never had the least acquaintance with, or knowledge of, other than by fame, or by sight, as we know men of quality by seeing them on public occasions. I gave no present answer to the person who brought it, having not duly weighed the import of the

message. The message was by word of mouth thus: "Pray, ask that gentleman what I can do for him?" But in return to this kind and generous message, I immediately took my pen and ink, and writ the story of the blind man in the gospel, who followed our Saviour, and to whom our blessed Lord put the question, "What will thou that I should do unto thee?" Who, as if he had made it strange that such a question should be asked, or as if he had said, Lord, dost thou see that I am blind, and yet ask me what thou shall do for me? My answer is plain in my misery, *Lord, that I may receive my sight.* I needed not to make the application. And from this time, although I lay four months in prison after this, and heard no more of it, yet from this time, as I learned afterwards, this noble person made it his business to have my case represented to her Majesty, and methods taken for my deliverance. I mention this part, because I am no more to forget the obligation upon me to the Queen, than to my first benefactor.

'When her Majesty came to have the truth of the case laid before her, I soon felt the effects of her royal goodness and compassion. And first, her Majesty declared, That she left all that matter to a certain person, and did not think he would have used me in such manner. Her Majesty was pleased particularly to inquire into my circumstances and family, and by my Lord-treasurer Godolphin, to send a considerable supply to my wife and family, and to send me the prison money to pay my fine, and the expences of my discharge. Whether this be a just foundation let my enemies judge.

'Gratitude and fidelity are inseparable from an honest man. But, to be thus obliged by a stranger, by a man of quality and honour, and after that by the sovereign under whose administration I was suffering, let any one put himself in my stead, and examine upon what principles I could ever act against either such a Queen, or such a benefactor; and what must my own heart reproach me with, what blushes must have covered my face when I had looked in, and called myself ungrateful to him that saved me thus from distress? Or her that fetched me out of the dungeon, and gave my family relief? Let any man who knows what principles are, what engagements of honour and gratitude are, make this case his own, and say what I could have done less or more than I have done.'—vol. ii. pp. 274—276.

The enemy mentioned above was the Earl of Nottingham, but his opposition did not avail, and De Foe was released, and removed immediately to Bury St. Edmunds, which he calls 'the Montpelier of Suffolk.' The free expression of his sentiments continued to produce various effects upon his situation. He sometimes triumphed, and was at others on the point of falling under the threatened vengeance of his enemies; but in 1706 he fell into trouble, on account of his former unsettled circumstances; and on being freed from the distress into which the occurrence threw him, he repaired to Scotland, and entered warmly into the questions which regarded the union of that country with England. After the establishment of the Union, he returned to London, and obtained the favour of Lord Godolphin; but we again find him more than once in Scotland, the affairs of which occupied a large share of his attention. A period of violent political

and theological struggles followed, and De Foe appeared foremost in the ranks of the controversialists. He was again thrown into Newgate, but speedily obtained his release, and again proceeded to the charge with unabated resolution. He continued this active warfare against the opposers of his opinions till the year 1715, when his political career drew to a close. The distresses, ill-treatment, and anxieties which he had suffered, had considerably affected his constitution, and a stroke of apoplexy left him exhausted of those quick animal spirits which urged him forward into the hurly-burly of politics, but made no impression on that noble and thoughtful spirit, which was subsequently used to produce so many valuable demonstrations of its activity.

He began his new occupation as a moral writer by the publication of a 'Family Instructor,' which was followed by two or three works written in his old style; but in 1719, appeared that most admirable of all fictitious compositions, 'Robinson Crusoe.' Like "Paradise Lost," it was rejected by most of the booksellers, but produced to William Taylor, the publisher who purchased it, a clear profit of a thousand pounds. The success which attended it was remarkable, and in three months the author wrote a second part, which was disposed of to the same person. Among the criticisms on this celebrated book, which are quoted by Mr. Wilson, the following, by Charles Lamb, as it has not before appeared, will be read with pleasure.

'In the appearances of truth, in all the incidents and conversations that occur in them, they exceed any works of fiction that I am acquainted with. It is perfect illusion. The author never appears in these self-narratives (for so they ought to be called, or rather auto-biographies) but the narrator chains us down to an implicit belief in every thing he says. There is all the minute detail of a log-book in it. Dates are painfully pressed upon the memory. Facts are repeated over and over in varying phrases, till you cannot chuse but believe them. It is like reading evidence in a court of Justice. So anxious the story-teller seems that the truth should be clearly comprehended, that when he has told us a matter of fact, or a motive, in a line or two further down he repeats it, with his favourite figure of speech, *I say*, so and so, though he had made it abundantly plain before. This is in imitation of the common people's way of speaking, or rather of the way in which they are addressed by a master or mistress, who wishes to impress something upon their memories, and has a wonderful effect upon matter-of-fact readers. Indeed, it is to such principally that he writes. His style is every where beautiful, but plain and homely. *Robinson Crusoe* is delightful to all ranks and classes; but it is easy to see, that it is written in a phraseology peculiarly adapted to the lower conditions of readers. Hence, it is an especial favourite with sea-faring men, poor boys, servant maids, &c. His novels are capital kitchen-reading, while they are worthy, from their interest, to find a shelf in the libraries of the wealthiest and most learned. His passion for matter-of-fact narrative, sometimes betrayed him into a long relation of common incidents, which might happen to any man, and have no interest beyond the intense

appearance of truth in them, to recommend them. The whole latter half, or two thirds, of 'Colonel Jack' is of this description. The beginning of *Colonel Jack* is the most affecting natural picture of a young thief, that was ever drawn. His losing the stolen money in the hollow tree, and finding it again when in despair; and then being in equal distress at not knowing how to dispose of it, and several similar touches in the early history of the Colonel, evince a deep knowledge of human nature; and putting out of question the superior romantic interest of the latter, in my mind very much exceeds Crusoe. *Roxana* (first edition) is the next in interest, though he left out the best part of it in subsequent editions, from a foolish hyper-criticism of his friend Southerne. But *Moll Flanders*, the account of the *Plague*, &c. &c., are all of one family, and have the stamp of character.'

The enemies of De Foe lost no time in endeavouring to destroy the reputation which he was so rapidly gaining, and shortly after the appearance of the work, a publication was announced, bearing the title of 'The Life and surprising Adventures of Mr. D— De F—, of London, hosier, who has lived above fifty years by himself in the kingdom of North and South Britain, the various shapes he has appeared in, and the discoveries he has made for the benefit of his country; in a Dialogue between him, Robinson Crusoe, and his man Friday; with remarks, serious and comical, upon the Life of Crusoe. London: printed for J. Roberts; 1719.' This production was a dull and stupid attempt at satire, and produced no effect on De Foe's reputation. The same fate attended the other assaults of his enemies, and his fame rapidly increased, in spite of all their unfair and dastardly allusions to his misfortunes. The sentiments of Mr. Chalmers, and of De Foe himself, on the practice of bringing the private circumstances of authors forward, to prejudice their literary reputation, are properly cited by our biographer in this place. "He who had been struck with apoplexy," says the former, "and who was now discountenanced by power, was no fit object of any Englishman's satire;" and the latter, in speaking of the manner in which he managed his satires, says, that 'he never reproached any man for his private infirmities, for having his house burnt, his ships cast away, or his family ruined; nor had he ever lampooned any one, because he could not pay his debts, or differed in judgment from him.'

It was a distinguishing part of De Foe's literary character, that he always desired to convert his labours into a vehicle of sound public instruction. To add, therefore, to the interest with which Robinson Crusoe was read, a power of being useful, he published his work, entitled 'Serious Reflections during the Life and surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, with his Vision of the Angelic World; written by Himself.' In the preface he says, that 'the present work is not merely the product of the two first volumes, but the two first volumes may rather be called the product of this; the fable is always made for the moral, not the moral for the fable.' His observation on the nature of the work alto-

gether is very ingenuous, and an excellent piece of criticism: 'The story,' says he, 'though allegorical, is also historical; is the beautiful representation of a life of unexampled misfortunes, and of a variety not to be met with in the world; sincerely adapted to, and intended for the common good of mankind, and designed at first, as it is now farther applied, to the most serious uses possible. Farther, that there is a man alive, and well known too, the actions of whose life are the subject of these volumes, and to whom all, or most part of the story, most directly alludes.'

In speaking of the controversy which was set on foot respecting the originality of Robinson Crusoe, Mr. Wilson observes, that the story was probably founded on the narrative of Selkirk, the sailor, which had been published in different forms seven years before the appearance of De Foe's work; but he amply proves that the alleged acquaintance of the author with any part of Selkirk's diary, was altogether untrue, and his claim to originality is fully vindicated. We must refer our readers to the interesting observations made by the biographer on this subject, and also to his detail of the other works published by De Foe, which is very full and curious. The observations, however, on his account of the plague, are too ingenious to be passed over.

'The propriety of such an alliance between history and fiction, more especially when so managed as to impose upon the most unwary reader, has been called in question, and perhaps will scarcely admit of a satisfactory defence. Yet, who would sacrifice the "Memoirs of a Cavalier," or the "Journal of the Plague Year," to be disenchanted of so pleasing a delusion? De Foe well knew, that a dry detail of circumstances collected from the Bills of Mortality and the Pamphlets of the day, would interest none but an antiquarian, the subject being of too repulsive a nature to invite general attention. By personating a citizen of London, who lived in the midst of the contagion, and was a spectator of the scenes he describes, he not only secured credit for his narrative, but was enabled to enliven it with numerous stories of probable occurrence, and with picturesque descriptions of the agitated feelings of the people. These, with the moral reflections which would naturally occur to persons in so distressing a situation, combine to render a story, in itself forbidding, not only readable, but highly attractive. The plain matter-of-fact style of the author, his undeviating simplicity, his well-timed lectures upon the uncertainty of life, and the air of serious piety that he communicates to his subject, concur not only to fix the attention of the reader, but to put into motion all the sympathies of his nature. As De Foe was a mere child when the calamity happened, he could have no personal knowledge of the matters he has recorded. But the feelings arising from so awful a visitation would not subside suddenly. It would continue to be the talk of those who witnessed it for years afterwards, so that he must have been familarized with the subject from his childhood; and as curiosity is most alive, and the impressions strongest at that period, there can be no doubt that he treasured up many things in his memory, from the report of his parents and others, which he converted into useful materials as they passed through the

operation of his own lively fancy. As it was a subject rendered peculiarly seasonable by the recent plague at Marseilles, so it was one that afforded him a fine opportunity for indulging in those religious feelings which it was so well calculated to awaken. De Foe is never so much at home as when he is inviting men to repentance and reformation; yet, he never goes out of his way for the purpose, but seizes upon incidents as they arise, and are calculated by their nature to give effect to his admonitions.

'The work that has given rise to the foregoing remarks, bears the following title: "A Journal of the Plague Year: being Observations or Memorials of the most remarkable Occurrences, as well public as private, which happened in London during the last great Visitation in 1665. Written by a Citizen, who continued all the while in London. Never made public before. London: printed for E. Nutt, at the Royal Exchange; J. Roberts, in Warwick-Lane; A. Dodd, without Temple-Bar; and J. Graves, in St. James's-Street. 1722." 8vo. pp. 287. This first edition of the work is amongst the scarcest of De Foe's pieces, and when brought to market, bears a high price. In the subsequent editions the title is altered. The second was published by F. and J. Noble, in 1754, and is called "The History of the Great Plague in London, in the year 1665. Containing Observations, &c. To which is added, A Journal of the Plague at Marseilles, in the year 1720." 8vo. A third edition was published by the same booksellers in 1769. It was also printed in Ballantyne's collection of De Foe's novels: and lastly, for John Offer, in Newgate-Street, 1819. 8vo. Of the plague at Marseilles, De Foe does not treat in his own work; but, being a kindred subject, an abstract of it has been appended to subsequent editions. Those, however, who wish the best information upon this subject, must read the excellent work of Mons. Bertrand, of which there is an English translation by Miss Plumtree, containing, amidst other interesting matters, a record of the good deeds of Henry de Belzune, the renowned bishop of Marseilles.

'Of the plague in London, the only authentic accounts published at the time, were those of Dr. Hodges and Dr. Sydenham; but they are chiefly of a professional nature, and contain few historical facts. A work of more general interest, is that of Thomas Vincent, entitled "God's Terrible Voice in the City," published in 1667. The author was one of those noble-minded men who remained at their post during the calamity, administering to the relief of the sufferers. In the house where he resided, three persons were cut off, yet he escaped the infection.

'The recent distemper at Marseilles occasioned the revival of those pieces, and the publication of others, and no doubt suggested to De Foe the idea of his present work. It was his peculiar talent to seize upon any popular subject, and convert it, by his inimitable genius, into a fruitful source of amusement and instruction. From his History of the Plague, notwithstanding its fictitious origin, we may derive more information, than from all the other publications upon the subject put together. He has collected all the facts attending the rise, progress, and termination of the malady, an accurate report of the number of deaths as published by authority, a faithful account of the regulations adopted to arrest and mitigate its fury, and numerous cases of infection, whether real or imaginary. But that which imparts life to the whole, and forms its distinguishing feature, is its descriptive imagery. The author's object is not so much to detail the

deadly consequences of the disorder, as to delineate its effects upon the frighted minds of the inhabitants. These are depicted with all the genuine pathos of nature without any aim at effect, but with the ease and simplicity of real life. The numerous incidents that follow in rapid succession, fraught as they are with human misery, present, at the same time, an accurate picture of life and manners in the metropolis, at the period referred to. The style and dress, the language and ideas, are exactly those of a citizen of London at the latter end of the 17th century. It is an observation of a great modern writer, that "had he not been the author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' De Foe would have deserved immortality for the genius which he has displayed in this work." It is well known to have furnished the machinery for a poem of great merit, published at Edinburgh in 1816, and entitled "The City of the Plague;" by John Wilson, now Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, and author of many other esteemed works.'—vol. iii. pp. 513—517.

De Foe's troubles continued to the end of his life. He appears to have enjoyed a temporary tranquillity, and the sunshine of prosperity, for some time after the publication of Robinson Crusoe; but it is mentioned, that about the year 1730 he was again suffering under distressed circumstances, and was thrown into jail for debt. His confinement, however, is supposed to have been speedily terminated, but his affairs were still unsettled, his health every day declining, and his mind agitated by the ungrateful conduct of his son. This last circumstance is supposed by Mr. Wilson to have completed the ruin of his constitution. His mind from thenceforth became fixed on the contemplation of his latter end; and he comforted, as well as strengthened himself, by meditations on the nature of death and eternity. Some doubt exists as to the precise time of his dissolution, but the most probable account is, that it happened on the 24th of April, 1731, and in about the seventieth year of his age.

We have given this brief sketch of a life varied by circumstances of the deepest and most general interest, and we refer to Mr. Wilson's excellent narrative, as deserving to be ranked among the best and most standard works of English biography. He has collected a vast mass of valuable information, his observations are sensible and acute, and his general historical abstracts highly useful and important. De Foe was one of the most conspicuous of political writers during times of great excitement. His works are the best picture that could be given of the state of parties, when party spirit raged with the greatest violence; and Mr. Wilson is the first biographer who has undertaken to afford an account sufficiently full and exact, of De Foe's life, to render the memoir valuable, both to political and literary readers.

ART. II.—*Conversations on Vegetable Physiology; comprehending the Elements of Botany, with their Application to Agriculture.* By the Author of "Conversations on Chemistry," &c. &c. 2 vols. 12mo. (plates). London: Longman and Co. 1829.

SUMMER is not so indispensable, as many may imagine, for the practical study of Botany (we mean philosophical botany), which can be pursued with no less interest when the flowers are withered and the leaves are fallen, than in the season so beautifully described by Solomon, when "lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come." We shall, for the present, then, leave it to sentimentalists to draw up pretty comparisons between the departed summer and the decay of human life—between the sunshine, that gladdens the face of nature in spring, and the light that sparkles in the eye of youth; while we look a little into the no less interesting, though more profound analogy, which may be traced by philosophy between the growth and decay of animals and plants.

Why do the leaves fall in autumn? Why does our hair fall off in old age? Why do old trees appear furrowed with cracks, and the skin of aged persons dry, withered, and wrinkled? These are questions, which we conceive to be of considerable moment, and though we do not pretend to be able to resolve all the difficulties which they involve, we shall endeavour so far to raise the veil which conceals them from those who have not studied the subject.

It is the common opinion, we believe, that leaves fall because they are injured by the increasing cold, in consequence of which they wither, die, and fall from the tree; but this notion will at once appear ill-founded and erroneous, when it is recollected that the mere death of a leaf is not sufficient to cause its fall, for when branches are struck by lightning, killed by a bleak wind, or die through any similar cause, the dead leaves do not fall, but adhere as tenaciously to the dead branch, nay, sometimes more so, than when it was in full growth. In order to produce the natural fall of the leaf, it is indispensable that the tree continue healthy; and that cold is not the only cause, we infer from the fact, that some trees begin to lose their leaves as early as August, when the temperature is as high, and occasionally higher, than in July; while September, again, is usually as warm, at least as May, and in some seasons as warm as June. That cold accelerates the fall of leaves, however, we must admit, for a sharp night's frost, in October, or the beginning of November, is certain to produce, on the ensuing day, most copious showers of leaves. M. Sprengel, one of the most eminent botanists in Europe, says, he can find no other cause for the periodical change of the budding and falling of leaves, than the irritability of the plants, which, having been exposed for a length of time to the stimulus of light and heat, is at

length exhausted, as in all the higher organized beings, the vital activity acts periodically. External accidents, he adds, have indeed an influence upon these phenomena, but the weathering of the seasons cannot be the only cause of this change, since in hot houses and green-houses, we see that tropical plants, which enjoy the same heat and nourishment during the whole year, yet undergo this periodical change.* We recollect, also, that Professor Thunberg mentions that European trees, grown in the southern hemisphere, cast their leaves at the approach of winter there, which is about the same period of the year that they put forth in their own climate.† We cannot select a better specimen of the work before us, than the account which the authoress has given of the leaves, premising, that she tells us that she derived most of her knowledge on the subject, from attending the lectures of the celebrated De Candolle, at Geneva.

'Leaves are usually deciduous, that is to say, last but one season: there are but few exceptions of plants whose leaves last two, three, and sometimes as long as four years. Evergreens change their leaves annually, and the plant remains green only because the young leaves appear before the old ones decay.

'*Emily.*—Is it not singular that the leaves of evergreens should wither and fall in spring, when the weather becomes warm, the sap most bundant, and vegetation in full vigour?

'*Mrs B.*—A leaf withers when the vessels which should bring it nourishment are no longer capable of performing that function. In autumn, the vessels of the petiole become obstructed by a deposition of hard matter, which disables them from transmitting sap, and, being no longer moistened by the passage of this fluid, they dry up and wither; while the pabulum of the leaf, consisting of an expansion of the cellular system, which is of a soft, moist nature, preserves the leaf some little time after the petiole has ceased to perform its functions.

'*Caroline.*—Like an animal deprived of sustenance, it feeds on its own fat, before it perishes.

'*Mrs. B.*—The circulation of sap in evergreens being more uniform throughout the year, the deposition of hard matter does not obstruct the passage of the sap till towards the spring, when the vigorous sap is directed towards the buds, and the old leaves drop off as the young ones expand.

'The petioles of some leaves, such as the aspen and the poplar, are flattened, and adhere less firmly to the stem; hence they tremble at every breath of wind, and fall off more readily than those of a cylindrical form.' —pp. 86—88.

Again,

'The silecious particles contained in the plant being, on the other hand, nearly insoluble, enter very little into the composition of the cambium, the greater part remaining in the leaves, where it has been deposited

* Anleit. zur Kenntn. der Gewachse.

† Thunberg's Travels, vol. i. p 104.

by the vaporating sap; and the fall of the leaf is attributed to the accumulation of this hard earthy matter, which in the course of time clogs and indurates their vessels, so as to render them impervious to the juices requisite to their vegetation. The vessels composing the petiole, in which they are so closely bound together, are more especially liable to suffer from these obstructions: unable any longer to transmit nourishment to the leaf, the petiole dries, withers, and falls off; and the plant is thus disburdened of a useless substance, the accumulation of which would be prejudicial to its growth.

'*Caroline.*—It must be confessed, that it is rather a serious remedy to destroy the organ, in order to get rid of the inconvenience with which it is afflicted.

'*Mrs. B.*—You must consider, that when Nature constructed these organs in so frail and delicate a manner, it was with the intention that they should be annually renewed: it becomes expedient, therefore, to get rid of the old leaves, in order to make way for the new ones.'—pp. 123, 124.

Again,

The accidental loss of their leaves, from whatever cause it may proceed, must be considered as a disease of plants; if it is not the effect, it is the cause of one; for when the sap rises to the branches, and finds no organs to elaborate its juices, it descends almost in the same state in which it rose, a thin crude fluid, little adapted to the nourishment of the stem and branches. Under these circumstances, its only resource is to feed and develope young shoots, which Nature intended should sprout only the following year. The sap is then elaborated in the leaves of the new shoot, is converted into cambium, and the regular circulation is restored.

'*Emily.*—How wonderfully prolific Nature is in resources to remedy any accidental interruption to her regular progress! One would almost imagine the sap to be endowed with a sort of instinct, when we find that it is no sooner disappointed in meeting with those organs requisite to its perfection, than abandoning its natural course, it busies itself in feeding and prematurely forcing into vegetation the organs which are deficient.

'*Mrs. B.*—This admirable fund of resources springs from an origin far superior to instinct. Its immediate cause is, it is true, probably either mechanical or chemical. The sap, for instance, cannot deposit the various juices required by the different organs, when a deficiency of leaves prevents these juices from being secreted. In its immature state it is, in all probability, better able to supply the elements required for the vegetation of buds; and thus the young shoots are prematurely forced into life. The mere mechanical philosopher will rest satisfied with this explanation; but if to the reflecting mind be added a feeling heart, he will discover that the beneficent Author of nature has so admirably regulated the laws by which it is governed, that they frequently find in themselves means of supplying remedies and resources against accidental contingencies.

'*Caroline.*—This is, indeed, admirable. In a work of human mechanism, however ingeniously contrived or skilfully executed, constant attention must be paid to watch and remedy any accidental defect; whilst the laws of Nature are of so perfect a description that they are stored with those remedies which the mechanist is obliged to supply.'—pp. 191—193.

This we call sound philosophy, (though not in every instance couched in popular language) and we shall follow up the same principles in the analogy, which we promised to draw between the fall of the leaf and the fall of the hair in man, either from disease or the advance of life. It is, in both cases, advancing one step beyond Sprengel's exhausted irritability, or rather Darwin's, from whom he no doubt borrowed it;* for it actually accounts for the diminution of the irritability by the obstruction of the vessels carrying fluids. Our philosophy then is, that towards the decline of life, the hair feels the influence of the general obliteration that occurs in almost all the exterior vessels. It first ceases to be supplied with colouring matter, the internal pulp dies, the external part only remains, and the hair of the head turns grey or white; that of the beard and other parts follows. This decay, however, admits of innumerable varieties, according to the freshness or falling off in individual constitutions. In some men it is observable at the age of thirty, and in rare cases even ten years earlier; in others at forty, fifty, or sixty. A multiplicity of causes, originating from the passions and affections of the mind, diseases, food, &c., will produce this premature old age, of the system, indicated by decay of the hair.

At an uncertain period after the hair has become white, it falls off; then the small bag, which contained the root, is obliterated by degrees, and finally disappears. "I have examined," says M. Bichat, "several bald heads minutely after death. The skin of the scalp was remarkably smooth on the internal surface, although it had been cleared of all fat and cellular substance; not one of the numerous prolongations formed by the ducts can possibly be traced, after the hair they contained has been removed. I have also," continues M. Bichat, "dissected a subject who had become completely bald, in consequence of a putrid fever. In this subject, all the bulbs were left perfectly unimpaired; and, in the bottom of the bulbs even the rudiments of new hair were already observable."† There is a difference, therefore, it seems, between the fall of the hair in old age, and that proceeding from disease. In the former case every thing dies, because the vessels which produce the root cease to supply it with fluids; whilst in the latter case, the hair only falls, and the bulb or root remains healthy.

The different changes which the hair, the skin, and all the exterior organs of the body undergo by age, proceeds entirely from the laws that over-rule nourishment, and not from the action of exterior bodies upon these organs. This forms an important distinction, between organic bodies and those which are inorganic. The latter have two different ways of wasting by the contact of exterior things: one mechanical, by rubbing, tearing, &c.: and another chemical, by combining with substances,—such, for instance, as air,

* See Darwin's Works, *passim*. † Bichat, Anatomie générale.

the divers principles of which admit of being combined in a thousand different ways, whence both its nature and that of the different forms it comes in contact with, are changed. All inorganic bodies grow old, in this sense of the word. After a certain time they lose their former appearance. Let us only observe our public buildings, stuffs of every description, paintings, engravings, grounds, metals, stones, &c., every thing in short which in the arts, manufactures, commerce, sciences, and necessaries of life, are composed of inert substances, whether these substances have never been animated, or having enjoyed life, could not exist without it, as the solid parts of the vegetable creation, the bones, horns, as well as the hair of animals, &c.; every thing in nature, in short, must ultimately bear the marks of the rude hand of time. Every thing grows superannuated—is stripped of its original lively appearance. Every thing outwardly decays, as well as inert organized bodies; but, as the surrounding forms only have acted in respect to the former, the inward part has still retained its youth, when the exterior is already old, if we may be allowed such expressions. Thus, we find that the massy rock, the exterior of which, blackened by time, still retains inwardly the appearance it was possessed of in the very early days of the creation; internal organs, on the contrary, both in animals and vegetables, will decay in the progress of time. Age stamps the internal as well as the external organs with marks of decay. Surrounding bodies act effectually upon us; they actually impair life, as it were, but they act as stimulants, by exhausting sensibility and contractibility, and not by combining from mechanical contact and friction. The tongue is sufficient to make this distinction obvious. At the sight of a new building, of a new dress, of a landscape newly painted, the expression of youth is never used. Why then do we say an old building, and old stuff, &c.? These expressions may pass as metaphors, but they cannot possibly express a state similar by its nature, to that of an old animal, or an old plant.

We have thus been able to trace a very close analogy between the fall of the leaf and the fall of the human hair; but in the case of cracked bark, and wrinkles in the skin, the analogy does not hold, in consequence of their different mode of growth and organization. The roughness or smoothness of the bark of a tree does not indeed depend so much upon age, as upon shelter and exposure. In the interior of woods, trees are, for the most part, stately and upright, and their bark glossy and beautiful; whereas, in open exposures they are generally stout, short, or twisted, with their bark thick, coarse, and furrowed deeply with cracks. The reason of this difference appears to be that, as trees in an open exposure increase more in girth than in height, the expanding wood distends and cracks the bark, while those in forests grow tall rather than thick, and, of course, their growth has little influence on the bark. We shall extract the account which our authoress gives of this the more readily because she has subjoined two of the most curious facts on record, with regard to the growth of trees.

'*Emily.*—But if a fresh layer of bark grows every year, why is the bark so much thinner than the wood? I should have supposed that they would have been of equal dimensions?'

'*Mrs. B.*—The outer coats of bark, when they become too hard to be further distended by the pressure of the internal layers, crack, and becoming thus exposed to the injury of the weather, fall off in pieces: it is this which produces the ruggedness of the bark of some trees. In others, the rind, though smooth, peels off, after cracking, like that of the cherry, the birch, and particularly the plane-tree. Those trees whose external coat of bark is least liable to peel off, such as the oak and the elm, become more scarred and rugged, in proportion as the tree grows older, and is longer exposed to the action of air, water, insects, and parasitical plants; sooner or later these various causes effect the destruction of the outer bark; and the other layers, as they become external and exposed to the same sources of injury, experience, in due course of time, the same fate; whilst the layers of wood, being protected and sheltered by the bark, vegetate in security.

'*Caroline.*—Yet it is not uncommon to see the trunks of very old trees in a state of total decay, whilst the bark remains uninjured.

'*Mrs. B.*—That is the case when the wood is, by any accidental circumstances, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, which it is not calculated to resist. This happens, sometimes, by the lopping or breaking off of large branches, considerable pieces of bark falling off, or any circumstance by which the rain can gain admittance to the wood.

'There are some trees whose bark is of so elastic and yielding a nature, that it does not harden for a considerable number of years. The bark of the cork tree, for instance (which is the part commonly called *cork*), does not begin to harden till after the age of seven years: care is taken to strip it off for the use of the arts before that period. The bark of the plane-tree is, on the contrary, of so hard and inflexible a texture, that it cannot expand, but splits and falls off every season. These two species of trees, the cork and the plane tree, form the two extremities in the scale of varieties of texture in the nature of bark. The cuticle or external coating of bark is not confined to the stems and branches, but spreads itself over the leaves, and every part of the surface of the plant which is of a green colour.

'*Emily.*—But the bark of trees is not of a green colour, Mrs. B.?

'*Mrs. B.*—Recollect that the cuticle is an envelope, which lasts seldom more than a twelvemonth. In those parts of a plant which are of longer duration, such as the stem and branches of trees, the cuticle decays and peels off; and its place is supplied by the epidermis, a coating formed by the desiccation of the external part of the cellular tissue which has been left exposed to the air. The epidermis, therefore, is not green.

'Aquatic plants form the only exception, these having, properly speaking, no epidermis.

'If you pass a silver wire or *blade* completely through the bark of a tree, the new internal layers, as they are annually formed, will gradually push it outward, till at length the internal coat becoming external, the wire will fall off.

'*Caroline.*—That is, no doubt, the cause why inscriptions on the bark of trees are, in the course of time, effaced: the new bark does not grow over them it is true, but growing under them, the inscription becomes dis-

tended, and when the bark gives way, it will most readily split and fall off where the inscription has already wounded it.

'*Emily.*—If, however, the inscription be made so deep as to penetrate the layers of wood, the new layers of bark, instead of injuring, will preserve it.

' *Caroline.*—But of what use will be its preservation, whilst it is so buried as to be totally lost to the sight?

' *Mrs. B.*—Buried treasures are sometimes brought to light. Adamson relates, that, in visiting Cape Verd in the year 1748, he was struck by the venerable appearance of a tree, 50 feet in circumference. He recollected having read in some old voyages an account of an inscription made in a tree thus situated. No traces of such an inscription remained, but the position of the tree having been accurately described, Adamson was induced to search for it by cutting into the tree, when, to his great satisfaction, he discovered the inscription entire, under no less a covering than three hundred layers of wood.

' *Caroline* —Three hundred years, then, had elapsed since the inscription had been made! How much he must have been gratified by the discovery:—But did not this venerable tree suffer from such deep wounds?

' *Emily.*—Probably not; for, according to the size of the tree, though he cut so deep, he was still far distant from the centre.

' *Mrs. B.*—The centre is not the most dangerous part: on the contrary, the vital part of the stem is situated between the young layers of wood and those of the bark; or perhaps the vitality may be exclusively confined to the inner coat of the bark: for if the young layer of wood be destroyed by frost, the tree suffers but little; whilst, if the inner coat of bark be frozen, the plant infallibly perishes. In the trunk of a tree which has been cut down, it is very easy to trace the effect of frost on any layer that has been injured by it, the wood appearing withered and wrinkled. Mr. De Candolle observed a frost bitten part of this description in a tree cut down in the forest of Fontainbleau in the year 1800; and, by counting the superincumbent layers of wood, he ascertained that it must have happened in the year 1709, one which was remarkable for the severity of the frost.'—vol. i. pp. 54—59.

Similar instances of the same description have been frequently observed and recorded, of substances sunk into the interior bark while it was young and soft, and afterwards covered over with new annual growths. Sir John Clark gives an account of the horn of a large deer which was found in the heart of an oak in Whinfield Park, Cumberland, fixed in the timber with large iron cramps, with which of course it had been at first fastened on the outside. (*Phil. Trans.* vol. xli. p. 448.) We are hence able to account for the occasional occurrence of beetles or other insects in the centre of a trunk, the animal having crept into an accidental cleft, and either died there, or been arrested and imprisoned by the secretion of the matter of the new inner bark, while in the torpitude of its aurelian state; and hence, also, the cause of the very wonderful phenomenon of frogs and toads being at times found in a like situation,—having in the same way been impacted in the hole or crack into which they had crept, by the glutinous fluid of the inner bark during sickness or a protracted winter sleep. Some of these are

found alive when the tree is cut down, deriving both air and nourishment enough from the surrounding vessels of the tree during their imprisonment. In the Memoirs of the Paris Academy, there is an example of a toad found in a tree, that was proved to be a century old.*

In the case of wrinkles on the human skin, according as we advance in age, the adhesion of the maternal surface of the skin to the parts subjacent, becomes much stronger; and the anatomist finds that more exertion is required to separate them. By degrees, wrinkles form upon the face. Joy and grief, operating in quick succession, are the most frequent causes of motions in the features of the infant, and are produced on every occasion, by the slightest causes. Now, the wrinkles formed upon the eye-lids by weeping, are more permanent, either because this affection is more frequent than smiling, or because the habitual winking adds to their natural motion, or again, because the parts contain less fat. As the infant is less inclined to smile than to weep, and its cheeks contain a redundant quantity of fat, the perpendicular wrinkles produced by the muscles of the face, which, in this motion, expand the features horizontally, are not so soon formed. The act of sucking, also, requires a contraction of the features, and opposes their formation. The wrinkles of the forehead are, likewise, slow in forming, owing to the motion of frowning, and contracting the eye-brows, being rare in the infant,—the age of innocence hardly admitting of being disturbed with the gloomy passions which produce these motions.

One of the chief causes of wrinkles arises from the obliteration of blood-vessels in old age, or in the premature advances of senility from dissipation or disease: for wrinkles are not so much an indication of years, as of the march of the constitution. It is palpably wrong, indeed, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, to reckon a person's age by the number of years, rather than by the marks of decay, which cannot be mistaken. If we remark the countenance of any of our friends on recovering from a course of mercury, which some bilious disorder may have rendered indispensable, our strongest language cannot picture the haggard look, the hollow eye, the wasted cheek, the bloodless and wrinkled skin, and aged-like forms of those who, in the bloom of youth, or the prime of life, have been subjected to this infallible destroyer of beauty.

Though one of the first marks of old age is a failure in the power of the stomach and liver, to prepare good blood from the food and drink taken for that purpose; yet, it may be remarked that blood can be manufactured by the stomach and liver, and of the freshest and healthiest kind too; and yet may be, in a great measure, useless, from the obstruction or obliteration of the blood vessels.—Now, this is precisely what happens in advanced years, or primi-

* Memoires de l'Academie des Sciences, Paris pour 1731, p. 24.

tive old age; for the fine hair-like blood vessels which branch off in every direction through the texture of the skin, become obstructed and imperforate, and, consequently, the skin, not being supplied with its nourishment of fresh blood, shrinks, withers, and becomes first sallow and then wrinkled. In such cases, when the smaller blood vessels are obstructed, the larger ones swell with the blood which cannot get vent, and this is the reason why we see old people's veins swell, as on the back part of the hand.

Another cause of wrinkles, of precisely the same kind, is, the obstruction of the small pipes, which convey moisture to the skin, to keep it smooth and soft. The little glands, also, or fountains which supply the moisture, are diminished, or dried up, in consequence of being stinted in their supply of fresh blood, from which they manufacture, or filter, the moisture destined to soften the skin. It requires but small observation to remark, that the thin and meagre are more liable to wrinkles than the plump and corpulent. *Embonpoint*, indeed, is one of the best preservatives against wrinkles, properly so called, for though a certain kind of wrinkles are formed in this state of the system, they are very different from the dry, withered wrinkles of old age.

There is nothing similar to *embonpoint* in plants, because they are not furnished, like animals, with the same sort of cellular tissue in which fat is deposited, There is, indeed, a cellular system in plants, but its use, so far as has hitherto been ascertained, consists of tubes open at both ends, and may, with more propriety be compared to the veins and arteries of animals. Some of these vessels assume the form of a necklace, their coats being, at intervals, drawn tight together, or strangulated, so as to appear to stop the passage of the fluid they contain. M. De Candolle, however, is of opinion that the sap neither passes through these cells, nor through the other vascular structure of the plant. It rises, he thinks, through the interstices which separate the different cells.

'*Emily.*—It seems to me very extraordinary that the sap, which performs so essential a part in the economy of vegetation, should not flow freely through appropriate vessels, but be left to find its way as it can between them.

'*Mrs. B.*—The sap, when first pumped up by the roots, consists of little more than water, holding various crude materials in solution; it is, therefore, more important that the regular organs should be reserved for its elaboration, and its conveyance after that process, to the several parts of the plant.

'The third system of elementary organs is the tracheæ; so called from their conveying air both to and from the plant: they are composed of very minute elastic spiral tubes.

'*Caroline.*—But, surely, plants do not breathe, Mrs. B.?

'*Mrs. B.*—Not precisely in the same manner that we do; but air is so essential an agent, both chemically and mechanically, in promoting their nourishment and growth, that it is scarcely less necessary to their existence than to that of animals. Indeed, it is the opinion of Professor de Candolle,

that the function of transmitting air is not confined to the trachea, but extends to the whole of the vascular system.

'The whole of the vegetable kingdom consists of masses of these several elementary organs, with the exception of fungi, mosses, and lichens, whose vessels are all of a cellular form: they have no vascular system whatever.

'*Emily.*—That affords a strong argument against the passage of the sap through the vascular system.

'*Mrs. B.*—Certainly; the fibres of plants are composed of collections of these vessels and cells closely connected together. The root and stem of plants consist of fibres: if you attempt to cut them transversely, you meet with considerable resistance, as you must force your way across the tubes, and break them; whilst, if you slit the wood longitudinally, you separate the vessels without breaking them, and have only to force your way through the elongated cellular tissue which connects them.

'*Emily.*—The difference is very observable; but I wonder that the cells, being formed of a delicate membrane, are not squeezed and crushed to pieces in the stems of plants, especially when they become hard wood.

'*Mrs. B.*—The cells, by the growth of the stem, are frequently drawn out of their original form, and elongated; but the vascular system, which is of the greatest importance, is internal, and lodged in a bed of cellular integument, so that the pressure of the bark or surrounding parts is not sufficient to crush it.

'The layers of wood which you have noticed in the stem or branch of a tree cut transversely, consist of different zones of fibres, each the produce of one year's growth, and separated by a coat of elongated cellular tissue, without which you could not well distinguish them.

'The cuticle, which is the external skin or covering of the plant, consists of an expansion of the cellular tissue; and is furnished with pores for evaporation.'—pp. 16—18.

A subject of more general interest than any of the preceding, is presented to us in the effects produced by plants upon the air of the atmosphere; and our authoress, from her superior knowledge of chemistry, has treated it with more spirit than some other parts of her subject, with which, she confesses her acquaintance is only recent.

'This process, which in animals is performed by means of breathing atmospherical air, in vegetables is performed by the same air acting on the sap when it comes in contact with it at the stomas: the leaves may therefore be considered as the lungs or organs of respiration of plants.

'*Emily.*—How curious! their stomas then are so many little breathing mouths. And does the oxygen of the atmospherical air carry off carbon from the sap, as it does from the chyle?

'*Mrs. B.*—On the contrary, carbon or charcoal is the principal ingredient of wood and of all vegetable matters: the object to be aimed at is therefore to increase, instead of to diminish, the quantity contained in the sap; and the chemical process to which this fluid is submitted in the leaves, though analogous to that performed by the lungs, so far as it prepares the sap for being assimilated to the plant: is rather opposed to it, so far as regards its chemical results.

'We animals, the most favoured part of the creation, endowed with

the faculty of locomotion, require to be of a lighter structure than our tough woody neighbours who are attached to the soil; and, in order to move about with facility, it is necessary for us to disencumber ourselves of part of the carbon we consume in feeding on vegetables; and a man you know, exhales in breathing no less than 11 oz. of charcoal per day; whilst the vegetable kingdom, far from suffering from excess of carbon, requires its store to be augmented,

'*Emily.*—Ah! this is what I have heard spoken of as one of the most beautiful dispensations of Providence: the vegetable creation purifies the atmosphere, by absorbing the carbon with which it has been contaminated by the breath of animals.

'*Mrs. B.*—Just so; but let us examine these wonders a little more narrowly, and trace the steps by which they were brought to light.

Mr. Sennebier covered a plant which was growing in a pot of earth with a glass bell full of water; and, in the course of a few hours, found a quantity of air within the bell. Whence came this air? Did it proceed from the plant or the water in which it grew? He repeated the experiment with water which had been boiled, for the purpose of depriving it of its air, and in this instance no air was produced in the bell.

'*Caroline.*—Of what nature was this air?

'*Mrs. B.*—Dr. Priestley ascertained that it consisted of oxygen gas, and conceived that it was produced by the decomposition of the water, which, you know, is composed of oxygen and hydrogen; but then he could not understand why boiled or distilled water, which contains as much oxygen as rain or spring water in their natural state, should not produce this air in the glass bell.

'At length Mr. Sennebier, in the prosecution of his experiments, discovered the mysterious origin of this air to be in the carbonic acid, which water, in a natural state, always contains. I trust that you have not so far forgotten your lessons of chemistry, as not to recollect that carbonic acid is composed of oxygen and carbon: the plant absorbs this gaseous acid. It is decomposed in the leaves by the sun's rays: the carbon, which it is essential to the plant to retain, is deposited; and within it the oxygen, which it does not require, flies off by the stomas.

'*Caroline.*—Then the little vegetable mouths breathe out pure oxygen, and retain the carbon: this is just the reverse of the operation performed in the lungs.

'*Mrs. B.*—You may prove this by a very neat experiment. Place two glass jars over the same water-bath, with a means of communication through the water; fill one of them with carbonic acid, and put a sprig of mint in the other. After some time, a vacuum will be produced in the upper part of the jar of carbonic acid; and a quantity of oxygen gas, corresponding exactly to the quantity of carbonic acid which has disappeared, will be found in the jar containing the sprig of mint. And this cannot be accounted for otherwise than by supposing, that the carbonic acid has been absorbed by the mint, decomposed by its leaves, the carbon retained, and the oxygen evaporated.

'M. de Saussure has succeeded in measuring the quantity of carbon which plants thus acquire. He transplanted fourteen periwinkles into vases, seven of which he watered with distilled water, and the remaining seven with water in its natural state. After some days he analysed these

plants, and found that the former had not made any acquisition of carbon, whilst the latter had acquired a considerable addition of that substance; their wood being one-sixth heavier than that of the former.

'*Emily.*—And the periwinkles, which had augmented in weight, had, I suppose, alone given out oxygen by their stomas.

'*Mrs. B.*—No doubt; but, in making these experiments, attention must be paid to expose the plants, not only to broad daylight, but, if possible to the full force of the sun's rays; for the solar light is absolutely necessary to the process of decomposing the carbonic acid. During the night the vegetable laboratory is employed in a very different process; for, in the dark, plants absorb instead of exhaling oxygen.

'*Caroline.*—You alarm me, Mrs. B.: this is a sort of Penelope's labour, to destroy during the night the work done in the day. And how is the atmosphere to be purified by these means?

'*Mrs. B.*—It is true that this apparent inconsistency requires some explanation. You must observe, that the solid nutritive particles dissolved in the sap, whether of animal or vegetable origin, are combined with a considerable quantity of carbon. The sap therefore contains carbon in two states: in the one gaseous, combined with oxygen, and mixed with the water of the sap; in the other combined with different solid ingredients, but dissolved in the water of the sap. The carbonic acid, we have already observed, is decomposed in the leaves, the carbon is retained, and the oxygen thrown off; but what becomes of the carbon contained in the animal and vegetable matter which the sap holds in solution?

'*Caroline.*—I suppose it is assimilated to the substance of the plant, together with the other nutritive ingredients which the sap holds in solution.

'*Mrs. B.*—No, that cannot be; for, in order to render carbon fit to be assimilated, it appears to be necessary that it should previously be combined with oxygen, and afterwards separated from it.

'*Caroline.*—Is there not something paradoxical in this? How can it be necessary that the carbon should be combined with oxygen, merely for the purpose of being separated from it?

'*Mrs. B.*—It is very possible that this chemical process may produce a more minute subdivision of the particles than any mechanical operation could effect, and thus prepare it for being assimilated to the plant.

'*Caroline.*—Oh, then, now I guess it. During the night the leaves absorb oxygen, to combine with this carbon, and convert it into carbonic acid; and, when the sun rises, this acid is decomposed, the carbon deposited in a state fit to be assimilated, and the oxygen escapes.

'*Mrs. B.*—You are right; and as the decomposition of the carbonic acid, which existed in that state in the sap, takes place at the same time, these two operations, being both similar and simultaneous, are confounded together. But, so far as regards the purification of the atmosphere, it is necessary to distinguish them; for, in the first instance, the oxygen exhaled is a mere restoration to the atmosphere of oxygen, which had been taken from it during the night; whilst, in the latter, the oxygen evolved, being drawn from the soil with the sap, is so much clear gain to the atmosphere.

'*Caroline.*—Well, I breathe freely again, since I know that the atmosphere positively acquires oxygen from the vegetable kingdom. The portion absorbed during the night, I suppose, is but inconsiderable.

'*Mrs. B.*—Not so trifling as you seem to imagine; but, since the whole quantity is restored to the atmosphere during the day, you need not apprehend any dangerous results from its abundance. The Stapadra, the plant which absorbs least, takes in a quantity nearly equal to its own volume during a night; and the apricot-tree, which is at the other extremity of the scale, absorbs eight times its own volume of oxygen gas.

'Succulent plants absorb the least, having the fewest stomas; and, after them, plants which grow in marshes; then evergreens; and, finally, those plants which shed their leaves in autumn absorb the greatest quantity.

'*Emily.*—It is this, I suppose, which renders it unwholesome to keep plants in a bedchamber.

'*Mrs. B.*—It is; but, besides this, I should tell you that those parts of plants which are not green, such as the brown stems and branches of a tree, and also the flowers, absorb oxygen both night and day, but in such very minute quantities, as not sensibly to deteriorate the air.

'Let me hear, now, if you can recapitulate the substance of our conversation.

'*Emily.*—The sap rises in plants through different channels; that which is destined for the nourishment of buds, in shoots of the first year, passes near the pith, and is thence conveyed by appropriate vessels through the wood to the buds; that which is to feed the plant in general, rises through the alburnum, and is elaborated in the leaves.

'*Mrs. B.*—Very well: and in what does this elaboration consist, Caroline?

'*Caroline.*—In preparing the sap to be assimilated to the plant by evaporating great part of the water, and increasing the quantity of carbon. The sap contains carbon in two states: first, in that of carbonic acid; secondly, combined in animal and vegetable matter. In the first state the sun's rays decompose the acid, the carbon is deposited, and the oxygen which flies off purifies the atmosphere; in the second state, oxygen is absorbed during the night, and combines with the carbon, with which it forms carbonic acid; this, during the day, is decomposed, and the oxygen restored to the atmosphere. Thus vegetation serves as a counterpoise to the deleterious effect of the respiration of animals.

'*Emily.*—And should we not add to the contamination of the air by combustion, Mrs. B.? for oxygen is also absorbed in that process.

'*Caroline.*—The air of a forest must then be much more wholesome than that of a town, where so many human beings and animals are continually breathing out carbonic acid, and where such numberless combustions are robbing the atmosphere of oxygen.

'*Mrs. B.*—No; the constant motion of the air so rapidly restores the equilibrium, that it has been found, by the most accurate chemical experiments, that the air of a crowded city contained precisely the same quantity of oxygen as the finest air of the country. I do not mean to say that the atmosphere is not more impure and unwholesome in a large town; but this arises from the smoke, and variety of exhalations, which do not circulate so rapidly as the oxygen gas.

'The air in a forest is, on the other hand, far from being considered as healthy; the trees impede the circulation more than the houses in a town, the latter being, in some measure, ventilated by the currents of air which flow through the streets.

'*Caroline.* But, then, consider the pure breath of the green leaves in a forest.

'*Mrs. B.*—The exhalations arising from the stagnant waters, and the putrefaction of the dead leaves which remain floating in the confined air, more than counterbalance that advantage, and render a dense forest an unwholesome spot to inhabit.'—vol. i. pp. 102—111.

We may remark here that the exhalation of oxygen gas is closely connected with a remarkable property of leaves, namely, their green colour. As this colour in the rainbow stands exactly in the middle, between the two outermost tints, the red and the violet; and as it is bounded on the one side by the yellow and on the other by the blue,—as all experiments further show that the red and yellow tints are more of an oxygenous, and the blue and violet more of a hydrogenous nature,—it is extremely probable, that the green colour is the effect of a neutralization between the two extreme colours; or that it arises, when the light has attracted exactly as much oxygen as was required by the hydrogen and carbon which remained. And this theory seems to be confirmed by the following observation. All plants, so long as they are withdrawn from the light of the sun, are of a pale yellow colour, and regain this same hue when, as in the instance of the endive and cardoon, they have been covered with earth and blanched. In this condition, they are rich in oxydised juice, as their sweet taste and the tenderness of their parts show. Besides, these blanched plants give out nothing but carbonic acid, water, saccharine matter, and mucilage. As soon, however, as the light of the sun has called forth the proper activity of the plant, it empties its superfluous oxygen, and forms those partly resinous, partly oily, substances which we find connected with the green colouring matter. The green colouring matter evinces its resinous nature by this circumstance, that it dissolves completely in spirits of wine; but as it is not deposited by water from its solution, but continuing mixed with it gives out a very nauseous hepatic smell, it is likely that azota goes also to the composition of this green colouring matter. We shall only notice further, that a higher degree of vital activity in leaves, awakened by the light of the sun, often produces a blue colour from the green. In this case there is probably an excess of hydrogen above carbon, as the putrefactive fermentation of wood and indigo, which is encouraged for the production of the blue colour, seems to show. The blue colour of woad and indigo, passes again, with mineral acids, into green, and lastly, into yellow. Decayed and falling leaves are yellow and red, because the oxygen remains in them after the vital activity is gone.

The part of the work which refers to gardening and agriculture, is by far the best executed and the most interesting, being less encumbered by technicalities and minutiæ, difficult to understand, which abound in the botanical and physiological portion, beyond any other work on the subject, pretending to a popular character, which we have met with. We are the more disappointed in this,

that the highly accomplished authoress (Mrs. Marcet) has, in her former works, very much simplified her style, or avoided technical language. That we do not censure, without good cause, some of the preceding extracts will show; but none of these are so bad as other parts of the work. For example,

'The properties of plants may be separated into two classes; first, those which relate to their structure; such as their elasticity, their hygrometric power: these properties may continue after death. Secondly, those which relate to their vitality; such as contractibility: which, consequently, can exist only in the living state.

'The organs of vegetables are all composed of a membraneous tissue, which pervades the whole of the plant.'—vol. i. p. 14.

Again,

'Another little leaf, which adheres so closely to the germ as to form the coating of the seed itself: it is called the Spermoderm, from two Greek words, *sperma*, signifying seed, and *derma*, skin.

'The spermoderm, like the pericarp, is composed of three coats.

'*Emily.*—Derived, no doubt, from the two surfaces, and the pabulum of the leaf, of which it is formed.

'*Mrs. B.*—Precisely. The external skin, called *Testa*, or *cuticle*, corresponds with the epicarp; the cellular coating, denominated *Mesosperm*, with the mesocarp; and the internal skin, called *Endopleura*, represents the endocarp.

'When this leaf first shoots, it is hollow, and contains a nutritive juice called *Amnios*: the germ attached to its axilla, when fructified, begins to absorb this fluid: it takes the name of embryo.'—vol. ii. pp. 83—84.

We humbly submit that many of these terms are altogether useless in a work of this kind, and can only serve to puzzle and repel young or general readers, for whom it is designed. We gladly turn to a more intelligible part of the book.

'*Mrs. B.*—The Belgic peasantry are nearly as well versed in agriculture as the learned of other countries. Their soil is in a great measure the work of art, man having taken possession of it before Nature had completed its formation.

'*Caroline.*—Nor does it appear that the art of man has yet finished it; for though the cultivated parts yield such rich crops, an extensive sandy desert, called the Campine, still remains on the confines of Belgium and Holland.

'*Mrs. B.*—True; but cultivation advances with gigantic strides across the arid waste. The mode by which the husbandman commences the process of fertilization in these sterile plains is by sowing Genet or Broom, which grows up in bushes, the roots of which confine the soil, and give it sufficient stability to enable him to sow pines with advantage. These are followed by Acacias: the branching roots of which, stretching out in various directions, and interwoven together, sustain the soil, as it were, in osier baskets. But it is not until this succession of forests have flourished and decayed that the soil, enriched by their remains, becomes fit for general culture.

'*Emily.*—This, then, is the work of a long course of years?

'*Mrs. B.*—Certainly; but still the formation of the soil is rapid, in

comparison of what it would have been, if left to be completed by the gradual agency of Nature, who is enabled to prolong her operations beyond the period of our transitory existence, and is therefore less impatient to accomplish her task. We are justified, however, in taking it out of her hands, if we can produce the effect more rapidly. The sand-hills, which are, in many places, formed on the sea-coast, owe their origin to sand thrown up by the high tide, and which, abandoned by the receding waters, dries, and is carried by the wind farther inland, and out of the reach of successive tides. The sand-hills formed in the vicinity of Bourdeaux, formerly threatened the destruction of the adjacent country: it was calculated that no less than seventeen villages would be overwhelmed by them in the course of a century; when M. Bremontier was so fortunate as to discover a means of averting this danger. Observing that sand thus thrown up was not devoid of moisture, he scattered over it the seeds of broom and of maritime pine; and, in order to prevent their being swept away by the wind, he covered them with brambles and branches of underwood. The seed sprouted; the broom first rose above ground, and some time after the young pines appeared: the latter, however, made but little progress, seeming to be choked by the rapid growth of the broom; yet in the course of a few years the pines gained the ascendancy, and drove their antagonists from the field; or rather, I should say, like true cannibals, after destroying the enemy, they fed upon their remains.

'In the course of time it became necessary to thin this vigorous forest of pines; and their branches served to shelter the seed scattered on neighbouring sand-hills.

'*Caroline.*—I recollect reading in Withering, that the Arundo arenaria, or sea-matweed, which grows only in the very driest sand on the sea-shore, prevents the wind from dispersing the sand over the adjoining fields. The Dutch have very probably known and profited by this fact.'—vol. i. 229—232.

We had lately an opportunity of witnessing that the Dutch do profit by this. On the sand-hinds, facing the sea, near the Hague, the arundo arenaria is planted in clumps, at about a foot distance, and regular rows of these clumps are extended along the beach for miles, binding the loose sands with their long tenacious roots, while the stems prevent the winds from carrying off the sand immediately around them.

ART. III.—*William Tell, a Play translated from the German of Schiller. With illustrative notes.* 8vo. pp. 212. London: Edward Bull, Holles Street. 1829.

THE task, of which we now display the result, is one that has occupied us during some months of the last quarter, and, indeed, more pleasurably than most of our critical labours. If we have, for our animadversion, abortive efforts which we lament, presumptuous ignorance which we are bound to chastise, and various important omissions, the removal of which we have to urge anxiously, there are also instances of triumph over difficulties which no mean

talent could have accomplished, and of merit which has not yet received from any quarter the praise to which it is entitled. We can cordially congratulate the English admirers of Schiller, upon the large portion of his mature works that have now been so vernacularised, as to give ideas not altogether false and inadequate of their scope and character. We are constrained to make comparisons which, we hope, will not be odious—but instructive. From the various materials that have come before us in this survey, we think a new Theory of Translation might be elaborated and copiously illustrated, more entertaining than the weighty octavo essays given to the world on this subject, by the shrewd and well-informed biographer of the author of the "Elements of Criticism," we hardly need add, we mean the late Alexander Fraser Tytler, titular Lord Woodhouselee. We do not think there can be a single principle in the art of rendering a work written in one language into another, of which the volumes we are about to notice would not supply both meritorious and blameworthy examples. Except in cases where there is a very gross and palpable deficiency in the requisite attainments of a translator, we shall henceforth be very hard of belief when we are told of the superiority of any one translation of a work to other rival efforts. We have, we believe, about ten distinct and entire versions of the Satires of Juvenal, and nearly as many of Persius.

Let the question be asked in any literary company, which of these metrical versions is the best? and the answers will be as various as the names of the translators. Some say that Dryden remains the best, others prefer the quaint rhymes of Stapylton, and Holyday who preceded him. Many will hear of none but Gifford, whose temper was of so morose a kind as to deepen the bitterness even of this Roman Satirist; and not a few will triumphantly refer to the nervous version of Mr Hodgson, and affirm that it is superior to those of all his competitors, hardly excepting even the very elegant attempt of Mr. Marsh; Dr. Badham, also, has his champions. Sophists might easily prove, in their way, that any one of these is best or worst, by selecting from them, severally, the most successfully or unsuccessfully rendered passages. We wish to act fairly to the translators of Schiller; and, therefore, quote and put in contrast parts which will manifest, alternately, the superiority and inferiority of each of them. Our observations will be chiefly confined to the more mature works of the German Poet. To speak largely of "Wallenstein" would now be needless, with reference even to the mere English reader. The original edition of Mr. Coleridge's masterly version of this great historical drama, had become so scarce, that a gentleman of no mean abilities, who could not even obtain a sight of it, was tempted to make another translation from a later and more complete copy of the original. It is no slight praise to say, that it was a failure only in comparison with Mr. Coleridge's, and that it has many distinct and peculiar merits.

The call for a reprint of the previous translation was so strong, that a spirited publisher ventured to annex it to the "Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge," of which it constituted the entire third volume. The whole impression was soon exhausted; a second appeared, which, we apprehend, will, ere long, be followed by another. Perhaps a magnanimous unwillingness to hurt the subsequent translator, induced Mr. Coleridge to refrain from incorporating the additions which Schiller afterwards made to his Wallenstein. The public have been gainers by the result, and therefore we will make no complaint.

It is well known that Schiller was led to make this choice of subject by his study of the periods which began with the landing of Gustavus of Sweden in Germany, and ended with the Peace of Westphalia; and that he employed himself in writing the "History of The thirty years War," which established the independence of many states in the north of Germany. Lieutenant Blaquier's translation of this has been properly superseded by a more correct and elegant version from the hand of Mr. George Moir, of Edinburgh, who, in fact, also made the second translation of the "Wallenstein," which we have just alluded to. We have heard praise of another version of this History by Mr. J. M. Duncan, which we can believe to be well-grounded; but not having seen it we are unable to give it such high and decided praise, as we gratefully bestow on Mr. Moir's performance.

We should be glad to see the Narrative of the Netherland revolt against the tyranny of Spain, also in English, and we would not fail to make honorary mention of him who might transfuse it worthily. Some new, but injudicious, attempts to translate lyrical portions of "Wallenstein" will be hereafter noticed, but we shall not now take any pains to prove that it is a very powerful work, which deserves all the admiration that has ever been expressed for it, because we apprehend that the task would be a superfluous one. So many convictions have been already engendered, as to leave no room for anxiety about its reputation in Britain.

"Mary Stuart" has been twice translated; by Mr. Mellish, the British Consul at Hamburgh, and twenty years afterwards by Mr. Salvin of Newcastle; both versions are good. Mr. Mellish's is more idiomatic in style; Mr. Salvin's more classical: in a former series of this work a wish was expressed that Mr. Salvin had employed himself on the "Wilhelm Tell," rather than on a second version of a Drama which had already been adequately Anglicized. We owe him, exclusively, thanks for the tragedy of the "Maid of Orleans," to which he has done justice. We think that he would do well to undertake the "Bride of Messina," which has not yet been attempted by any English writer.

Of "Wilhelm Tell," a very good translation appeared at Manchester in 1825.* We have inquired who executed the task, and we

* Published in London by Hurst, Robinson, and Co.

learn that it was Mr. Robinson, a gentleman residing in the town in which it was printed. Within the last two months another version of this Drama has been published in London, accompanied with 'illustrative notes.' The translator declares in his preface that his 'sole motive has been a wish to make the English reader acquainted with one of the best of Schiller's productions, and one which, strange to say, *has not, as far as he can learn, yet appeared in the English language.*' Numerous specimens of his performance would completely shew, that the extent of his appropriate bibliographic information, is on a par with his command of the diction fitted to represent the melodious verses and the elevated declamation of Schiller. The German poet regarded the wise precept, "*Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar,*" in the dialogues of his commonest characters; the recent translator of William Tell has not chosen to respect the exhortation; he renders "Schmuckes Vieh," which Mr. Robinson interprets "handsome kine," by a phrase not common, we believe, except among cattle dealers, i. e. "*likely beasts.*" In the first scene Conrad Baumgarten, who had mortally wounded Wolfenschiessen, the imperial bailiff or Seneschal at Rossberg, is represented fleeing the pursuit of the horsemen sent by Landenberger, the Governor of Unterwald. He tells indignantly the story of the insult which the base Wolfenschiessen had attempted. Kuoni, the herdsman, asks him if the Bailiff had actually injured him. Conrad replied,

"Dass er sein bos Gelusteu nicht vollbracht,
Hat Gott und meine gute Axt verhütet."
(Schiller's Werke Band. 8. p. 160. Cotta's Edit.)

In the earlier translation (p. 6) this is unexceptionably rendered by these lines—

'That he did not fulfil his bad intent
Have righteous Heaven and this good axe prevented.

The following passage is more elegant than most of those in the new translation, but we think undeserving of preference.

'He did not consummate his vile intent,
Thanks be to God and my good axe for that!'—p. 7.

When William Tell appears with his cross bow, he asks:

'Who is the man that here entreats assistance.'
(Robinson's translation, p. 9.)

No very great skill was required to make these words equal in our language to the original, but it seems to us that there is awkwardness in the recent version.

'*Tell.*—What man is that imploring there for help?'
p. 10. Translation of 1829.

After Conrad Baumgarten's escape, the horsemen arrive, and accuse those who were on the spot of having aided his flight.

'First Horseman (*to the Herdsman and Fisher.*)
'Twas you that helped him
And *you shall smart for't.*'—p. 13. Translation of 1829

Surely that is not the phraseology the translator was constrained to use from a regard to fidelity; or that which he would have selected if under the guidance of good taste. Instances of vulgar and inadequate expression might be quoted in great numbers from every act:—the three songs of the 'Fisher Boy,' the 'Shepherd,' and the 'Hunter of the Alps,' with which the play commences, are bad throughout; but as the third of them is the one which *suffers* least by his process, and as it is also that which Mr. Robinson has rendered less fortunately than the others, we will contrast it with the best lyrical effort of his competitor.

'CHAMOIS HUNTER (*appearing on the top of the cliff.*)

'When it thunders on high, and the mountain bridge shakes,
Undismay'd the bold hunter his dizzy path takes.
He daringly strides o'er
The icy-bound plain,
Where spring ne'er can flourish,
Nor verdure e'er reign.
All under his feet is a wide misty sea,
Which shuts from his sight where man's dwelling may be.
Save when, through a rent
In the clouds, is reveal'd,
Deep under their billows,
The green of the field.'—

Translation of William Tell, pp. 2, 3. London, 1829.

Here follows the Manchester version, which we leave our readers to compare with that just inserted, or with the German original.

'HUNTER OF THE ALPS (*appears opposite on the top of the cliffs.*

'The heights are thundering, and trembles the bridge,
But nought scares the hunter on yon dizzy ridge:
O'er mountains of ice
Undaunted he goes,
Where spring never blossoms,
And flower never blows.
Below him an ocean of mist from his ken
Conceals in its darkness the dwellings of men;
Thro' the rents of clouds only
The dim world is seen,
Deep under the vapour
The vallies of green.'—pp. 2, 3.

The first scene of the third act introduces the two sons of the hero, Walter and William Tell; the boys are manifesting their hereditary and almost instinctive attachment to the weapon which their father used with unequalled skill. Walter's cordial admiration of the life of an Alpine hunter, and his emulous spirit, are expressed in a song which Schiller ascribes to him.

'ACT III. SCENE I.—*A court before Tell's house.*

Tell is seen occupied with a carpenter's axe—Hedwig in household affairs,—Walter and William are busy in the back-ground, playing with a small cross-bow.

'*Walter* [*singing.*]
Over hill and valley
Girt to chase his prey,
Springs the hunter forth
To hail the opening day.
As the imperial eagle
King in heaven we see,
Lord of glen and mountain,
Roves the hunter free.
His the widest circuit,
Where his arrows fly;
All that bounds before him,
All that cleaves the sky.'

[*Comes running on.*—p. 81.
Robinson's Translation, 1829.

We can truly affirm that this is more faithful than the corresponding portion of the subsequent translation; and it would be an easy, but also a superfluous task, to show, by commenting on every line of each, that it has some other advantages; these will be perceived by every one who knows what poetry is. "Look here on this *translation* and on this!"

'ACT. III.—SCENE I.

The court-yard of Tell's house. He is occupied with a carpenter's axe, and HEDWIG *with household work.* WALTER *and* WILHELM *are in the back-ground playing with a small cross-bow.*

'WALTER (*singing.*)
With arrow and bow
Must the hunter away,
Over mountain and dale,
At the dawning of day.
Though the vulture be king
Of the region of air,
Yet the Hunter below
Hath a kingdom as fair.
He's monarch of space,
And whate'er through it flies,
And all that his arrow
Strikes down is his prize.

[*Comes forward* skipping.]'
William Tell, translated 1829, p. 88.

After William Tell has killed Gessler, the Austrian Governor, Schiller introduces six 'Barmherzige Brüder,' ('Brothers of Mercy') who sing a very beautiful dirge on the deceased Ruler.

The disparity between the rival works is no where more apparent than here. The funeral hymn, which in the hands of the one is dignified, harmonious, and animated, becomes, under the management of our adventurous re-translator, doggrel, such as would be hardly endured among the most illiterate attendants on an itinerant preacher.*

* See the translation published in 1825, p. 161, and that of 1829, p. 166.

We should contradict ourselves, and wrong the subject of our criticism, if we were not to admit that, in some parts, he excels his predecessor. Equity requires that examples should be adduced which qualify the severity of our verdict, though they do not reverse it. Dr. Johnson has observed, "there are happy days, but no happy lives," and we may say that the work we have been obliged to condemn, has many good lines, though it does not contain any one scene which merits entire approbation. We have not thought it necessary to analyse the Drama of William Tell, or to describe the principal characters of it, because it has been already done by Madame de Stael, in a work which is accessible to every one*. For the same reason, we have disregarded the order of occurrence in our quotations. They who have read the play in any shape, never can forget the affectionate address of Gertrude to her husband Stauffacher, when she perceives that his mind is burthened. The conversation ensuing occupies the whole of the second act; it cannot fail to delight those who are susceptible of pleasure from delineations of the working of the nobler feelings of the human heart. The anxieties of conjugal attachment have never been better pourtrayed than in this implied character of the tender and resolute Gertrude. We can only quote the exordium, and assure our readers that the sequel increases in interest.

'[STAUFFACHER *seats himself sorrowfully on a bench under the lime tree.* GERTRUDE, *his wife, enters and finds him there. She places herself beside him, and after a moment's pause, breaks silence.*

'GER.—So serious, my husband? Scarce I know thee.
For many a day I've silently remark'd
Thy forehead furrow'd, as in gloomy thought.
Some silent sorrow presses on thy heart.
Come, trust me with it—me, thine own true wife;
Here I demand my half of thy affliction.
[*He takes her hand, and is silent.*
What can oppress thy heart? Oh, tell it *me!*
Blest is thy industry. Thy fortune flourishes.
Full are thy barns, thy herds are numerous.
Thy breed of steeds, so sleek and so well nurtur'd,
Are brought in safety, from the mountains, home
To winter in their well appointed stalls.-
There stands thy house upon a noble scite,
All newly built with trunks of goodly trees,
Ranged orderly and artfully together,
Where many a glistening window speaks of home:
With chequered scutcheons is it painted o'er,
And sage inscriptions, which the traveller
Stops to peruse, and marvels o'er their meaning.'—

Translation of 1829.—p. 15.

The lines which we have put in italics are close to the original,

* De L'Allegmagne. Second Partie. Chapitre 20.

more so than the corresponding ones in the earlier version. We also think them, poetically, more expressive, which is all the praise that a translator need endeavour to deserve. Mr. Robinson's words here follow; they will account for, and, perhaps, justify us in not assigning the superiority to him in this instance.

'*Stauffacher sits down gloomily on the bench under the lime-tree, where he is found by Gertrude, who observes him for some time in silence.*

Gertrude.—So serious, my friend! I scarcely know thee.
For many a day I have remark'd in silence,
How dark reflection furrows o'er thy brow.
Some silent sorrow presses on thy heart:
Trust it to me—I am thy faithful wife,
And well may claim my portion of thy sorrows.
[*He gives her his hand, but is silent.*
What can afflict thy bosom? let me know it!
Bless'd is thy labour, prosperous are thy fortunes,
Full are thy stores, complete the herds of cattle,
Of strong and well-fed horses a sleek train
Is from the mountains happily return'd,
To winter in their warm convenient stalls.
There stands thy house, rich as a nobleman's,
Of handsome and substantial timber built,
Newly repair'd, and artfully dispos'd:
Its glancing windows speak of inward comfort,
With various coats of arms 'tis painted o'er,
And with wise proverbs, which the wanderer
Remains to ponder, and admires their sense.'—pp. 13, 14.
Translation of 1825.

Other specimens of verses, which have been less happily rendered by the earlier than by the later translator, might be easily brought forward, but the proportion they bear to the contrary instances is so small, that our decision is not essentially affected by them.

In conclusion, we would exhort our much-rebuked translator from any further attempts of the kind till he shall, by many years of study, have sufficiently mastered the appropriate vernacular diction; if he has already laboured with that object in view, and if these are the best results of his diligence, he has mistaken his vocation, and ought to abandon it for some distinct and less arduous undertaking. We think he might be of service to many of our contemporaries, if he were to translate into English some of the many German prose works which are valuable for the profound information they contain.

From the historical notes attached to this 'William Tell,' and which render it more bulky, and in one respect more valuable than Mr. Robinson's, which has no such accompaniment, we are inclined to suspect that the compiler is well read in modern history, and no stranger to those German books, in which alone the student can find ample information respecting the affairs of Europe, during many important periods. Our language is without any satisfactory

general account of human proceedings since the time of Charlemagne. Dr. Russel's compilation* does not now satisfy any one. The very able work of Dr. Schlösser†, the present Professor of History at Heidelberg, would supply a chasm which ought not to have remained so long a reproach to us, and gain a respectable reputation for him who might, in a clear and unpretending style, make its contents accessible to Englishmen.

If hereafter, in this form (or in any other that he may choose), our unsuccessful transplanter of a northern drama into the English soil, should use his knowledge of the German tongue for the instruction of his countrymen, we shall be eager to congratulate him upon the judicious application of his talents, and the literary world upon the valuable member, who has been made such by the wholesome severity of our recent animadversions.

With one more observation, we finish our account of the play which makes the Swiss patriot its hero. The *dramatic* is only *one*, out of many forms, in which admiration of him has been poetically and fervidly expressed. No man with with less industry than Jörden, the author of the "Lexicon of German Poets and Prose Writers," (which enumerates all the critiques upon, and translations of, every work of every writer who is honoured with a separate article in his book), could pretend even to mention the various odes, stanzas, &c., which celebrate his great qualities. Among the best of them,‡ is Stollery's Poem on "Tell's Birth Place," which has been improved in English by one who has so much of fellow-feeling with those who venerate the memory of the Liberator of Switzerland, that in an eulogistic Ode to the Duchess of Devonshire‖, he makes it the chief ground of his praise, that she had felt and expressed joy on approaching the spot

> 'Where Tell directed the avenging Dart,
> With well-strung arm, that first preserved his child,
> Then aimed the arrow at the tyrant's heart.'

ART. IV.—*The Picture of Australia: exhibiting New Holland, Van Diemen's Land, and all the Settlements, from the first at Sydney to the last at the Swan River.* London: Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. 1829.

To a philosophical observer of human nature, no spectacle can be more interesting than the settlement of new colonies in a savage country. It renews before our eyes those striking scenes which the historians of the early ages of the world describe with so much eloquent simplicity, and exemplifies the manner in which the seeds of mighty nations have been scattered over the earth. We behold

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* Modern Europe.

† Weltgeschicte, i. e. History of the World.

‡ See Coleridge's Poetical Works, vol. i. p. 315.

‖ See ditto, vol. i. p. 296—299.

an adventurous little band of human beings, bearing away from the great mass of civilized men, a spark of the fire of science, as Prometheus bore the first fire from heaven, to foster it and nurse it into a flame in the wilderness. Philosophy, government, and laws, and the polite and the useful arts, engraven in the minds of a few bold men, appear to be transformed into merchandise, and are carried into new lands to be multiplied and expanded, until they cause all the blessings of social life to spring up and flourish in their new seats. Religion, too, the mother of all the sciences, accompanies the adventurers, and guarantees their happiness, enjoying in prophetic anticipation the sight of the thousand altars which are to spring up amid the haunts of the godless savage; and the holy chaunts, and grateful anthems, which are to peal in the ears of nations now slumbering in the loins of our contemporaries.

In another point of view, also, the colonizing of a wild country is an object of the highest interest. It brings into startling contrast the civilized and the savage man; the man teeming with ideas, with schemes of conquest, of ambition, or of virtue; and the poor human being, scarcely deserving the name, whose intellect is still more weak, and naked, and wretched than his body. It shows us, too, we regretfully confess, how difficult a task it is to make these heterogeneous elements amalgamate; and proves that, of the two, the creature of civilization possesses more of the repulsive qualities even than the savage. The proper result of this approximation can only be conjectured, as it cannot, in the regular course of events, be arrived at in our days; but it is to be feared that a remnant only of the wild tribes of the earth will be preserved; and that the world will be cultivated by civilized men, only in proportion as the savage inhabitants of it are exterminated.

Into the philosophical consideration of this question, however, we have now neither space nor inclination to enter: the subject immediately before us is the history of the colonization of New South Wales, or, more properly, of Australia. The work now before us, though rather cleverly got up, is strikingly defective in its mechanism, being so laid out that numerous repetitions were unavoidable. Instead of commencing with the history of the colony, and following that up by a description of the country and its inhabitants, together with the new societies which have been formed in it, it begins with a long, and not a little tedious, description of the continent in general, in which, together with much useful information, there is a great deal of frivolous detail. In our concise view of the subject, we shall adopt a very contrary principle, and pursue a different method.

Though the discovery of New Holland is an event of so very recent a date, it is not certainly known who was the discoverer, or when the discovery was made. The French, with singular absurdity, claim the honour for a navigator of their own country, merely because this man, whose name was Gonneville, and who sailed

from Harfleur in 1503, was driven by a tempest into some unknown seas, and lived for six months in a country to which he gave the name of Southern India. The Natives of this country he describes as having made some progress in civilization, and as being of a mild and friendly disposition; but, from the united testimony of all those modern navigators who have touched upon the northern coast of New Holland,—the only one which Gonneville *could* have visited —the inhabitants of this part of the Australian shores appear to be the most brutal, treacherous, and unintellectual of all savages. The author of the 'Picture of Australia' conjectures, very rationally, that the man must have been driven upon some part of Madagascar, the inhabitants of which answer well enough to his description. It is supposed that some portion of the coast of New Holland must have been discovered in the early part of the sixteenth century, by the Dutch or Portuguese, in their voyages to or from the Spice Islands. The coast called Great Java, in a French chart of 1542, dedicated to the King of England, and still preserved in the British Museum, is conjectured to be the Northern part of New Holland, and certainly has a resemblance to it too great to be the result of accident. A portion of the south-west coast of Cape York was discovered by the Dutch yacht *Duyfhen*, which sailed from Bartam, in Java, in 1605, for the purpose of exploring New Guinea; and it is probable that the north-east coast was discovered by Torres, a Spanish navigator, in the same year. He describes the people inhabiting the islands scattered through the strait which still bears his name, as black, very corpulent, (which would prove that they lived well,) and naked, with lances, arrows, and ill-fashioned clubs of stone, for arms. Neither the arms nor the corpulency of these poor people, however, sufficed to protect them from the villany of their white visiters, who, according to their own account, kidnapped a considerable number of them, to be reduced to slavery in their own colonies, or to be sold for the same purpose to others.

These glances of the coast, however, were hardly to be termed discoveries: but in 1616, the west coast was fully discovered, and formally taken possession of, by the Dutch. The author of the 'Picture of Australia,' is of opinion that this point was settled by a pewter plate, found in 1801, on Dirk Hartog's Island, by the French expedition: but we can by no means agree with him. This pewter plate bore two inscriptions, the one dated 1616, and the other 1697.

Had the plate contained the first inscription only, it would have appeared worthy of more credit; but as it is, the suspicion occurs, that this inscription may have been fabricated by Vlmg, the author of the second, in order to attribute to his countrymen the honour of the discovery, or the right to the soil. This idea does not seem, however, to have occurred to the author of the 'Picture of Australia.'

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Into [illegible] these numerous islands, however, the greater number we ha[illegible] long known, and are seldom included in the idea com-imm[illegible]ormed of Australia, a name which, in England at least, is Sor[illegible]ally confined to New Holland, and its dependent isles. On be[illegible] account we shall confine ourselves to this portion of the group, it[illegible] far the most important, not only in extent, but for its probable destiny. The main island is about two thousand miles from north to south, and about two thousand five hundred miles from east to west; and the circumference of the shores may be estimated in round numbers, at seven thousand, seven hundred and fifty miles. Of this vast extent of coast, stretching from 10° south through the whole southern tropic, and a large portion of the temperate zone, a very small part only is supposed to be sufficiently fertile to form the residence of civilized man; the remainder consisting of interminable sandy downs, vast marshes inundated by the sea, or rude, precipitous, and barren mountains. On one part of the coast a perpendicular cliff, of six hundred feet in height, presents its unbroken line to the storms and surges of the ocean for five hundred miles, not only forbidding all approach to the land, but

from Harfleur in 1503, was driven by a tempest into some unknown seas, and lived for six months in a country to which he gave the name of Southern India. The Natives of this country he describes as having made some progress in civilization, and as being of a mild and friendly disposition; but, from the united testimony of all those modern navigators who have touched upon the northern coast of New Holland,—the only one which Gonneville *could* have visited —the inhabitants of this part of the Australian shores appear to be the most brutal, treacherous, and unintellectual of all savages. The author of the 'Picture of Australia' conjectures, very rationally, that the man must have been driven upon some part of Madagascar, the inhabitants of which answer well enough to his description. It is supposed that some portion of the coast of New Holland must have been discovered in the early part of the sixteenth century, by the Dutch or Portuguese, in their voyages to or from the Spice Islands. The coast called Great Java, in a French chart of 1542, dedicated to the King of England, and still preserved in the British Museum, is conjectured to be the Northern part of New Holland, and certainly has a resemblance to it too great to be the result of accident. A portion of the south-west coast of Cape York was discovered by the Dutch yacht *Duyfhen*, which sailed from Bartam, in Java, in 1605, for the purpose of exploring New Guinea; and it is probable that the north-east coast was discovered by Torres, a Spanish navigator, in the same year. He describes the people inhabiting the islands scattered through the strait which still bears his name, as black, very corpulent, (which would prove that they lived well,) and naked, with lances, arrows, and ill-fashioned clubs of stone, for arms. Neither the arms nor the corpulency of these poor people, however, sufficed to protect them from the villany of their white visiters, who, according to their own account, kidnapped a considerable number of them, to be reduced to slavery in their own colonies, or to be sold for the same purpose to others.

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From the year 1616, to the present day, numerous discoveries

have been prosecuted along the sea-coasts of this vast country, but hitherto the interior of the island remains almost wholly unexplored. Theory, of course, has been busy in determining the nature of the soil, the direction of the mountains, and the courses of the rivers; but before any thing certain is known, many expeditions must be undertaken, and many human victims offered up on the shrine of adventure. In the meanwhile it will be more amusing, as well as more instructive, to follow the footsteps of the first colonists, than to speculate upon the nature of that concerning which we know nothing. In the year 1787, the first settlers in New Holland set sail from England. These were about a thousand in number, and the majority were persons who, having forfeited the esteem of society in the Old World, ought to have been glad to hide themselves in the wastes and wildernesses of the New.

The numerous expeditions which have succeeded have all been marked by circumstances of peculiar interest, more especially the one conducted by Flinders; but we must for the present omit all reference to them, and endeavour to give the reader a general idea of the country and its inhabitants.

The term Australia, or Australasia, is the general name bestowed upon those numerous portions of land, insulated from the rest of the world, 'and varying in size, from a continent equal to full three-fourths of Europe, to small islets and banks, which barely lift their heads above the surrounding ocean, are swept over by the spray of every storm, hardly contain one living vegetable, and most likely have been raised from an unfathomable depth, by small insects, in a period comparatively brief.' These islands, which form a vast group or chain to the south-east of Asia, extend in longitude from 95° to 180° east; and from 18° north, to about 43° south latitude. Of these numerous islands, however, the greater number have been long known, and are seldom included in the idea commonly formed of Australia, a name which, in England at least, is generally confined to New Holland, and its dependent isles. On this account we shall confine ourselves to this portion of the group, by far the most important, not only in extent, but for its probable destiny. The main island is about two thousand miles from north to south, and about two thousand five hundred miles from east to west; and the circumference of the shores may be estimated in round numbers, at seven thousand, seven hundred and fifty miles. Of this vast extent of coast, stretching from 10° south through the whole southern tropic, and a large portion of the temperate zone, a very small part only is supposed to be sufficiently fertile to form the residence of civilized man; the remainder consisting of interminable sandy downs, vast marshes inundated by the sea, or rude, precipitous, and barren mountains. On one part of the coast a perpendicular cliff, of six hundred feet in height, presents its unbroken line to the storms and surges of the ocean for five hundred miles, not only forbidding all approach to the land, but

absolutely concealing from the eye the aspect of the country behind it. The general character of the interior of the country is, as has already been remarked, altogether unknown, and, from the few attempts which have been made to explore it by ignorant and incompetent persons, cannot even be conjectured. It has been ascertained, however, that on many points of the coast, and for a considerable distance inland, the soil is fertile, and the climate mild and salubrious; the forests, where there are forests, being clear of underwood; and those impervious thickets, denominated *jungle* in Hindoostan, and which conceal in their bosoms *mal'aria* and pestilence, as well as tigers and serpents, being entirely unknown. It is generally acknowledged, that this vast country is a recent production of nature, and the process by which new lands are formed on the sea shore, and rescued from the ocean, is well described in the work before us.

The author very sensibly abstains from dogmatizing upon the structure and aspect of the interior, from any indications discoverable on the coast. He observes, that from the trifling experience we have yet had of the country, it appears to offer but slight traces of analogy with any other portion of the world; for that 'where theory would lead the geographer to look for a river, there is a thirsty sand; and where he would, from the analogy of other countries, expect a mountain, there is a marsh.' It seems probable that large portions of the low lands of Australia, whatever may have been the case with the lofty plateas and mountains, are the work of the coral insect, which is at this moment rearing its vast palaces in the southern ocean, and laying the physical foundations of future empires. The rapidity with which this little creature builds up an island from the bottom of the ocean, still appears miraculous, notwithstanding the discoveries which have been made in the science of physics, revealing the apparently insignificant means by which nature sometimes performs her most wonderful operations.

A description of the natural productions of Australia, would occupy more space than we could at present spare, and the mere enumeration of such things would be eminently dry and uninstructive. The information relating to this subject, in the work before us, is condensed, and well arranged, and, had our limits permitted, we should have laid a portion of the chapter before the reader. We must content ourselves, however, with remarking that coal, which the author very justly terms 'one of the most useful of all minerals,' has been found in various parts of Australia, of good quality, and in inexhaustible abundance. Iron, also, the mistress of all the metals, appears to be largely diffused through New Holland; and traces of copper and lead have been discovered. The vegetable productions of the country are numerous, and of peculiar structure; and the animals differ equally from any that are found in other regions of the earth. The *note* with which the author

concludes this chapter, contains disclosures which cannot but be painful to the feelings of every Englishman, who feels the slightest interest in the glory and greatness of his country.

But whatever importance we may attach to the physical structure, or natural productions of Australia, to the philosophical mind by far the most important objects are the wild and scanty tribes of human beings, who wander over rather than people it. The question, whether the whole native population be sprung from one stock, or from many sources, if it be at all solveable, is certainly not to be settled in the present state of our knowledge: in form, complexion, habits, and manners, they all resemble each other in a very decided manner; but in language they differ most completely, the man of one tribe being incapable of comprehending the words of his neighbour, who, perhaps, is only separated from him by a chain of sand hills, or a marsh. This circumstance, however, is not so very extraordinary as many authors, and the author of the 'Picture of Australia' among the rest, appear to consider it. In Hindoostan, among a population unquestionably homogeneous, if we put the Brahmins out of the question, there is perhaps as great a variety of languages as in Australia. Even in the comparatively small extent of the Burman empire, there are no fewer than eighteen languages spoken; and among the Tartar race, in the north of Asia, the number of the languages which prevail is very considerable. But, even in civilized Europe, nations evidently of the same race, differ from each other in their language, still more than in their manners, or political or civil institutions. This circumstance, therefore, is of little or no importance. The jargon of a tribe of savages, to which we apply the term language by courtesy, grows out of its peculiar wants, habits and local position; and were we possessed of ample vocabularies of the various Australian dialects, we make no doubt that those would be found most to resemble each other, which sprung up originally under similar circumstances. But to quit these general considerations, which can interest but few, the first trait which strikes us in the Australian character is inoffensiveness. There is no instance, we believe, on record, of these people having evinced a hostile disposition towards strangers, when first brought into contact with them; though, after suffering insult, and injury, and wrong, from their white visiters, they have frequently shown themselves capable of every species of treachery and cruelty in revenge. Numerous proofs of the naturally gentle disposition of these people might be adduced.

On some parts of the coast, as at Rockingham Bay, in lat. 18° 30′ the natives have made some little progress in those arts which constitute the first step in the career of civilization. More ingenuity than is ordinarily found among Australians, is exhibited in the construction of their huts, and canoes, and they have neat baskets, and preserved shells of the bottle gourd for carrying water.

They do not, like many tribes of their countrymen, eat their food in a nearly raw state, but possess the art of constructing those rude ovens, mentioned by those navigators who have visited the Friendly Islands in the South Sea, for cooking it, and carry on the culinary art with considerable skill. In this country, more perhaps than in any other, the beneficial effects of comfortable circumstances upon the character of men, has been observed. It is misery and want which render man a savage. As soon as he feels himself tolerably well assured of subsistence, the springs of benevolence are opened in his heart, agreeable fantasies present themselves to his imagination, and he looks upon his fellow man with eyes of kindliness. When the savage is fully provided for, his next pleasure *is to give*. Barbarians, that is, men one step above the wild state, have always been famous for attention to strangers, and the generous supplying of their wants. Homer speaks of his countrymen, who were in his time no better than barbarians, as eminently addicted to the virtue of hospitality, and represents Jove as the guardian god of the stranger, and the patron of hospitable rites. The savages of Australia who have not yet created themselves an idea of Jove, or, at all events, have not been able to communicate it to their European visiters, have nevertheless the virtue over which Jove presided.

One of the men who experienced the hospitality of the New Holland savages, afterwards drew up an account of their adventures, which was published in Mr. Barron Field's volume of tracts relating to Australia; and besides being highly interesting in itself, throws considerable light on the manners and character of this wild it people.

But whatever be the moral character of the Australians, their personal appearance is anything but beautiful. A craniologist, however, would at first sight regard them as the most intellectual, if not the most lovely of human beings, for their heads are larger in proportion to the size of their bodies, than those of any other people, and consequently the volume of brain, compared with that of the body, must be greater also, and betoken superiority in the mental faculties. The author of the 'Picture of Australia,' as well as most other writers, speaks of their hair as being 'frizzled,' by which he means to insinuate, we suppose, that it somewhat resembles the wool of the negro: but we have been informed by persons who have had ample opportunities of observing the structure and habits of this people, that the hair of the Australian is long and lank, and wholly destitute of the curly or frizzled character. Their heads, it is said, are flattened on the crown, perhaps artificially, the nose is flat, the nostrils widely extended, the eyes deeply sunk in the head, and shaded by projecting eyebrows. The mouth is large, and the lower part of the countenance resembling that of the Orang Outang. Those few persons who are sufficiently well fed to be corpulent, by no means grow in personal attractions

as they increase in size; but owing to various circumstances, the general tendency is towards the other extreme, though their limbs upon the whole are well knit, and muscular. Lacepede, and other naturalists, gravely assert that the Negro is white when he is born, and gradually assumes his dusky hue as he is exposed to the air. This miracle does not take place in the case of the Native of New Holland, although the new-born infant is somewhat lighter in complexion than the full-grown individual; which, however, as all the world knows, is the case with the peasantry, and more or less, with every person in European countries. In Australia the atmosphere is not the only, or, indeed, the most active agent in the blackening process; for the genial aid of grease, soot, and charcoal, is also invoked, and these, uniting their influence, generally render the full grown savage as "black as Erebus."

It often happens, as the world would have discovered if Horace had not said so, that men are not altogether contented with the good things which nature or fortune bestows upon them, but wish for others which are beyond their reach. The Chinese, who possess merely the dwarf representative of a beard, take immense pains to nourish and enlarge the honours of their chins, and would not endure the profanation of a razor on any account; but the European and the Australian savage, to whose chins nature has been peculiarly liberal, resent her gifts, and disfigure, pluck out, or cut away as closely as they can, this magnificent token of manhood. The poor wretch, who has not yet invented the art of cloathing his body, is still sufficiently sophisticated to quarrel with his beard, and having no Sheffield ware with which to perpetrate the sacrilege, contents himself with a burning stick, or a piece of shell ground to a sharp edge. In order still farther to improve upon the designs of nature, the poor savage bores his nose, and thrusts a piece of bone or stick into it, and likewise hacks and hews his epidermis, until it is seamed with scars which rise in welts of the size of the little finger. Like our own Druidical ancestors, whom Dr. Southey imagines to have been a happier race than the English peasantry of the present day, the savages of Australia paint, or rather smear over their bodies, with pigments, which, if they increase the beauty of the individual, do not much add to the sweetness of his smell. They are, we suppose, of the same opinion as the savages celebrated by Prior, among whom, the poet observes,—

> "Before you see you *smell* your toast,
> And sweetest she who stinks the most."

But the passage which most strikingly illustrates the manners of these rude people, is that in which the ceremony, denominated "matriculation" by the English, is described. In reading this singular description, we were every moment carried back in imagination to those extraordinary rites which were practised by the Egyptians, at once the most sublime and fantastical of antient

nations. Perhaps the reader will also be reminded of other similar rites.

'The ceremony, of which that seems to be the most appropriate English name, is a very singular one; and though to an European it seems not a little ridiculous, there is probably more meaning in it than some matriculations in more civilized countries. As the loss of a front tooth, which is the permanent mark of this formal transition from the boy to the man, is not found all over the island, there is no knowing whether the ceremony in the other parts of it be general; but the following account of it, taken partly from Collins and partly from another authority, is correct as applies to the Port Jackson natives.

It should be remarked that small as the tribes in New Holland generally are, they are named after their countries in the same manner as in Europe; the termination "gal" added to the name of the country, being the common name of the people. Cammerray being the native name of the land to the north of Port Jackson, and Gwea that of the south toward Botany Bay, the inhabitants are called Cammerray-gal, and Gwea-gal. It was at first supposed that the south was a tribute paid to the former of these by the latter; but as both tribes want it, that cannot be the case. In the instances of matriculation mentioned at Port Jackson, the operators came from Cammerray; but the reason why it should be done by strangers, will afterwards appear without any reference to tribute, or the superiority of one tribe to another.

'A short time before the arrival of the operators, the boys assemble, which it appears they must do voluntarily—otherwise they are stigmatized as cowards, and with them a number of their friends, as spectators, all painted in their best style. Thus assembled, they dance and amuse themselves during the nights.

'The party of a different tribe, among whom are the operators, who are styled Carradhys, and act the part of a sort of priests upon this as well as upon other occasions, come fully ornamented and armed. The first part of the ceremony consists in preparing the proper arena for the future operations, which is an oval of about twenty-seven feet by eighteen, cleared from grass and roots, and called the yoolahng. This is made ready some days before the ceremony, so that it may be dry and dusty.

'At one end of this space the candidates and their friends place themselves, and the party, among whom are the operators, stand armed at the other. The boys are not given up, but snatched away one by one, and placed, with shouting, in the centre of the armed party, as if they were captives. When all taken, the boys are made to sit cross-legged with their heads down and their hands clenched, and they neither look up nor eat during the ceremony. The only other performance of the first day is the pretended delivery of two principal Carradhys, each of a bone, which is used for scarifying the gums. In this they throw themselves upon the ground, and make strange contortions, as if they were in great agony; but the bones of which they pretend to be delivered, are dexterously taken from a concealment in their girdles. Preparations being thus made, the ceremony begins on the following morning.

'1. The boys sitting in the attitude previously described, the other party first enter the yoolahng, (or cleared space) and run shouting thrice round it. Then the operators, sticking their waddies into their girdles, to imitate

the tails of dogs, run round the arena on all fours, driving the dust and sand upon the boys as they pass; and the boys remain immoveable, and maintain their gravity during the whole of the ludicrous exhibition.

'2. The boys still remaining in their position, one of the Carradhys enters the arena puffing under the load of an image of a kangaroo, rudely made of grass; another follows carrying a bundle of sticks; and the rest of the party shout and beat time upon their shields with their waddies.

'3. The boys still retaining their position, are left to themelves for a short time, and the Carradhys, having in the meantime stuck long tails of grass in their girdles, enter the arena, hopping in the attitude of kangaroos.

'4. As these kangaroos, who, like the dogs, perform their march in rank entire, pass the boys, each of them catches up one, bears him upon his shoulders in triumph, and marches off to a little distance, where the boys are set down, and some of the Carradhys retire to make some mysterious preparations, which strangers are not permitted to witness.

'5. The boys are led or rather driven to a scene, which is thus arranged: a heap of bodies is laid on the ground; they are close together, on their faces, with the heads all one way, and they lie motionless, as if they were dead. At each end there is a man seated on the stump of a tree, with another man sitting astride his neck, all the four having their faces turned in the same direction as the feet of the bodies upon the ground. The boys are brought toward that end, and as they approach, the two menon the nearest stump, wave their arms, writhe their bodies, stare, and loll out their tongues in the most hideous way that they can. These two then retire through an opening made for them by the men that have charge of the boys, and the boys are made to pass over the bodies that are upon the ground. These writhe and groan as if in great agony, making at the same time a dismally mournful noise; and when the boys have passed over the bodies, they are received with fresh groans by the two men on the other stump, and then the whole party move on a little. During the fourth and fifth, and indeed all the remaining ceremonies, the operators are armed with spears, whereas they have only the waddie when they play the dog, and not even that when they play the kangaroo.

'6. At some little distance from the scene of the fifth ceremony the whole halt; the boys are seated in a semicirle; the others form a semicircle opposite them, with the exception of the leader, who occupies the centre, and faces the other men, who are armed with spears and shields. The leader has a shield and waddie, with which he beats time, while the others poise and wield the spears, and at every third motion strike them against the middle of the shield. These are the preliminary tests, which if the boy stands, without any signs of alarm or uneasiness, he is admitted to the finishing rite.

'7. The extraction of the tooth. For this purpose the boys are one by one taken astride the neck of a man; then the mysterious bone is produced and the gum scarified. After this a throwing-stick is cut to the length of nine or ten inches, and in dividing it, three attempts are made before every blow. The boy's head is held steady by an assistant; the end of the stick is placed against the tooth; and the operator, who has a stone in his other hand, after three feints, strikes the tooth out of its socket, or if it require more than one blow, three attempts are made before each. Whilst this

operation is performing, the assistants roar in the ears of the boys the most loud and hideous sounds that they can utter. The boy, when the tooth has been removed, is delivered to his friends, who close the gum, and deck him for the remaining part of the ceremony: but the blood that may flow during the operation, either upon the head of the man, or the breast of the boy, is not wiped off.

'8. When the operation is performed, the boys are ornamented by their friends, by tying a girdle round the waist, placing a wooden sword in it, passing a bandage round the head, and sticking it with slips of xanthorrhea, arranged something in the form of a mural crown. They are then all set down on the trunk of a tree, with the left hand placed on the lacerated gum, and a waddie in the right. In this manner they sit, till, at a signal, they start up as men, and drive every thing before them.

'It will at once be perceived that those curious ceremonies are typical of the whole employment of these men. The dog and the kangaroo, are given to them as their property; the one to assist in hunting, and the other to be hunted. The produce of the chace is brought in, together with the wood to dress it. The taking of them up to carry them to the grimacing figures, and the prostrate heap, is emblematical of their not fearing the threats of their enemies, and their ability to find them out in their hiding-places. The poising of the spear, and the touch of the shield, are to inform them that their aim, and their warding off a blow or a missile, were to be equally sure; and the crown is in emblem of their having triumphantly passed the ordeal. The noise, the threats, the attitudes which they are obliged to preserve, and the performance of the ceremony by strangers, are all so many traits, whereby to make sure that they have that fortitude and self-possession which are so essential in men exposed to so many dangers and hardships, both by their own dispositions, and by the circumstances in which they are placed. The two grand privileges which the passing of this ordeal confers, are the throwing of the spear in the chase, in war, or in combat; and the capture of wives, in the manner before mentioned.'—pp. 259—265.

Such is the country, and such are the people in which, and among whom, a small body of Englishmen have already commenced laying the foundation of a great empire; where, perhaps, when London, with all her magnificence and all her arts, shall be levelled with the dust, the genius of Englishmen shall be preserved in the literature which they have created, and the arts they have carried to unexampled perfection. At present these colonies differ but little from other British settlements, and we therefore content ourselves with having placed before the reader a description of the physical aspect of the colony, and an outline of the character of its wild and extraordinary inhabitants.

ART. V.—*Annuaire de Celvados*, 1829. F. Poisson. Caen. 1829.

AT the present moment, when so many of our countrymen are either residing in France, or hastening thither for the purpose of economizing, a plain honest statement of the real state of things in that country cannot but be useful. The books which are printed

and published here in London, under the names of guides, tours, &c., appear to be either compiled at home by persons who never travelled, or to be written by persons who, having travelled, have acquired the traveller's licence of saying what is not true. We are told, for example, in "Reichard's Guide to France,"—one of the best books of the kind with which we are acquainted,—that at Caen in Normandy, English persons may enjoy the comforts of life at a third less than in one of the provincial towns of their own country. This is altogether incorrect. Living in Caen, on the contrary, is scarcely one-third cheaper than in London; and as to what are called the 'comforts of life,'—unless by 'comforts,' the guide-book means wine and brandy—they are not cheaper at Caen than at Exeter, Plymouth, or any of the large towns of Devonshire or Cornwall. Brittany is, perhaps, cheaper than Devonshire; but it is a far less desirable place than Caen to reside in, the language not being pure French, the people rough, uncouth, and ignorant; and the climate no less humid and variable than that of the southern shores of England.

In order to give some relief to the dry details of prices current, &c., we shall take the liberty to intermingle a few remarks on the appearance of the country, and the manners of the people, extracted from the manuscript notes of a gentleman now travelling on the Continent. We shall allow him to tell his story in his own way, giving his ideas of things as they arose, and were described at the moment. On some points, his ideas may be found to agree with those of other travellers, while they will differ from them on others; but it cannot, we think, be inferred from the tone of the writer, that he carries about with him a disposition to be displeased, or to look on the unpleasant side of things. With regard to the originality or novelty of the observations, we shall merely remark that it is always the fault of the traveller, and not of the scene he describes, if his remarks are not both interesting and new, as the field of manners, whether foreign or domestic, is altogether inexhaustible. To be original, a traveller has only to observe carefully the impression which objects make upon him. It is only when men study the thoughts of others, instead of their own, that they complain of barrenness in their subject.

'The steam packet, says the traveller, reached the quay of Havre de Grace, about midnight, and was in an instant, boarded by the custom-house officers, to prevent any parcels or packages from being taken on shore. The physiognomy of a foreign city at night, especially, when landing from the sea, is peculiarly striking. The buildings seem to be magnified by the darkness; all the objects which present themselves to the eye, wear a raw and uncouth aspect, and the people crowding round the strangers, with their novel language, and costume, have the air of persons from another world. Travellers who have lost the freshness, and healthfulness of their mind, or who affect to view every thing with stoical indifference, may no doubt discover common-place every where, because their eyes are common-place, and want the touch of observation; but for my own part, I am per-

suaded that there are in every town and city on earth, many things worthy of being noticed, which escape travellers, and would perhaps escape me. The art of travelling is difficult to be acquired. It does not come by instinct. Nor is a dunce made wise, by passing among new scenes and new manners.

'As soon as the vessel touched the quay, all the fires and lights on board were extinguished, so that, but for the pale glimmering of a lamp at the door of a neighbouring hotel; we should have had to go on shore in total darkness. The exact cause of this regulation I could not discover: the sailors informed me, it was designed to prevent fires; but, whatever was its intention, it is well calculated to promote smuggling and bribery.

'The first thing on landing, was to repair to the custom-house, where I delivered up my passport, and underwent a slight personal examination. In my case, this examination may be said to have been a mere form, for the man, after inquiring whether I had any thing prohibited in my pockets, and being answered in the negative, only passed his hand down my sides, on the outside of my coat. My wife was much more rigorously examined by the female Cerberus—but the children were not touched. This affair being over we repaired to our inn, the hotel de Londres, which is kept by an Englishwoman. Unless on an occasion of this kind, when the lateness of the hour prevents all choice, I should advise English people to go in preference to a French inn, where they will in general meet with more civility and be charged less. The whole of the persons of this establishment were sullen, morose, and ill-bred, and showed no signs of satisfaction, except when receiving money. The porter who carried our packages from the custom-house to this hotel, being entrusted with a piece of money, to procure change, pocketed the whole.

'At the custom-house, the practice is exceedingly variable. Sometimes they will seize things as contraband, which on other occasions they will allow to pass. In one of our trunks there were two pieces of calico which were taken; in another, which arrived afterwards, there were several pieces of muslin and flannel, which were not seized. Before we could set out for Harfleur, it was necessary to obtain a provisional passport, for which the legal demand is *two francs*, or one shilling and eight pence. On applying for this, at the bureau of the Prefect, we were desired to call again in two or three hours, but when we inquired the price of the passport, and said we understood it was usual to present the person who made it out with an additional *franc*, we were asked to sit down, and our passport was made out in ten minutes. The French government appears to make a trade of these provisional passports, which, I imagine, must be a somewhat lucrative one.'

Every body has read descriptions of the French diligences, but no one will ever imagine how ugly and awkward they are, until he sees them. Having crossed the mouth of the Seine from Havre to Harfleur, which is a very ancient, picturesque, and dirty town, the tourists set out in one of these lumbering vehicles for Caen. The road, which is to the full as bad as it is picturesque, runs over high hills, and along the most beautiful vallies, richly wooded. In the course of two or three hours the country they entered upon

assumed another aspect, being for the most part plain, and covered with apple-trees, like Herefordshire; but while they were gazing at the scene, night came on almost suddenly, and their eyes were rendered of little use to them.

'The diligence is very close, and becomes extremely disagreeable, when one has been confined in it for any length of time. On this occasion it might be compared to the Black Hole at Calcutta; notwithstanding that it was a cold night, and that all the little windows were open. We reached Caen about midnight, and the appearance of the streets, as the diligence rolled along through them, was particularly sombre and striking, the houses being remarkably lofty, and the thinly scattered lamps, hanging from cords over the centre of the road. Instead of stopping at an inn or hotel, where we could have got supper and a bed, the coach came to a stand at an office, where common civility was not to be had. The night was dark and rainy, and numerous low waiters, male and female, from the different hotels of the city, immediately surrounded us, each proclaiming the praises of the establishment to which he or she belonged. It was with great difficulty that we prevented our parcels from being carried away to different places by these harpies; and I was, in fact, compelled to abandon my companions, the ladies and children, to their fate, while I watched like a dragon of the Hesperides, over my trunks and portmanteaus, which were piled up in a heap in the mud.

'Persons who travel in England sometimes complain of the want of accommodations at some of the inns they meet with on their journey, and no doubt with justice; but I doubt whether it would be possible, at any time of the year, or any hour of the day or night, to find one of the principal hotels of Bath or Bristol so utterly unprovided, that a cup of coffee could not be made for the traveller. This, however, was the case at the Hotel d'Angleterre, where we took up our quarters, on our arrival in Caen. They had wines and spirits of every description; but children do not drink these things, and would have preferred coffee. When I complained of this want of attention to the travellers who might arrive late at the hotel, the female waiter shrugged up her shoulders, said she was exceedingly sorry, but that as to the "petits enfans" they would go to sleep, and forget it. I smiled at her philosophy, and dismissed her for the night.'

Few persons with a family would choose to remain at an hotel of this kind, where, however attentive and obliging the people may be, the quiet and comforts even of lodgings are not to be expected. The first movement to be made, therefore, is to search for private lodgings, but although there are a great number of houses with bills on them, purporting that furnished apartments may be obtained within, it is not an easy matter, it seems, to find good lodgings. The Normans are a remarkably shrewd people, and have, perhaps, as violent an attachment for money as any human beings. Besides, they pique themselves upon their cunning; and, according to one of their own writers, fear nothing so much as being outwitted. As they have not the same antipathy to making dupes of others, it behoves the traveller to be on his guard, in all his dealings with them, lest they obtain the much

desired reputation of being cunning at his expense. In plain English, if he does not 'look sharp' he will be overreached.

Apartments in Caen, and the other cities of Normandy, must be taken by the month, and half the money paid in advance. A furnished house may also be had in the same way, and very nearly as cheap as if taken for the whole year. A furnished house, or apartments, for a family of six persons, cannot be obtained in Caen for less than forty pounds a year; though in some of the neighbouring villages it may be had for thirty. The usual way is to take an unfurnished house, and hire the furniture of a broker, who will provide the stranger with every thing, excepting linen, glass, and earthenware, which must be brought from England, or purchased on the spot. The guide-books, tours, &c., say that linen is cheaper in France than in England; this is not the fact, at least, in Normandy. Linen, woollen cloths, &c. are not only dearer, but of much inferior quality; and even silks, in this part of the country, are not much cheaper than in London. Every thing cotton is double, and, in many instances, treble the English price.

'It should be remarked, however, that the price of articles in Caen, at the present moment, ought not to be taken as an indication of what the prices generally are, for every thing is pronounced to be excessively dear this year. Bread is somewhat more than two-pence per pound, the price of the six pound loaf being one shilling and a halfpenny; but this is considered as an ominous circumstance; and, indeed, it is said, that the poor are on the verge of starvation. On the king's birth-day, November the fourth, it is customary in all the great cities, and towns of France, to get up an illumination, and a display of fire-works; but this year the fire-works were changed into bread, twenty-five thousand pounds of which, were on that day distributed to the poor of Caen, by the parish priests. Beef, mutton, and veal, are five pence per pound, and they are inferior both in look and quality, to English butchers' meat. Pork is as dear as in England. Fowls also, are as dear as in London, if not dearer; which will appear to be an extraordinary circumstance, when it is added, that eggs are cheap, the newest and best, not being more than sixpence per dozen. Butter is cheap, the best being to be obtained even at this time of the year, for sevenpence half-penny per pound, of eighteen ounces. In summer it is still cheaper. Milk up to All Saints Day, was two pence the *litre*, about (two quarts)—but from that day until Easter, it will be two pence half-penny. Vegetables appear to be somewhat less than half the English price, but they are inferior in quality, the potatoes excepted, which, though small are excellent. Fruit is abundant and cheap; the best grapes being from one penny to three-half-pence per pound; apples, about one third the English price, and of the most exquisite flavour, resembling in no respect, the apples sold as French in London; walnuts about two pence half-penny per hundred. With respect to the price of cheese, I can say nothing, as I have hitherto seen nothing in the country which deserved the name; the article sold as cheese, being a mere lump of congealed, sour milk, execrable both in taste and smell.

'To come to the article of cookery; the soups are excellent, as are also the fish, which I should have observed, are remarkably dear. Roast meat

is miserably cooked, being generally burnt on the outside, and not done within. To mend the matter, it is generally half cold when brought to table, being carried through long passages uncovered, and served up with cold plates. The vegetables, particularly the potatoes, are generally overdone. There are no pies, or puddings worth a farthing: the salad, however, and the dessert, are exquisite; and the wines, even at the hotels and cafés, are of a fine flavour, and by no means dear. Ordinary claret can be purchased, in large quantities, at the rate of four pence per bottle, containing a full quart, not, however, including the bottle, which costs two pence half-penny. Burgundy, such as an Apicius might drink, can be had for two shillings and a penny; and Champaigne, such as I never tasted in England, for four shillings.

'Washing is both cheap and good; but it is performed in a very singular manner. The fine linen is first dipped in cold water, well soaped, then wrapped in a napkin, and put into a large pan of a peculiar form; which, when full, is covered up, and placed in a hot oven, where it is left all night. In the morning it is carried to the river, rinced well, and then hung up to dry. Table linen, and strong articles of dress, are first washed in hot water prepared with wood ashes, and are then taken to large wooden houses, erected in the river, where they are beaten with flat wooden bats, by women who stand almost in the water, even in the coldest weather. Whole regiments of washerwomen may every day be seen on the banks of the Odon, though not quite in the condition in which Nausicàa and her maids were seen by Ulysses. These nymphs of Normandy, who thus devote themselves to the river for the benefit of the public, like those whom Volney saw on the banks of the Nile, are far from resembling the graceful shepherdesses imagined to haunt these pastoral streams by the fanciful Florian. In one word, they are the coarsest and ugliest women I ever beheld.'

We hear a great deal said in England against the French fashion of having no carpets in their houses; but the French are perfectly in the right. Wood fires and carpets are incompatible things. A small piece which our tourist took with him from England, was set on fire five or six times by sparks flying out from the wood. The best carpet in the world would thus be spoiled entirely in one month. The stone floors also are a consequence of the wood fires. Involuntary arson would be a common crime in France, were the houses constructed as they are in London. The wood fires seem to be the worst thing in the whole circle of French domestic economy. Two long pieces of wrought or cast iron, with some kind of ornament at the end next the apartment, are placed parallel to each other on the stones which are a portion of the hearth, and reach to the back of the chimney. The fire-wood is cut to suit the chimney, and laid across from one of these bars to the other. It is then lighted, and, if good, throws out a pleasant heat for a short time; but when this cheerful blaze dies away, there is no appearance of fire, but, on the contrary, a dead looking mass of white ashes. The seeds of flame, however, as Virgil says, remain, and with the bellows, which always hang by the side of the fire-place, you can in a moment rouse up a brief combustion. Wood is much

dearer there than coal in England, even in London itself. To keep up any thing like a pleasant fire, would cost one shilling per day for each fire; that is, for three fires, one guinea per week! The consequence is, that few persons ever have a good fire. The coals sold here are bad, requiring the bellows almost continually, and never yielding a bright sparkling flame. The reason why wood is so dear at Caen is, that there are no forests in the vicinity, the country, for miles round, consisting of elevated plains or downs, upon which scarcely a tree is to be seen. In the valley of the Orne, there are, it is true, a few scattered groves; but these are judiciously left untouched, as, if cut down to a tree, they would not furnish fuel for the city for a single month. When large blocks are used with the small wood, there is, of course, a greater body of fire; but there is not a strong steady heat, and the blocks simmer away very rapidly. The best wood is the elm.

'It should have been remarked above, that in France tea is cheaper than in England; Souchong being four shillings and twopence per pound, and green tea five shillings. But they are weak, and inferior to what are call good teas in England. The best coffee is only one shilling and eight pence per pound.

'Servants' wages are moderate. A house-maid, or maid of all work, may be had for somewhat less than five pounds a year: but she must have five francs (four shillings and two pence) for *wine-money*, on being hired; and half a dozen aprons, value about ten shillings, which are left when she quits her place. A professed cook, as the phrase is, will expect from eight to ten pounds a year. The food and treatment of servants in Normandy are very inferior to what servants find in England. They eat a little bread and fruit, or cold meat, or what they can get, for their breakfast, with some of the most wretched cider that ever was drank, to wash it down. Their dinner consists of much the same sort of materials, and their supper the same. They never taste tea or coffee, and seldom sit down comfortably to their food, but eat it as they work or walk about. It must not be inferred, however, that they are hard workers; for, on the contrary, they are lazy enough, and, in truth, have much less to do than English servants. The houses are generally kept in a most lamentably dirty state, and the scents which strike upon the "olfactory nerves" in every corner, bear witness to the uncleanliness of the French people.

'The old saw—

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,"

is a kind of law with the Normans. The shops are shut in Caen soon after dark; and by ten o'clock the streets are as still as death. There are no watchmen who cry the hour. You may traverse the whole city, from this till morning, almost without meeting a human being, except when some Diligence drives in, frighting the land from its propriety with cracking of whips and clattering of wheels. When Marie, who was guillotined a little while ago, for shooting his wife, passed through the city at midnight to penetrate the crime, not a soul saw him but a poor old woman, who peeped at him through the window, and the centinel of the barracks by the Vancelles bridge. Caen is not a walled city, and you may enter and quit it at all hours.

The cities of Normandy have, in general, the reputation of being dirty in comparison with English cities; but Caen is an exception, and is allowed to be the cleanest place in France.

'The less frequented of the streets, and the small lanes leading from the towns to the fields, are always covered with filth, and the roads are left in a most abominable state. In the city, the practice for which Edinburgh is so celebrated, is carried on to such an extent at night, that it is dangerous to walk the streets. As you move along you hear a window open, and a dead plash upon the stones informs you what is going on. This happens every moment, at a certain hour of the evening, just before the good people retire to rest. The same thing takes place early in the morning.

'In spite of these things, the Normans are a cheerful and pleasant people, and preserve a picturesque roughness in their exterior, which would seem to indicate something primitive in their character. Perhaps mankind are all naturally filthy, and only acquire a taste for cleanliness when they have reached a certain stage of civilization, which the Normans have not yet attained. At all events, I do not dislike the people, notwithstanding their slovenliness; and often imagine that, in the rude peasants whom I see about me, I discover strong traces of resemblance to the English. It was from this very city, and its environs, that the founders of many noble families in England originally came; and if the aristocracy of our country are now superior in character and manners to the Norman gentry, the circumstance must be owing to the freedom and industry engendered by the institution of their adopted country.'

As it is extremely difficult to appreciate properly the manners of a foreign nation, our traveller is careful to remark that his observations are the result of a very brief experience, or rather of first impressions. It is proper, however, to describe the effect which a hasty view of the social habits of a people is calculated to produce, as, in most cases, a hasty view is all that travellers are able to bestow on any particular province. He is persuaded that, in the present instance, there must, at bottom, be much that is excellent and amiable in the character of the people; as in spite of their exterior, which is by no means engaging, their harsh language, and coarseness of manners, he finds himself much attached to the place, and highly satisfied with its inhabitants. According to M. Boisard, the able and intelligent author of the work now before us, who is, we believe, a native of Caen, and has passed the greater part of his life there, the Normans may be regarded as a clever, reflecting, industrious people, remarkable for courage, and jealous of their rights even to obstinacy. This trait in their character has caused them to be considered as litigious by foreigners, who mistake their cautiousness for a want of frankness. He observes, however, that it is not from such popular dicta that we are to form our ideas of a people, but from the progress they have made in civilization, and the picture which history presents of their actions and their genius. With his opinion we do not altogether concur. History describes the public fortunes of a nation, that is, the events and circumstances which

have attended the gradual development of its character; but it is not from history that we can learn the present intellectual features of the people, which are the result of the original habitudes of the race, modified by the events which history records. We grant that in looking at the present inhabitants of a kingdom or province, the light which history furnishes is not to be neglected; but this light is only one of the materials. To paint a people fairly and well, we must study them in their history, and as they now exist, modified by those influences and catastrophes which history describes.

On the physical characteristics of a people, a stranger is perhaps better able to pronounce, in proportion to his experience, even than a native; because, unless entirely blinded by prejudice, he bears with him materials for comparison, which the native, unless he has travelled, does not possess. M. Boisard's description of his countrymen, however, appears to be correct. He tells us that they are robust and well made and much taller in the plains than on the hills. What he says respecting the women, does not so well agree with the experience of our traveller. M. Boisard says that the fair sex are here *remarkable* for the beauty of their forms, and the brilliancy of their complexion. With regard to the complexion, he agrees with our countrymen who have visited the province, and who speak in the highest terms of the bloom and freshness of the ladies' cheeks. We may also concede them the point of form; but if we come to speak of the features, our assent must be given with very considerable restrictions. The "elegans formarum spectator" will discover in the Norman ladies too much robustness and volume, united with sharpness of features, to please his taste; but he will confess that in general they have fine animated countenances, expressive of tranquil and happy souls. It is thought by some that the air of Caen, which lies for the most part in a valley, is damp and unwholesome; but this opinion is refuted by the healthy and florid looks of its inhabitants, among whom it is rare to see a single squalid face. In the villages in the immediate vicinity of the city, and more particularly at Corneille, the air is light and bracing, so that if the constitution contain within it the seeds of health, they cannot fail to develope themselves there. While walking out, the eye is continually delighted with the sight of healthy and very pretty children, who in general have fine long hair, falling in wavy ringlets over their shoulders. This is particularly the case at Havre de Grace, where more pretty women and children may be found than in any other country town of the same size, whether in France or England.

M. Boisard describes the Normans as little addicted to superstition, and there are some who consider them equally free from religion. At all events the places of public worship are but thinly attended, and even of the small congregations which do attend, nine-tenths are generally women. The behaviour of the populace in passing one of those vast crosses, denominated Calvaries in

France, was carefully observed by the gentleman from whose notes we have already so largely extracted; and it appeared to him that the impression produced upon the mind, by whatever name we may choose to call it, was very slight indeed. His description, however, of the ceremony, will enable the reader to estimate the probable amount of devotional feeling.

'Yesterday, being Sunday, I walked out with ——— and the children to a small village on the Bayeux road. The most striking object on the way was one of those vast crosses, called Calvaries in this country, which are erected on almost every road side. It was not, I should imagine, less than forty feet high, and arose from a small stone platform, about six or seven feet above the level of the road, to which you ascend by steps. On the cross was a wooden image of the Saviour, painted of the colour of life, or, rather, of death. As far as I could judge, the figure was rather cleverly executed. The thick mass of curly black hair seemed to be clotted with blood, which also oozed out from beneath the crown of thorns, and trickled down over the forehead and cheeks; streams of blood flowed also from the hands, feet, and side. On the right hand of the image a long spear, with a sponge upon its point, was fixed; and on the left hand was another spear, with its point naked. As I gazed up this vast image, standing up against the sky, and saw the body relieved by a back-ground of light driving cloud, my soul was carried back to the awful reality, as it took place in Judea, and a momentary feeling of sublimity swept over my mind. The single word "Jesus" was visible on the cross-beam. During the short time we stopped to look at it, numbers of persons of both sexes, and of all ages, passed by, some in their Sunday apparel, others dressed as on any other day of the week. The first individual who performed the act of worship was an old woman, who, crossing her forehead, and bending her eyes upon the ground, passed by, bowing low in adoration. A little girl next passed, she also crossed her forehead, and, devoutly touching the region of the heart, curtsied, and went on her way. Then came a crowd of persons of different ages, whom I carefully observed. Two little boys were running along playing before the group; they approached opposite the image, the elder seemed suddenly to recollect himself, pulled off his cap, and turning to his little companion, apparently not more than four years old, caused him to do the same. They then walked a few steps bareheaded, made, I believe, a bow to the statue, and then put on their caps, and returned to their play. All the women touched their hearts, or crossed their foreheads; but of the men, some passed without shewing the least sign of reverence, while others took off or touched their hats. I remarked, as by no means the least curious part of the matter, that the Protestant lady who accompanied me, disapproved of the conduct of those who were wanting in the outward demonstration of devotion, and exclaimed—"Observe those wretches! they go by without the least token of respect." On interrogating my own heart, I found that I also regarded them with disapprobation. At last a soldier drew near, on his way from the neighbouring village to the city, and we were curious to observe what he would do. He walked on so far without making any sign, that we began to imagine he would make none; and the lady, hastening at once to a conclusion, observed—"He is, no doubt, a republican of the old school, see how disdainfully he looks up at it!" Just as

he came exactly opposite the image, however, he put up his right hand and touched his cap, in the most respectful manner, as if to a superior officer. This was the end of the exhibition; at least our curiosity was satisfied, and we walked on towards the village.'

It is extremely difficult, as the reader will readily believe, for a traveller to obtain correct information respecting the state of religion in any country. In general, the most he can do is to observe the outward forms of religion, which are extremely fallacious indications of the inward habit of the mind, or inquire of the residents, of the results of their experience. Few, however, are competent to judge in a question of this kind, and all generalizing upon the subject are suspicious. We copy from the journal the account of the tourist's first visit to a Catholic church during divine service.

'On Thursday evening, October 22d, I accompanied Miss —— to the village church of Cornelles. We approached the sacred building through a narrow dark lane; and on entering the church-yard, I was struck by the romantic appearance of all around me. The vesper-bell was already sending forth its solemn sound, and the light, streaming from the windows, and falling upon the trees and high dusky walls by which the building is surrounded, produced a fine picturesque effect. On entering, and looking around me, I observed that the congregation was thin; but they were quiet, clean and well dressed for peasants. Indeed, the white caps of the young women, ranged in rows, with their faces towards the altar, looked particularly neat. There were much fewer men than women. Along the walls small mould candles were burning, but not in sufficient number entirely to dispel the darkness, which still harboured in various nooks of the building, and communicated to the scene an air of sombre religion. I walked up the church through rows of kneeling peasants, and took a seat near the pulpit. The Curé, in his black robes, was standing silent before the altar, at the extremity of the church, where a few slender tapers yielded "a dim, religious light," and imperfectly discovered the large picture which formed the altar-piece. Suddenly, several voices burst forth in a loud, monotonous chaunt, which by the continual recurrence of the same notes, produced a kind of sublime effect, like the endless repetition of the same figure in an Egyptian hieroglyphic. Then the singing ceased, and the sermon commenced. It was on the necessity of penitence for sin; and the looks, tones, voice, and gesture of the preacher, were precisely such as one would wish to find in a village church. He insisted with mildness upon the various duties of the Christian, and fervently exhorted his hearers to worship God; and, as often as they offended him, or trangressed his laws, to endeavour to wipe out their offences by penitence, without which, he observed, the great work of Redemption was incomplete. He did not hunt after rhetorical figures, or labour to produce effect by meretricious arts. His manner was as simple as that of a patriarch addressing the people of his tribe under a tree.'

Among the pleasures which English gentlemen appear to prize most highly, those of the field maintain a conspicuous place; and these may be enjoyed in great perfection in Normandy. Permission to carry a fowling piece is to be purchased cheaply, and the consent of the farmers to shoot upon or course over their grounds,

is very easily obtained. Owing to this circumstance, however, game, as M. Boisard observes, is daily growing more scarce, particularly the grey partridge, and the hare. The red partridge, which haunts the more mountainous and woody parts of the country, and on this account more easily escapes the aim of the fowler, is still extremely abundant; as are also the land-rail, the water-rail, the snipe, the moor-hen, and the gray turtle-dove. A species of plover, which appears in the spring and towards the end of summer, is reckoned very delicate eating, and consequently is in great request. The pleasures of the chace were formerly held in high estimation in this province, and the animals which had the honour to be run down by noble hunters alone, were protected from the vulgar by the severity of the laws, and whole armies of gamekeepers. The Revolution put these laws and the gamekeepers to flight, and, by exposing the beasts of chace to the gins and fowling-pieces of every person who can afford to spend his time in pursuing them, has greatly diminished their numbers. Wild boars, however, are still found in the forests of Cerisy and Cinglais; and M. Boisard is of opinion, that, owing to the danger of the chace, and the fertility of this animal, they will long retain their ground in those rude districts.

To persons of literary habits, Caen offers many advantages. It has a large public library, containing not less than twenty-five thousand volumes, which is conducted on the most liberal plan. To obtain access to it a slight introduction to the librarian is all that is necessary, after which you may walk into the room, which is a vast, well lighted apartment, in the Hotel de Ville, and make use of its treasures at your ease. Tables, with pens and ink, are ranged along the room, at wide intervals; where, notwithstanding the richness of the library, the number of students is seldom very great. Caen, however, is a literary place, and has produced many celebrated authors, among whom Malherbe, and Huet, the famous bishop of Avrandres, are not the least distinguished. Circulating libraries, containing the modern publications, novels, poetry, &c. appear to be numerous, and tolerably well supplied: and if the English who frequent the city were more decidedly literary, the new publications of Great Britain would also quickly find their way thither.

The 'Annuaire du Calvados,' is a publication of considerable value: it contains, besides a calendar or almanack, first; a topographical description of the departments, in which a brief account is given of each arrondissement and canton; of the rivers, the minerals, the weather, the cities, great roads, &c.; secondly, a rapid view of the population and manners; thirdly, a sketch of the political administration; fourthly, a view of the agriculture; fifthly, of the commerce and industry; and sixthly, a detailed account of the internal government of the city of Caen. The present volume, which is the first thing of the kind ever published in Normandy,

was hastily conceived and executed; but it is nevertheless laid out with judgment, and written in a pleasing and manly style. A considerable portion of the information it contains, may be said, however, to possess but a local interest, though this portion was no less necessary than the remainder, which even a foreigner may read with pleasure. The succeeding volumes may be expected to be far more suited to the taste of the general reader, the author having now had abundant leisure to collect his materials, and perfect his plan. The section of the work which is most scantily filled up in this volume, is precisely that which would be read with most pleasure by a foreigner, viz. on the population and manners. Here the author might introduce with propriety a complete picture of the Norman race, as now existing in this highly interesting province; and contrast their usages and their customs with those which prevail in other parts of France. Civilization is busily at work, obliterating the traces of antiquity, and assimilating the inhabitants of the various provinces of the kingdom; and, although it is by no means desirable that those rude manners, the relics of barbarous times, should remain, correct pictures of them, taken on the spot, will always be valued by the philosophical observer of mankind. Travellers in France, as well as in other countries, confine their observations too much to the capital and the upper classes of society, upon which education is perpetually operating new changes; but, to know correctly of what elements a nation is composed, we should haunt the provinces, study the notions, the manners, the superstitions which conceal themselves there, and make a stand against the spirit of improvement. In France, the most interesting provinces are Normandy and Brittany, especially to an Englishman; and, notwithstanding all that has been written on these countries, nothing has yet appeared which can be regarded as a standard work, to which confident recourse might be had upon any point of antiquity or manners. The reason it is not difficult to conjecture. Travellers love to follow in the footsteps of each other, and prefer imitation to originality, because it is easier to copy than observe. They are apt, also, to borrow the observations of residents and natives, who having possessed opportunities for studying, imagine they have studied the peculiarities of the country. We want, however, a good book of travels in France; and the reason of this want is, as Lord Bacon observes, in speaking of another department of literature, an appearance of plenty. Were such a work as we require, to appear, all the notes, tours, rambles, &c. would at once vanish before it; and it would then be seen that we are much less acquainted with France and the French people than we imagine. This work, however, must not be a compilation, which would only be the copying of the errors of a hundred authors, and putting them in the place of the errors of one; but the free production of a traveller, or a society of travellers, gifted with the rare faculty of seeing objects in their true light, and competent to appreciate foreign manners without prejudice or partiality.

ART. VI.—*Travels in Chaldea, including a Journey from Bussorah to Bagdad, Hillah, and Babylon, performed on foot in* 1827. *With observations on the sites and remains of Babel, Seleucia, and Ctesiphon.* By Capt. Robert Mignan, of the Hon. East India Company's Service; lately in command of the Escort attached to the political Resident in Turkish Arabia, &c. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1829.

THE voyager in unploughed seas who discovers lands where the foot of man has never trod, or savage tribes, on whom the light of civilization has never dawned, does not confer upon us half the pleasure which we feel in following the steps of a traveller in his researches amongst vanished cities and "kingdoms shrunk to provinces," where war has rioted in remorseless destruction, and time has buried all things under the dust of desolation. The astronomer whose eye kindles into brilliancy when he discovers an unexpected comet gleam athwart the field of view in his telescope, does not feel more fervently the absorbing delight of past pleasures renewed and revivified—does not feel the glow of his first studies and his early interests, come back upon him with more warmth, ardour, and fascination, as when he began in the dawn of his youth—

> "Tir'd of the earth
> And this diurnal scene—to spring aloft
> Thro' fields of air,—pursue the flying storm,
> Ride on the volley'd lightning through the heavens;
> Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
> To sweep the long track of day,—"

than we have experienced in looking back through the atmosphere of ages to the splendours of Nineveh and Babylon, which as far exceed our modern cities, as the gigantic sons of Arak exceeded the present race of men. The most magnificent of our modern palaces are mere huts when compared with those of antiquity. Buckingham-House or Windsor itself, princely and grand as we are accustomed to esteem it,—nay, even the Tuilleries and the Louvre, though combined with all the palaces in Europe, would not have formed a wing of the palace of Simiramis at Babylon, which was seven miles and a half in circumference, while that built by Nebuchadnezzar was more than twice this extent,* and the walls of these one hundred bricks in thickness, and fifty orgyas, or one hundred yards high, with turrets a hundred and forty yards high.†

These measurements appear so enormous, that we are apt to receive them with scepticism and distrust, though given by ancient authors who were probably eye-witnesses of the facts which they record. This, though we leave all other circumstances out of consideration, would render the accounts of such recent travellers as

* See Prideaux's Connections. † Diodorus Siculus.

Rich, Sir Robert Ker Porter, Keppel, Buckingham, and the author under review, of much interest.

With reference to the history of Babylon, over which it may be well to throw a rapid glance, the Persians, as we are informed by Strabo, destroyed a part of the city; time, and the carelessness of the Macedonians destroyed another part; but the principal cause of its decline was the building of Seleucia, about forty miles farther up the river, by Seleucus Nicanor, who is said to have erected this new city from dislike to the Babylonians, and to have drawn five hundred thousand persons from Babylon for the peopling of Seleucia. This rival seat of empire, by degrees robbed Babylon of its glory and greatness, and even of its very name. At the time of Quintus Curtius, Babylon, from this and other causes, had declined a fourth part; it was reduced to desolation in the days of Pliny; and when Jerome flourished it was turned into a park, in which the kings of Persia were accustomed to take the diversion of hunting.

Benjamin, of Tudela, a Jew, who lived in the twelfth century, says, in his "Itinerary," that "ancient Babylon is now laid waste, but some ruins are still to be seen of Nebuchadnezzar's palace, and men fear to enter there, on account of the serpents and scorpions which are in the midst of it."

The ruins of ancient Babylon were visited, in 1574, by Rauwolf, a German physician, who gives an apparently faithful description of the state in which he found it. He tells us that all who travel over these vast plains will find great numbers of the ruins of very ancient, great, and lofty buildings, arched towers, and other similar structures of wonderful architecture. There was then only one tower, called the Tower of Daniel, still entire and uninhabited, from which could be seen all the ruins of the once famous city, and these sufficiently demonstrated the truth of what ancient writers have said of its greatness, by the vastness of their extent. Our author quotes another part of Rauwolf's account.

'The village of Elugo now lieth on the place where formerly old Babylon, the metropolis of Chaldæa, was situated. The harbour is a quarter of a league's distance from it, where people go ashore to proceed by land to the celebrated city of Bagdad, which is a day and a half's journey from thence eastward on the Tigris.

'Just below the village of Elugo is the hill whereon the castle stood, and the ruins of its fortifications are still visible, though demolished and uninhabited. Behind it, and pretty near to it, did stand the Tower of Babylon. It is still to be seen, and is half a league in diameter; but so ruinous, so low, and so full of venomous creatures, which lodge in holes made by them in the rubbish, that no one durst approach nearer to it than within half a league, except during two months in the winter, when these animals never stir out of their holes.'—pp. 169, 170.

Pietro Della Valle, a Roman nobleman, visited Babylon in 1616. He tells us, that in the middle of a vast and level plain, about a

quarter of a league from the Euphrates, he found a heap of ruined buildings, like a huge mountain, the materials of which were so confounded together, that he knew not what to make of it. Its situation and form corresponded with that pyramid which Strabo calls the tower of Belus, and this he supposed might probably be the tower of Nimrod in Babylon, or Babel, as the place is still called. No marks of ruins appeared without that huge mass to convince him that so great a city as Babylon had ever stood there; all he could discover within fifty or sixty yards of it, being only the remains, here and there, of some foundations of buildings; and the country round so flat and level, that it is difficult to believe it should be chosen for the situation of so great and noble a city as Babylon, or that it ever contained any remarkable buildings. Della Valle, however, was astonished to find so many remains of that renowned city, after the lapse of four thousand years from its foundation, and particularly as Diodorus Siculus says it was reduced almost to nothing in his time.

Tavernier, another traveller of considerable celebrity, discovered at the parting of the Tigris, a little way from Bagdad, the foundations of a city which seemed to be a large league in compass. Some of the walls were yet standing, upon which six coaches might go abreast; they were built with burnt bricks, each ten feet square, and three feet thick. The chronicles of the country say they are the remains of ancient Babylon; but Tavernier imagined they were the ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's Palace, or, of the tower of Babel. He adopts the opinion of the Arabs, and conceives them to be rather the remains of some tower, built by one of their princes for a beacon to assemble his subjects in time of war.

Hanway, a subsequent traveller, assures us, that the ruins of Babylon are now so much effaced, that hardly any vestiges of them remain to point out the situation.

The researches of more recent travellers, commencing with Rich, are known to almost every reader, and as they require not therefore to be noticed here, we shall proceed to our author's details, which do not add so much to our previous information as serves to confirm what had been previously ascertained. Mr. Buckingham was prevented from making all the researches which he could have wished, by the intolerable heat of the weather,—his endurance of which astonished even his native guides; but Captain Mignan does not complain of this, and we accordingly infer, that he was more at his ease during his investigations. His aim, he tells us, is rather to delineate and describe the remarkable objects which presented themselves to his attention, than to enter deeply into useless theory, and vain speculation;—' in short, to furnish an accurate account of the existing remains of ancient grandeur, to describe their present desolation, and to trace something like a correct outline of the once renowned metropolis of Chaldea.' At the very commencement, however, of his journey, we find him theorizing on the supposed site of the garden of Eden.

'At eight o'clock the next morning we crossed the mouth of the Kerkha, or Howizah river, at Suaeb; a station so called from a small collection of huts, situated about a mile up the stream, which is here fifty yards broad, and extremely tortuous. One hour more brought us to Koorna, the Apamea of the ancients, from Apama, the wife of Seleucus Nicator, in whose honour he founded the town. It stands on the most southern extremity of Mesopotamia, at the conflux of two of the finest rivers in the East, the Euphrates and Tigris; and though now an insignificant place, the existing extensive ruins attest its former importance. Seleucus Nicator founded thirty-five cities in greater and lesser Asia; sixteen of which he named Antioch, from Antiochus, his father; nine Seleucia, from his own name; six Laodicea, from Laodice, his mother; three Apamea, from Apama, his first wife, (of which this city was the chief); and one Stratonicea, from Stratonice, his last wife. According to Dean Prideaux, he was a great protector of the Jews, and the first that gave them settlements in those provinces of Asia, which lie on this side of the river Euphrates. As they had been faithful and serviceable to him in his wars, and in many other respects, he granted them great privileges in all the cities which he built.—Vide Prideaux's "Connection of the Old and New Testament."

'Continuing along the banks of the Tigris, in a direction north, ten degrees west, (the Euphrates branching off due W.S.W. by compass), we almost immediately had on either bank the untrodden Desert. The natives, in travelling over these pathless deserts, are compelled to explore their way by the stars, in the same way as Diodorus Siculus (lib. 1, p. 156, edit. Rhodoman,) expressly states that travellers, in the southern parts of Arabia, directed their course *by the bears*, ἀπὸ τῶν Ἄρκτων. This is conjectured to have been the site of the Garden of Eden; consequently there appeared, as the prophet Joel says, chap. ii. ver. 3, "The land of Eden before us, and behind us a desolate wilderness." The absence, alas! of all cultivation, the noisy ripling of the rapid stream, the sterile, arid, and wild character of the whole scene, formed a contrast to the rich and delightful accounts delineated in Scripture. "It should seem that Paradise lay on the confluent streams of the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, but principally on the eastern bank, which divided into two branches above the garden, and two more below it. From the description of these rivers by ancient historians and geographers, Major Rennel infers, that in ancient times they preserved distinct courses to the sea, until the reign of Alexander; although at no great distance of time afterwards they became united, and joined the sea in a collective stream. The Cyrus and Araxes also kept distinct courses in ancient times. This, however, does not invalidate a primæval junction of these rivers, before the Deluge, which certainly produced a prodigious alteration in the face of the primitive globe. Besides, the changes in the beds of other great rivers, such as the Nile, the Ganges, and Berampooter, even in modern times are known to be very great."—Dr. Hales's New Analysis of Chronology.'—pp. 3—6.

It may be known to most of our readers, that attempts have been made to trace the geographical position of the garden of Eden, to more than one country of the East. The erudite, but fanciful Huetius, supposed that he could prove it to have been situated in a deep valley, in the vicinity of Mount Lebanon, on the side of Damascus:

but his chief arguments seem to be that the natives point out to travellers the very spot where Adam was created, and the tomb where Abel was buried. The kings of Syria also built in this valley, where the river Barrady divides it, a magnificent palace called Beth-Eden, part of which was still standing when Maundrel visited Palestine. Wherever a place, indeed, has been found with the name of Eden, (which in Hebrew signifies pleasure or delight,) facts and circumstances have been twisted and distorted, to fix the locality of the terrestrial paradise. But the notion most commonly received, is, that Eden was situated as Captain Mignan supposes, near the confluence of the Tigris and the Euphrates, which also seems to accord, in some measure, with the description given in Genesis, of the river, or rather, the rivers of Eden.

It may be interesting to mention here, that there is one prominent and universally known fact which appears at variance with *all* the geographical discussions hitherto maintained respecting the site of the garden of Eden; we mean the fact of marine productions being found in most, if not in every part of the habitable world which has been examined by naturalists. Those marine productions also consisting of shells, zoophytes, sea-weeds, fishes, &c., are more seldom found amongst gravel, sand, clay, and other alluvial strata than imbedded in the very heart of rocks and mountain masses, of whose substance they often bear a part, where it should appear impossible that they could have been carried by the deluge which continued only for a few months, whereas it must have required years for the formation and consolidating of the masses and strata of rocks, the most abundant of in marine shells, and other organic productions of the sea.

The natural inference is, that those rocks, embedding so many shells, must have been formed at the bottom of the sea, and consequently that the whole, if not the greater portion, of the habitable globe, must have remained, in a previous age, long under water. Now, the only historical period in which this could have occurred, was between the creation and the deluge, when the present continents might have formed the channel of the ante-diluvian sea, while the ante-diluvian continents and islands, having been submerged, when "the fountains of the great deep were broken up," have continued to form the channel of our present ocean, from the time that the waters of the deluge subsided.

The question, however, arises here, Why does Moses mention the Euphrates, and other post-diluvian rivers, as watering the garden of Eden, if the ante-diluvian continents are now at the bottom of the sea? M. de Luc has met this difficulty by the very ingenious though untenable conjecture, that the old names were transferred to the new rivers, as is common in colonies, where new places are called after the names of the mother country, of which there are innumerable examples in America and Australasia. This explanation is rejected by Mr. Granville Penn, in his work on the

Mineral and Mosaic Geologies, as only cutting the knot instead of untying it, and he suggests that the whole passage, Genesis ii. 11, 14, originated in an ancient gloss which has crept into the text. But though we cannot withhold from this criticism the praise of ingenious plausibility, we must reject it as purely conjectural.

As to the geological character, however, of the supposed site of the garden of Eden, on the banks of the Euphrates, we have the recent testimony of Mr. Buckingham, that the rocks in the vicinity contain organic remains of shells; a proof convincing to us that this district must have constituted a part of the channel of the sea in the ante-diluvian ages, and consequently that it is in vain to seek there for the site of the garden of Eden.

Passing over the author's ascent of the Tigris, from the place supposed by him to be the site of Eden, till his arrival at the ruins of Seleucia, we shall quote his account of the ancient rival of Babylon.

'Having examined the remains of Ctesiphon, I crossed over to the site of the once magnificent and populous Greek city, and at every step had new occasion to muse upon the scene of desolation which presented itself, as far as the eye could reach. Time, violence, and repeated inundations have levelled every thing. I looked in vain for monuments, pillars, aqueducts, and buildings. Bricks of every kind, mixed up with layers of straw; varnished tiles, and pottery of every colour, (the predominant one being blue); stones calcareous, sandy, and granite; flint-glass, shells, and a variety of vitreous and nitrous substances; these, and these alone, compose what remains of the once magnificent Seleucia.

'There is not a single entire building; nothing but a small remnant of a wall and a few portions of decayed brickwork, is left to mark the foot of the spoiler, and bid us mourn in silence and solitude over fallen and departed grandeur. The traveller ought to visit Seleucia, previous to passing over to Ctesiphon; by so doing, he will not expect to meet with any thing half so grand as the arch which rivets him to the spot, which, in this part of the world, in point of architectural beauty, is perfectly unique.

'This structure I surveyed first, so ardent was my solicitude to reach the porch of the building, after having caught a glimpse of it the evening before. With a mind full of its beauties, I passed on to Seleucia; and there being no building, not even the fragment of one visible, I experienced, I must confess, great grief and disappointment. It is, however, surprising, that so much is still left to mark the sites of these once great cities, situated as they are in a country that is inundated for so many months in the season. Even at this moment, which is the driest time of the whole year, there are pools of water inhabited by large flocks of bitterns; and herbage is scattered over the plain; but on the site of Cteisphon, the smallest insect under heaven would not find a single blade of grass wherein to hide itself, nor one drop of water to allay its thirst.

'Although former travellers who have visited this spot, do not speak of any remains on the river, I have no hesitation in pointing to the fragments of a bridge, which appears once to have connected the two cities, from the vast quantity of ruined materials lying in heaps on either bank, composed of fire-burnt bricks made of an agillaceous earth, and a great quantity of detached brickwork beneath the water. The shallowness of the river afforded

me an opportunity of observing this very particularly, and induced me to procure the aid of divers, who invariably brought up bricks broken and unbroken, remarkable for their hardness and solidity. Hence I would infer, that these fragments now resting on the river's bed, could only have been appropriated to the purpose already mentioned.

'The reader will be better able to judge of the extent of the irregular mounds and hillocks that overspread the sites of these renowned cities, when I tell him, that it would occupy some months to take the bearings and dimensions of each with accuracy. In this undertaking, great interruption and much molestation would be offered by the Arabs, who tend their cattle, sheep, and camels on the spot, and who are very suspicious, that no excavation can be made without their supposing some hidden treasure has been discovered. Consequently, these people would do all in their power to prevent the antiquary from continuing his researches, or even remaining here for any length of time.'—pp. 78—82.

'It was past midnight before I persuaded myself to quit the mouldering walls of this ancient city. The cloudless sky was studded with stars, and the air so beautifully soft and pure, that I could not be unmindful of being in the land of Chaldea, where the shepherds lay gazing on the same constellations, and from them derived the first lessons of astronomy.

'For two hours I had been seated beneath a ruined rampart of the city, which appeared to be the most perfect mass on the desert plain. It extended five hundred yards North, and rose from beneath the mounds for twenty-five feet. From this spot, by the light of the moon, I beheld, for the last time, the crumbling and solitary ruins. The deep repose of the scene was scarcely disturbed; for the breeze that wafted the sound of the browsing camel's tinkling bell, was all that broke the calm silence that prevailed around me, and

——"Mid Heaven's blue arch serene,
Th' unclouded moon smiled down upon the scene."'— pp. 85, 86.

The ruins of Seleucia stretch away to the southward, and are altogether at a greater distance from the river than those of Ctesiphon, which extend in a northerly direction. Both of these cities, after flourishing, as republican Greek colonies, for some centuries, were repeatedly attacked by the Parthians, and ultimately sacked and burnt, in the reign of Marcus, by the Romans, who had been received as friends, but treacherously deceived the citizens.

At the commencement of this article we alluded to the comparative grandeur and extent of the ancient Babylonian palaces, when compared with the diminutive structures of modern times; but what will be thought by our engineers, of a tunnel under the Euphrates, where it is a hundred and fifty yards wide?

'Diodorus has described a *vaulted passage* under the bed of the Euphrates, by which the queen (SEMIRAMIS) could pass from one palace to the other, on different sides of the river, (which was a stadium in breath, according to Strabo, p. 738) without crossing it. This serves at least to show, that the palaces were very near to the river banks.

'At a time when a tunnel, of more than half a mile in length, under the Thames, is projected, it may not be amiss to mention the reported

dimensions of the tunnel made by Semiramis, under the Euphrates; which, however, was no more than 500 feet in length, or less than one-fifth of the projected tunnel under the Thames. That of Semiramis is said to have been fifteen feet in breadth and twelve in height, to the springing of the arch; perhaps twenty in all. The ends of the vault were shut up with brazen gates. Diodorus had an idea that the Euphrates was five stadia in breadth.—See lib. ii. c. i.

'The Euphrates was turned out of its channel, in order to effect this purpose. Herodotus, who is silent concerning the tunnel, says, that the river was turned aside, in order to build a bridge. Diodorus describes a bridge also. There is an absurd story told by both these historians, respecting the disposal of the water of the river, during the time of building the bridge, &c. According to them, the water was received into a vast reservoir, instead of the obvious and usual mode of making a new channel, to conduct the river clear of the work constructing in its bed into the old channel, at a point lower down.'—pp. 145, 146.

Captain Mignan is of opinion that the ruin, called at present the Mujellibah, that is 'the overturned,' has the best claims to be considered the remains of the celebrated tower of Babel; but if so, we must consider Nimrod the veriest fool who ever planned a building, as this ruin, so far from being placed upon an eminence, from which it might have been easier for him to raise a lofty structure, in order to get nearer the heavens, is situated in the lowest part which could have been chosen of the banks of the Euphrates. We shall give as many of our author's details, respecting this remarkable ruin, as we can spare room for, since they constitute one of the most interesting parts of his book:

'This solid mound, which I consider from its situation and magnitude to be the remains of the Tower of Babel, an opinion likewise adopted by that venerable and highly distinguished geographer Major Rennel, is a vast oblong square, composed of kiln-burnt and sun-dried bricks, rising irregularly to the height of one hundred and thirty-nine feet, at the south-west; whence it slopes towards the north-east to a depth of a hundred and ten feet. Its sides face the four cardinal points: I measured them carefully; and the following is the full extent of each face. That to the north, along the visible face, is 274 yards; to the south, 256 yards; to the east, 226 yards; and to the west, 240 yards. The summit is an even flat, strewed with broken and unbroken bricks, the perfect ones measuring thirteen inches square, by three thick. Many exhibited the arrow-headed character, which appeared remarkably fresh. Pottery, bitumen, vitrified and petrified brick, shells and glass, were all equally abundant. The principal materials composing this ruin are doubtless mud bricks baked in the sun, and mixed up with straw. Many of the ancient ruined cities of Persia are likewise described as being built of unburnt bricks beaten up with straw or rush, perhaps to make the ingredient adhere, and then baked in the sun. This mode of making bricks is of the greatest antiquity; for even in the days of the Egyptian bondage, I apprehend it to be alluded to, when Pharaoh commanded the taskmasters of the people and their officers, saying, "Ye shall no more give the people straw to made brick, as heretofore; let them go and gather straw for themselves."—Exodus, chap v. ver. 7.

'It is not difficult to trace brickwork along each front, particularly at the south-west angle, which is faced by a wall, composed partly of kiln-burnt brick, that in shape exactly resembles a watch tower or small turret. On its summit there are still considerable traces of erect building: at the western end is a circular mass of solid brickwork, sloping towards the top, and rising from a confused heap of rubbish. The chief material forming this fabric appeared similar to that composing the ruin called Akerkouff—a mixture of chopped straw, with slime used as cement; and regular layers of unbroken reeds between the horizontal courses of the bricks. The base is greatly injured by time, and the elements; particularly to the south-east, where it is cloven into a deep furrow from top to bottom.

'The sides of the ruin exhibit hollows worn partly by the weather, but more generally formed by the Arabs, who are incessantly digging for bricks, and hunting for antiquities. Several of these excavations I entered, and have no reason to suppose that they are inhabited by such ferocious animals as the generality of travellers assert. There certainly was an offensive smell, and the caves were strewed with bones of sheep and goats, devoured most probably by the jackals that resort thither in great numbers; and thousands of bats and owls have filled many of these cavities.

'The natives are very reluctant to follow the visiter into these dens, and dislike remaining near the ruins after sunset, rather from the fear of demons and evil spirits, than from any attack of lions or other wild beasts. Indeed, by their account, there are not half a dozen lions within thirty miles round Babel; though, about sixty miles below Hillah, on the banks of the river, in a considerable patch of brushwood, those animals are very numerous. It appears, that the only risk attendant on entering the recesses in all the mounds, is the liability of being stung by venomous reptiles, which are very numerous throughout the ruins. This circumstance is an apt illustration of the prophecies of Jeremiah. "And Babylon shall become heaps, a dwelling-place for dragons, and an astonishment, and an hissing, without an inhabitant."—Jeremiah, chap. li. ver. 37.'—pp. 162—168.

Mr. Rich discovered in this pile of ruins a coffin, containing a skeleton in high preservation, with a brass bird on the outside, and an ornament of the same metal within,—appendages which place the coffin in question in a remote antiquity. Captain Mignan being anxious to extend these researches so far as he could, employed men to make excavations, and after digging for four hours perpendicularly from the summit, they came to six beams of date wood lying in the direction of the centre, and below these, an earthen sarcophagus, five feet long, and three and a half in diameter, nearly perfect, lined with bitumen, and filled with human bones; but it was unfortunately broken in attempting to remove it. By digging in an easterly direction, at every five or six yards, he verified Mr. Rich's conjecture, that earthen urns may be found all along the northern front of the pile; but he found no gallery filled with wooden coffins and skeletons, and does not believe that such exist in any of the Babylonian ruins. An embankment of great height and breadth, and strewed with vestiges of old buildings, surrounds the Mujellibah on the north-eastern and north-western sides, and forming on the whole two sides of triangle. Near the centre of

this embankment is a lofty eliptical mound, which extends three hundred and twenty-five yards in length, one hundred and twenty-five in breadth, and thirty in height, which Captain Mignan supposes to be the remains of the lesser palace. Of the greater palace, we shall quote his own details.

'Adjoining these heaps, a little to the southward, stands an enormous pile, which the natives have distinguished by the name of Al Kasr, or "The Palace," and which, next to the Mujellibah, is the most attractive and conspicuous object on this side of the river, rearing its rugged head seventy feet above the level of the plain: I feel confident that here lie the *debris* of the great Western palace, for the ground on the eastern face of this ruin is low, soft, and indented, as if the river had wandered from its original course. Its form is very irregular; its length is 820 yards, and its breadth 610. It is deeply furrowed throughout by ravines of great length, depth, and width; and crossing each other in every direction. Some are full sixty feet deep, which may be principally attributed to the Arabs, who were constantly at work to obtain the valuable bricks, which, from the vicinity of the river, are with very little trouble and expense conveyed to Hillah, or any towns north or south.

'In some of these artificial ravines, fragments of detached wall are still standing, composed of burnt bricks cemented together with bitumen, with their faces, or inscribed parts, placed downwards.

'The freshness of the inscriptions, on extracting many of these bricks, was amazing. In the fragments of building on the summit of the mound, neither bitumen nor reeds can be traced, there being but a simple layer of mortar to bind the materials together.

'The very heart of this pile appears to be entirely of the finest furnace-baked brick; a fact which strikingly distinguishes it from the Mujellibah, where the sun-dried material is predominant. On the top of this ruin, which is all that is left us of the greater palace, are the remains of square piers or buttresses, defying the generally destructive power of time. These columns measured from sixteen to eighteen feet in height, and nine in thickness. I found it utterly impossible to detach any of the bricks, so firmly did they adhere together. Hence, I imagine that this very circumstance is the cause of their extraordinarily fresh appearance and excellent preservation. Their colour is a pale yellow, and several of these masses appear to lean from their centre, perhaps from some convulsion of nature.

'The cuneiform, or Babylonian inscriptions, are very plainly discernible, after minute examination, on those bricks that project beyond the line of their original position. The observer must kneel down and look upwards, for it is to be remembered, that the inscribed part of every single brick is placed downwards; evidently showing that the writing thereon was never intended to be seen or read; which is an extraordinary circumstance, and not easily accounted for.

'It is astonishing that the thinnest layer of cement imaginable should hold the courses of brickwork so firmly and securely together. The natives appear to have entirely discontinued their work of havoc here, from the total impossibility of extracting a perfect brick. There are very conspicuous fragments of detached wall along the western, and a part of the northern face of the Kasr, which (as this part is the reputed site of the

famous Pensile Gardens ascribed to Nebuchadnezzar,) perhaps supported the terraces attached thereto.

'Indeed it is easier to trace several long passages among the deep and innumerable ravines, than might be supposed, after the lapse of so many ages; but these fragments of building are daily becoming more hidden from view, and the avenues closed up with broken bricks, rubbish, glazed pottery, and huge masses of stone. I will however particularize a single specimen, in order to give some idea of their gigantic dimensions.

'In one of the subterranean passages of a deeply furrowed ravine, I discovered a granite slab fifteen feet long, and five and a half wide; the surface of which exhibited bitumen with an impression of woven matting, or straw, apparently laid on in a perfect unbroken state. This circumstance may, in some degree, identify the site of the *Pensiles Horti*, which, we learn from ancient authors, were raised on pillars by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, to gratify his wife Amyctis, the daughter of Astyages, king of Media.

'Quintus Curtius makes them equal in height to the walls of the city, viz. fifty feet. They are said to have contained a square of four hundred feet on each side, and were carried up into the air in several terraces, laid above one another, and the ascent from terrace to terrace was by stairs ten feet wide. The pilasters (no trace of the arch being found throughout the ruins) sustaining the whole pile were raised above one another, and the fabric was strengthened by a wall, surrounding it on every side, of twenty-two feet in thickness.

'The floors of each of the terraces were laid in the following manner: on the top of the pillars were first placed *large flat stones, sixteen feet long and four broad; and over them was a layer of reed, mixed with a great quantity of bitumen*, over which were two rows of bricks closely cemented together by plaster, and over all were thick sheets of lead; and, lastly, upon the lead was laid the mould of the garden. The mould, or earth, was of such a depth, as to admit the largest trees to take root and grow; and it was covered with various kinds of trees, plants, and flowers. In the upper terrace there was an aqueduct or engine, whereby water was drawn up out of the river for watering the garden.'—pp. 177—182.

The sketches which our author has given of these ruins, and also of that named Birs Nemroud, would induce us to think the latter most entitled to the honour of representing the tower of Babel; an opinion which had been entertained, we believe, by all the travellers who preceded Mr. Buckingham and our author, who contend, as we have seen, for the Mujellibah being the tower built by Nimrod. The traditionary name, we think, is of some weight, though we are well aware of the danger of trusting to such a circumstance alone. Mr. Rich was inclined to identify the Birs with the tower, because it more nearly resembles the state of decay into which we might suppose that structure to have fallen, than any other ruin within the circumference of Babylon. The following is our author's account of the Birs Nemroud, the name which it bears among Turks, Arabs, Jews, and Persians.

'It lies five miles distant from the western suburb of Hillah. On my first beholding this "mountainous" mass it bore a little to the westward of

south, appearing like an oblong hill, surmounted by a tower. The total circumference of its base is exactly seven hundred and twenty-two yards. Its eastern face extends one hundred and sixty-eight yards in width, and only two stages of a hill are distinctly observable. The first measures in height seventy feet, whence the second sweeps irregularly upwards, to the height of one hundred and twenty feet, crowned by the ruin of a turret. This is a solid mass of the finest kiln-burnt masonry, the circumference of which is ninety-feet, viz. that face looking towards the south, twenty-seven feet; to the east, thirty; to the west, twenty-four; and to the north, nine. It is one hundred and ninety feet from the foundation of the pile to the base of the tower; and from the basement of the tower to its uneven summit, thirty-five. This measurement is taken at the western face, where the tower assumes a pyramidal form towards the top; whence it is rifted or split half-way down its centre. The southern face of the mound is the most perfect: and the western, which the foregoing engraving exhibits, the least; perhaps from the effects of the violent winds which prevail from that point. On digging into the base of this edifice, I found it composed of coarse sun-dried bricks, fastened together by layers of mortar and reed. At the depth of fourteen feet, bitumen was observable.

'The bricks are so firmly cemented, that it is utterly impossible to detach any of them. They are a little thinner than those composing the ruins on the eastern bank of the river; and I could not, from their firm position, ascertain whether they had any inscription, though, from the written fragments lying about, I have no doubt they all bear the Babylonian character on their lower faces.

'This tower-like ruin is pierced throughout with small square apertures, probably to preserve the fabric from the influence of damp; and instead of bitumen, a very thin layer of lime is spread between every single brick. On the summit of the pile, at the foot of the standing brickwork composing the tower, and on the north and western faces, are several immense brown and black masses of brickwork, more or less changed into a vitrified state, looking at a distance like so many edifices torn up from their foundations, being generally of an irregular form, and some resting on mere pivots.

'Previous to examination, I took them for masses of black rock; some of these huge fragments measured twelve feet in height, by twenty-four in circumference, and from the circumstance of the standing brickwork having remained in a perfect state, the change exhibited in these is only accountable from their having been exposed to the fiercest fire, or rather *scathed by lightning*.

'A little below these vitrified masses, on the north-west face of the ruin, fine brickwork is distinctly visible, each brick measuring one foot square, by four inches thick. There are also small square holes running deep into the pile, and in some places the bricks are greatly injured by exposure.

'Still descending, there is a larger ruin of this kind of wall, which assumes an angular form. The bricks here are thirteen inches long, by four and one quarter thick, and are cemented together with a coarse layer of lime upwards of an inch deep, with an *impression only* of matting or straw. They are not level, but slope gently from the north face towards the east, and from the east face towards the south—a curious circumstance. Below this is a large square deep hole, through which the materials of the structure are very discernible, consisting principally of sun-dried bricks of similar dimensions as the kiln-baked.

'These appear cemented together by mortar and bruised reeds, or chopped straw, an inch in thickness, and through this mass holes measuring two feet in height, by one in width, appear to penetrate to the heart of the building. Bitumen, which is found at the base of most of the ruined structures, is likewise discernible in this pile. None is to be found in the upper portion. This, it must be remarked, confirms the following passage of Herodotus—" δια τριηκοντα βωμων πλαθων," &c.

'The whole summit and sides of this mountainous ruin are furrowed by the weather and human violence, into deep hollows and channels, completely strewed with broken bricks stamped with three, four, six, and seven lines of writing, stones, glass, tile, large cakes of bitumen, and petrified and vitrified substances.

'An open quadrangular area extends for a considerable distance around the Birs, though its base is encircled by small ridges of mounded earth. I must not, however, pass unnoticed one immense hill scarcely a hundred yards distant from the eastern front of this stupendous fabric. It stretches away north and south to a breadth of 450 yards, when its extreme points curve and meet to the eastward, after having occupied a space of 650 yards. Its height is fifty-five feet. This mound is also very deeply furrowed into countless channels, covered with nearly the usual *debris* of former building except that the fragments of vases and glazed pottery are inconceivably fresh and abundant.'—pp. 204—212.

The existence of these extensive *debris* is a powerful argument with us against the author's hypothesis; but we by no means pretend to decide so difficult a point, when we have only the imperfect evidence of books to direct our judgment.

Besides his journey to Babylon and the places more immediately adjacent, Captain Mignan has added a curious modern history of Bussorah, from the narrative of a native author, composed in 1667. It appears from it, that the desolating system pursued by the Russians during Buonaparte's invasion, was rigorously practised in that city.

'In this year the Turks came in great force to *Bosairah*. Hussein Pasha, at this time governor of the country, heard of their approach, and adopted every means of resistance. He strengthened and added to the fortifications, and directed all useless members of the population to leave the city in successive bands, which movement commenced on the first of the month Jamâdith. Thanî.

'A portion of the citizens of most consideration having complied with the commands of the governor, the remainder evinced a disposition to resist his mandate. He however, suspecting their intentions, proclaimed that the life and property of any individual directed to depart, who should be found in the town on the third day subsequent, should be forfeited.

'The proclamation above related, caused the greatest confusion and misery to the inhabitants, who poured forth in such multitudes, as to impede the common passage; the sufferings of women, who, now for the first time, appeared unveiled, thinking only of their children, were indescribable. Some were so heavily laden, both mother and infant perished on the road.

'The ties of nature appeared dissolved: father, son, brother, and husband, deserted those dearest to them, and fled for individual safety. The

author witnessed the heart-rending scene, which was aggravated by a deluge of rain, that destroyed the bridges at Boraiha and Minâwi.

'During the flight, many endeavoured to save themselves on frail rafts of reed, and the canal and rivers were filled with them. At length, on the fourth morning, the city of Basra, its bazaars, coffee-houses, mosques, and squares, colleges and places of public assembly, were wholly deserted.

'Hussein sternly continued his plan of rendering his country a desert; and, in the middle of the month Rajab, the whole of the western bank of the river was cleared of inhabitants, who were plundered, beaten, and forced from their homes by two officers of Hussein, set over them.'—pp. 278.—280.

The account which he has also subjoined of the ruins of Ahwaz is exceedingly interesting. It is situated ninety-two miles in a right line north-east of Bussorah, on the banks of the river Karoon, and in the province of Khuzistan, the ancient Lusiana. As all the antiquities appear to be Moslim, this city was probably founded by the first Caliphs of the Ommiad dynasty, but it arrived at the zenith of its grandeur, under the early Caliphs of the house of Abbas, and it did not long survive their fall. It is described by Arabian and Persian geographers, to have been a place of great wealth and luxury, arising chiefly from extensive plantations of sugar cane, the produce of which the inhabitants traded with to great extent. The remains of vats, mill-stones, and other apparatus of the manufacture of sugar, are still met with in great numbers among the ruins. The river opposite the city, is a hundred and sixty yards broad, and for the purposes of irrigation, a *bund* was thrown across it, to cause it to overflow the adjacent fields. A part of the wall of the bund is still standing, being about ten feet high, and as many wide, and composed of blocks of stones measuring eight and ten feet. The river dashes over this with great violence, and the sound of the waters are heard to a great distance. Kinneir mistook this for the remains of an aquatic palace!!! The modern town of Ahwaz is small, mean, and paltry, and though all the houses are built of stone, it can only boast one respectable structure—a modern mosque.

'Behind the town commences the whole mass of ruins, extending, at least, ten or twelve miles in a south-easterly direction; while its greatest breadth covers about half that distance. I could not find any person who had been to the end of these ruins. According to the inhabitants, their extent would occupy a journey of two months. Although this is doubtless an exaggeration, it may be as well to mention, as an hypothesis, that they extend to the neighbourhood of Ram Hormis.

'All the mounds are covered with hewn stone, burnt brick, tiles, and pottery. The first which I ascended I found nearly two hundred feet high. In many parts flights of steps are plainly discernible, in good preservation; and at the base of this mass of ruins I dug into some graves, and found stones measuring five and six feet in length. Hence it was I brought away several stones with inscriptions upon them in the Kufic character, and others with fret work,—all indicative of an era subsequent to the Mahommedan. I likewise found some Kufic coins in

gold and silver; one was nearly a thousand years old, and is as fresh in appearance as if it had been only just from the mint.

'In every direction I found vast heaps of circular flat stones, perforated in the centre, apparently used for the purpose of grinding grain; though rather *colossal*, indeed, for such a purpose, as they generally measured four, five, and six feet in diameter; and some exhibited characters upon them. The above-mentioned mound varies in height and breadth, and extends so far that my eye could not compreheud its limits; it is the first of magnitude upon the plain. Five hundred yards to the west of this is a ruined edifice, entirely of stone, measuring fifty feet in height by twenty in breadth. Here are several flights of steps, which may, without difficulty, be traced to its summit, although they are much mutilated, and injured by exposure to the atmosphere.

'About a mile to the east, separated by a deep ravine, stands an immense pile of materials, consisting of huge blocks of stone, brick, and tile of various colours. The Arabs who accompanied me, said it was the remains of a palace. Its ascent is gradual, but fatiguing from the numerous furrows which have been, apparently, worn by water in its passage. The height is, at the lowest estimate, one hundred feet from the plain below. On its summit there are many stone foundations and pavements, as fresh as if only recently laid down, together with several rounded troughs, some of which were of Persepolitan marble in its rough state.

'From numerous caverns we started large troops of jackals; and I picked up a number of porcupine quills. I found it impossible to descend on the opposite side, the face being nearly perpendicular, and exhibiting many frightful chasms. At the base of this pile, the camel's-thorn sprang up luxuriantly, and considerably relieved the landscape, the general dreariness and sterility of which were gloomy beyond all conception.

'This ruin is about three miles from the eastern bank of the river. Proceeding onwards for eight hundred yards, in a northerly direction, a conical mound is very conspicuous: its circumference is six hundred feet; the sides exhibit the remains of walls nine feet in thickness. At its foundation, I traced a beautiful wall of masonry for twenty-one feet, which, without doubt, formed the front of some building, finely executed, and very little injured by time: it joins another ruined heap, covered with vestiges and fragments of glazed tile, a coarse kind of crystal, pieces of alabaster, and bits of glass.

'Fifty yards in a direct line east, seven square stone cisterns, sixteen feet long, and proportionably deep, are still to be seen, highly polished internally, and in a perfect state. These remains of ancient splendour throw a mournful shade over the desolate scene. Six or seven aqueducts are to be traced from a ravine, which probably conducted the water to these cisterns.'—pp. 303—307

Should Captain Mignan favour us with his travels to Shiraz, Nineveh, Arbella, Tauris, Tiflis, Moscow, &c., where he informs us he has been, we should advise him to compile less, and speak more from what he has himself observed, avoiding the slovenly practice of throwing remarks into he notes, which ought to be worked into the text; and above all, to be sparing of affecting *empressement*, (see pages 108 and 161), and sentiments (see pages 286 and 886), which only disfigure his valuable details of distances, localities, and so far as we can judge, accurate observations.

Art. VII.—*Napoleon durch sich selbst gerichtet.* von J. Weitzel.—Frankfort auf Main. Sauerländer. 1829. London: Black and Young.

Napoleon judged by Himself. By J. Weitzel. Frankfort: A. M. Sauerländer. London: Black and Young. 1829.

It was a happy idea to make Napoleon his own judge, to quote his sentiments at different times and on different occasions, to show how he thought upon the same subject under different circumstances; to discover, if possible, the real and undisguised opinions of this extraordinary man, to try them at the bar of common humanity, and pronounce sentence, uninfluenced by hollow brilliancy or false pity. And this task Mr. Weitzel has successfully accomplished in the book before us, small, indeed, in size, but highly interesting in its object and execution. We perused the first sentences, describing a review (which the author beheld) of the French troops by Napoleon, in 1806, with no extraordinary feelings of delight, and we are inclined now to think the preface one of the weakest parts of the book: but ce n' est que le premier pas qui coute, and an introduction is proverbially difficult. It seemed to us a little too theatrical for the object we understood Mr. Weitzel to have in view; but we soon became reconciled to the author, and read with pleasure his eloquent passages, alike free from envy, flattery, malice, and adulation. The author held, and, if we are not misinformed, still holds a situation in a country which formed part of France under the Empire, and had frequent opportunities of studying Napoleon.

'Napoleon belongs to those extraordinary men whose name history preserves for immortality. When the voice of needy flattery, and interested gratitude, as well as of envy, offended vanity, or disappointed interest, is once silent, this truth will be universally acknowledged. Few were more meanly deified, few more meanly calumniated, because few had risen so high, few could give or take so much. What he has done as general, legislator, and statesman, what he has been for his country and for Europe, we will endeavour, although merely in a sketch, to pourtray. This man was to me early a peculiar study, for it was incumbent on me to know what he would be to France and Europe. I have seen him often; and observed not only his speeches, but also his movements, because I hoped, in his looks and the carriage of his body, to discover what he did not express, or only half expressed, in words: but I can by no means affirm that I have known him. Yet it has been allowed, that I have often judged him better than many who stood nearer to him; who hoped or feared too much from him; who overrated him in their enthusiasm, or, in the blindness of their hate, deprecated him.'—pp. 9, 10.

The first opportunity that the author had of observing Napoleon, was in the French theatre that was established at Mainz for the gratification of the Emperor. The following description would almost seem to come from one of his warmest admirers; it must,

of course, be read only as characteristic of Napoleon at Mainz; because, as a general characteristic, it was disproved in several instances.

'Napoleon was a powerful being, unwearied in mind and body, inexhaustible, seeing every thing, inquiring after every thing, confiding only in himself. He generally decided every thing himself, but he also examined every thing, and relied as little as possible on the judgment and views of others. Fortune did not make him blind, success did not render him careless, possession did not make him easy, nor superfluity effeminate. He knew that only those means which had acquired, could preserve. At break of day he was generally seen in the fortifications of Mainz and Cassel. He then divided the day between the labours of the cabinets, reviews, and audiences. Thus it went on without interruption, except the short time that he continued at table, till the theatre. He knew no rest, and in this respect one day was like the other..... In presentations, Napoleon displayed a knowledge of men and things of the most opposite kind, which always kept me in astonishment. With the prefect he conversed on the most important subjects of administration; with the bishop on the affairs of his diocese; with the Chamber of Commerce on matters of trade; with the judges on punishments and crimes; with the professors and learned on art and science; and was always master of his subject. I have indeed often heard, that these were studied parts, and that he always prepared his subjects beforehand. If this had been possible, in such variety and deviations of conversation, with different persons under different circumstances, which it was not, a man who studied so much, must at last learn and know much.—pp. 14—16.

The last audience which Napoleon gave at Mainz, was after the battle at Leipsic, and the consequent destruction of his army. He displayed the greatest coolness, corrected a mistake which the commandant of the Fortress had made in the baking ovens necessary for the garrison, overwhelmed the director of the taxes with cool questions and doubts, so that the poor man was quite in despair. With the Bishop he calculated the number of semiarists according to the catholic population of the department, the number of the parishes, and the usual rate of mortality. Every thing which circumstances could require was foreseen, as if he had to provide for its latest futurity. 'Was this also a spectacle?' asked Mr. Weitzel. Yes. In fact, Mr. W. contradicts himself in this point of view, for we have to read pp. 19, 20, to be convinced, if, indeed, we ever had any doubt upon the subject, that Napoleon's conversations, like those of most sovereigns, were all theatrical.

'Napoleon complained to O'Meara, that "those who had always yielded to him, and had readily entered into all his views, were the very persons who had done him the greatest mischief, as his worst enemies." This is the case of all princes in their adversity. When they need friends, they wish for flatterers; where they wish for friends, their flatterers leave them. Whose fault was it, that Napoleon seldom, or hardly ever, heard the truth? He had fettered the press, and never willingly allowed utterance to any opinion but his own. He preferred Fouché and Talleyrand, the ready

tools of his plans, to Carnot and Lanjuinois, who wished to serve him, but who wished, in him, to serve likewise their country. Tiberius found a Sejanus; Henry the Fourth, a Sully; Napoleon, likewise, ministers after his fashion. The same causes that have always undermined power, and brought destruction on those who possessed it, undermined his, and produced his ruin. The examples of the past had not made him wiser; his example will not make the future wiser. The great misfortune is, that individuals and nations, at the best, only draw advantage from the experience which they themselves have made, but can seldom use the dearly paid for doctrine.'—p. 27.

The following characteristic of Lafayette, deserves additional interest from the journey which the Marquis has recently been making in the French provinces.

'La Fayette is one of the noblest characters of France. Always the same amidst the raging of an excited people, and at the head of an army at the tribune of the legislative assembly, and in prison, under every circumstance, his life had only one object,—justice and freedom. To this noble end, he sacrificed twenty years of his active life, to this he devoted his exertions, and his property. For this he gave up all that men usually desire,—distinction, rank, convenience, and wealth. Placed in society by his birth, among the favoured and the distinguished, he descended to natural equality, to become a man and a citizen. Favour and hate, tempted him equally in vain, and in a stormy and agitated time, he changed neither his opinions nor his principles, and hope left him equally unchanged with fear. A friend of justice and truth, under whatever climate he found them, he always rendered homage and assistance to these highest benefits of humanity. He defended freedom against arbitrary power, and lawful power against anarchy. He would have saved France and the king, if France and the king would have trusted him. A citizen of every state that honoured the citizen, a friend of men where they shewed themselves human, he remained true to France. Every thing noble seemed to him natural, the fulfilment of the most arduous duty an impulse, and as he never violated right, nor denied the truth, so he never deviated from the path of honour, and his virtues with all their severities, retained a certain chivalrous grace. Although he stands distinguished, and alone in his time and nation, we remark in him no feature of harshness, partiality or affectation. We may ask whether there can be a greater triumph, than fifty years of a life, such as he has passed from his early youth, where he devoted himself to the liberation of America, to the present day. Ambition, you will say, is the soul of all his exertions. A strange ambition, which in fifty changing years, in youth, in manhood, and in age, has followed the same object, constantly sacrificing himself, and seeking his happiness only in the welfare of others. Modern times can only display one public character, who claims our love and admiration in the same degree—his brother in arms in youth—Koskiusko.'—p. 30.

This description is, indeed, given *con amore*; and, perhaps, more in the republican spirit than may consist with the taste of some of our readers; but we could not refrain from giving it as a fair specimen of the spirit which breathes throughout the work. We cannot read a page without evidence of the impartiality, enthusiasm

for liberty, and love of the noble and good, that characterize the author; and the most distinguishing proof in his favour is that here we imagine we are reading the production of an unconditional admirer of Napoleon, and in a few pages, we meet with the severest criticisms on his faults. Such extremes must appear in a characteristic of that extraordinary man, to whom nothing but a purer view of the spirit of the times was wanting to establish a reputation worthy of his great name. But success almost unexampled, the universal corrupter of mankind, destroyed likewise him who proudly imagined that an iron crown could rule the world. Had he displayed more sympathy with his fellow creatures, he might still have reigned, not only admired but blessed. With his mighty talents, and a mind above the usual calibre of conquerors, he effected great things, but could not bear a rival in the world. Had he, as Dr. Channing well expresses it, proclaimed himself the protector of liberal principles, he would have secured to himself the certain adherence of many and enlightened men in all countries, and still have obtained a rallying point round which the ardent spirits, excited by the revolution, might have collected. But in the murderous warlike policy of Napoleon, no power could have long existed; France was drained of the flower of its people; Europe, in fear for its existence; and where peace and repose appeared, it was flushed with the heat of fever, not with the animating glow of health.

Nothing can more strikingly pourtray the overwhelming ambition of Napoleon, than the schemes for making France the seat of ecclesiastical as well as of political power.

"'I exalted the pope above measure," said the Emperor, "surrounded him with pomp and homage, so that he did not miss his temporalities. I could have made him an Idol, if he would have remained with me. Paris would have become the metropolis of the christian world, and I should have guided in religion as in politics. I should have had my religious, as well as my legislative assemblies, my councils would have been the representation of Christendom, and the popes only the presidents of them, I should have opened and closed these assemblies, have ratified and promulgated their decrees, as Constantine and Charlemagne had done.

We cannot refrain from expressing our surprise, that so acute an observer as Mr. Weitzel, should have been for a moment deceived by Napoleon's pretended scheme for making Europe one great nation. The idea, exclaims our author, in enthusiasm, is divine. Now admitting that the Emperor had entertained this 'divine' idea which the exile at St. Helena communicated,—admitting that even he had possessed the power to execute it, what would have been the consequences? Europe was to be one great family, the head of which was of course to be Napoleon. One system of commerce, one set of coins—whose impress should they bear? Napoleon's. It is absurdity to suppose that the other nations of Europe could have consented to such a felo de se. A constrained submission for a time was the utmost that could have been expected. We are

astonished that so absurd an idea could find approvers. Has not nature by her divisions of nations, people, and languages, proclaimed that mankind must agree to differ? And do not all institutions that are not roused into action by opposition, languish in lethargy? Who could believe that Napoleon would have rested contented with the conquest of Russia? Would he not have attempted to enslave England, that death blow to his all-grasping schemes—would Asia have been allowed to remain undisturbed? Had he subdued the four quarters of the globe, his restless spirit would have remained unsatisfied. What would have become of his boasted European system? His exclusion of English goods would only have presented a premium on smuggling. Into such absurdities does ambition lead mankind, so easily do pre-conceived theories and ideas make men overlook the most insurmountable objects that stand in the way of favourite schemes.

When the blind adorers of Napoleon vaunt his efforts for the purification of religion—when M. de Norrins informs us that 'the fate of European Turkey had been long decided, and the judgment renewed at Tilsit, in secret articles; that the hated Mahometanism would for ever vanish from Europe, and the kingdom of Christendom, again conquered and restored by Napoleon, would have placed upon his head the crown of a new empire of the West.' We cannot forbear recurring to Napoleon's treatment of the 'hated Mohametanism' in Egypt. But we would not do Napoleon wrong, he viewed the matter not in a religious, but merely in a political point of view. He considers the advantages which he should derive from a preponderance of Protestantism and Catholicism, and after coolly weighing them, he decides upon the latter.

We must do our author the justice to observe, that in a subsequent passage he greatly qualifies the approbation which he had bestowed upon Napoleon's ideal scheme of nationalizing Europe. The following remarks prove that it was merely the idea which he approved, but that he did not believe in the possibility of its execution.

'When we read all this, it is as if France existed for Napoleon, and the rest of the world for Napoleon and France. If Napoleon really entertained these plans, which are not without probability ascribed to him, can we wonder that all the powers who would not be tools in his hands, united against him; if the war of the kings against him, was a necessity, a war of annihilation, since the only choice left them, was to conquer or to serve. And what means to execute these vast projects were at Napoleon's command? At war with kings, hated or feared by the nations, rejected by legitimacy, not acknowledged as a son by liberty, whose claims as mother he had denied, a stranger to the old order of things, almost hostile to the new, he was thrown upon himself alone, as he had calculated every thing for himself alone. He had broken the springs of the revolution, that they might not work against him; they could not therefore now work for him. He had placed every thing upon himself, and therefore all must fall with him. As he had isolated himself, to stand upon his height alone, he stood likewise alone in his fall, and it cannot be denied, great in both, always, like

himself, calculating in both for himself, sharing neither the merit nor blame with others.—p.67.

M. de Norrins, whose account of Napoleon belongs to the ablest that we possess, if we make allowances for his partiality to his hero and his country, sometimes lets the truth escape unadvisedly. These admissions, thus undirectly and unwillingly given, are so much the more valuable. Thus in speaking of the blame which many distinguished officers expressed at the military dispositions on the first half of August, he remarks, 'These censures never reached Napoleon, and therefore he cannot be justly answerable for having neglected these views and opinions. And yet he was never more accessible than to the army. But in the army, as elsewhere, they would rather not benefit, than venture to displease, and yet the safety of the kingdom was in question. They acted, as has always been the case in despotic governments; they flattered and cringed in the palace, but blamed and calumniated at home.' And yet, as Mr. Weitzel justly observes, people seek after the causes which contributed to Napoleon's fall.

Napoleon took great credit to himself that he had implanted revolutionary, or, as he was pleased to call them, liberal principles, in Spain and Italy; and yet, if we consider the subject coolly, undazzled by his great name and brilliant achievements, what is the amount of praise which he deserves for this? As long as it suited his purpose he played with 'Liberty;' it was an excellent watchword: but what became of this boasted freedom when he no longer needed the bait to lure the multitude? When was there a period of more despotic power than Napoleon's empire over the French? The energies of the nation, awakened by a mighty impulse, produced astonishing effects, and the wonderful success of the emperor flattered the national pride, and induced the French to submit to extraordinary sacrifices. Almost all political changes operate actively, the zest of novelty and the hope of promotion in the change of things, are powerful incentives; nor can it be denied, that there was room and occasion for rousing the slumbering energies of states held in shameful bondage. But it is one thing to consider the consequences of the changes if they could have been effected, and another to estimate the merits of Napoleon in his attempts to produce them. It has always appeared astonishing to us, that a man so well acquainted with the spirit of the times, and so manifestly alive to the electorial influence of the diffusion of liberal principles, did not perceive that he would secure to himself a surer hold, and a more permanent adherence, by playing himself the part which he asserted it was the destiny of England to fulfil. But the key to all his inconsistencies has been given us by Napoleon himself, in his conversation on royalty. God forbid that his assertion, "that kings and people are irreconcileable enemies," be true! But if he considered it so, consequently by restoring and establishing the royal power in his person, he declared himself the enemy of the people. What claim, therefore, had he to their gratitude or affection? Na-

poleon had ceased to be the man of the people, and the people in return deserted him. As long as he carried them with him, he overcame the opposition of the most dangerous enemies, for Moreau, George, and Pichegru, were much more formidable than Marmont, Murat, or any of those who deserted him in his latter difficulties. The ex-emperor in vain left behind confessions, involving contradictions sufficient to mystify all Europe; the time is fast approaching when his character will be duly appreciated, not by the inconsistent conversations of St. Helena, tinged by the passing feelings of the moment, or the excusable desire of justifying himself in the eyes of the world, but will be judged by the stern and uncompromising conviction of facts. When Napoleon in the bitterness of his heart exclaims, that when he undertook the noblest action of his whole life, (the expedition to Russia) there was in an instant on all sides, but one clamour, one feeling against him. 'I was pointed out as the tyrant of kings, I who had re-established their existence; I was the destroyer of the rights of the people; I, who had done so much for them, who still intended to do so much for them, and kings and people, *these irreconcileable enemies*, united in conspiring against me,'—does he not pronounce his own condemnation? He complains that neither party 'considered the earlier actions of his life;' certainly not, because his later ones had belied them. His fatal error was, in imagining that sovereigns, whose power he had so fearfully shaken, whose beauty he had so haughtily wounded, could ever remain his sincere friends. There is much truth in his observation to Las Cases; 'It is not the armies of the allied powers, not the extraordinary exertions of England which have ruined me, but liberal ideas. Had I adopted these five years ago, my power would have been established for ever.

But Napoleon, in the earlier events of his life, was carried forwards by the rush of circumstances, and he himself has left it on record, that he never was master of his system: 'strong as was the hand that guided the helm, the waves were too powerful, and I was prudent enough to yield to them, that by an obstinate resistance I might not be overturned.' This might be true of the earlier part of his career, but he did not adhere to this prudent plan, and by deviating from it, fell.

We avail ourselves of the present opportunity to give a short account of an essay which Napoleon wrote, in his twenty-first year, which is little known, and clearly displays the character of the writer. The academy of Lyons had proposed, as a prize question, What are the truths, sentiments, and feelings, the communication and extension of which would most promote the happiness of our fellow-creatures? Napoleon was among the candidates. After some observations on the general tendency of learned societies to flattery, and an address to Raynal, the future Emperor thus continues:

'Man is born to be happy. Nature, an enlightened mother, has provided him with all the organs which are necessary to the object of his creation; happiness is therefore nothing else than the enjoyment of life, in the manner best according with our organizations. The necessities of man are corporal or intellectual, and the man who would indeed be happy must be in a situation to satisfy both. Of all the legislators, to whom this problem has been committed by the esteem of their fellow-citizens, Lycurgus and Paoli seem to have been most penetrated with the abovementioned truths. They applied them, however, in a totally different manner.

'Man, by his birth, is entitled to such a part of the fruits of the earth, as is necessary to his existence. Arrived at a certain age, his powerful arm requires labour, to satisfy the wants of his existence. He looks around him; he sees the earth, divided among few hands, administer to magnificence and superfluity; he asks himself, What are the rights of these people? Why is the idle man every thing, the labouring man almost nothing? He hastens to the pastor, who possesses his confidence, and reveals to him his doubts. "Man, answered he, "never thinks on the existence of society. God guides every thing. Resign yourself to Providence. This life is a journey. Things are arranged here below by a justice, the degrees of which we should never seek to fathom. Believe, obey, search not, but labour, these are your duties." A proud soul, a feeling heart, a natural reason, cannot remain contented with this answer; he therefore carries his doubts and uneasiness farther. He goes to the most learned man in the province, he is a notary. "Learned man," says he, "the goods of the earth are divided, and I have received nothing." The learned man laughs at his simplicity- takes him into his chamber, and proves to him by act upon act, contract on contract, testament on testament, the justice of the division at which he complains. "How," he exclaims, "are these the claims of these lords? mine are more holy, more incontestible, more general; they renew themselves with my breath, circulate with my blood, are written on my nerves, and in my heart; it is the necessity of my existence, and particularly of my happiness." At these words, he takes the old records, and throws them into the fire. Soon he fears the arm of the mighty, named Justice. He returns to his hut, to throw himself exhausted on the cold body of his father. This worthy old man, lame through age, and blind, seems only to live because Death has forgotten him. "My father," he exclaims, "you have given me life, and with it a living instinct of happiness. Now, my father, robbery has divided every thing amongst them. I have only my arms, which they could not take from me; I am, therefore, my father, condemned to eternal labour, to the most degrading slavery. In the burning heats of August, as well as in the suffering cold of January, there is no rest for your son; and others earn the fruits of these uninterrupted exertions, the produce of my sweat.'—pp. 107—111.

In this spirit the whole essay is written, and bears strong marks of the period in which it appeared. We shall conclude with Mr. Weitzel's final characteristic of Napoleon.

'The varying judgments on Napoleon, formed even by unprejudiced and reasonable men, have usually their ground in the different position from which they consider the life of this extraordinary man. If we reflect

on the immense power and greatness of means which stood at Napoleon's command, we are filled with astonishment. But this feeling no longer remains the same, if we dwell upon the object which these meaas served, and the results which this immense power effected. What benefits might not Napoleon have added to those for which France was indebted to the constituent assembly? What advantages might he not have conferred upon his country and mankind? But he has left the inheritance which he obtained, less than when he received it. He re-established the injurious privileges of the nobility, created in the legion of honour an aristocratical institution, which, in its purity, might do good service, but which, it is easy to foresee, would be disfigured by abuse. He broke through all the limits of moderate sovereignty, and ascended, step by step, to that omnipotence which proved so fatal to France, and to himself. How he maimed, and at last destroyed the tribunal, perverted the institutions which should have served the cause of freedom, into tools of his will, placed spies and fetters on words and writing, is sufficiently known by the history of his reign. That France owes to him the restoration of order within, and respect without—that he regulated the administration in all its branches—exorcized the spirit of the Revolution, established the throne, rebuilt the altar, brought back victory to the ranks of his warriors, and confidence to the bosom of families—that he completed public works which will ever be an object of admiration—cannot be denied; but neither can it be denied, that all the greatness which he achieved served only to his own greatness—that he treated France and Europe, as far as it was submitted to his arms, as a family estate, the profit of which he kept to himself. If he established order in France, distracted by faction, he also re-established arbitrary power; annihilated, as far as was in his power, the elements of freedom, gave new strength to the old system, and thus prolonged the contest for a better political formation, in which Europe must long bleed. He restored victory, which had been untrue to the French arms, to the ranks of his warriors; but he opened the heart of France, and at last the gates of Paris to hostile armies. It has been reproached to him, that he was no Washington; but France was no America. Yet it remains his greatest sin that he again placed the yoke of slavery on a weary people that wished for freedom, and deceived them with vain renown. He possessed all kinds of greatness, except that which makes man the greatest, which teaches him that there is something still higher than himself, and induces him, if necessary, to sacrifice himself to this.'—pp. 155—160.

We would recommend the whole conclusion of the work to our readers; there are indeed passages to which we cannot give our unqualified assent, but we should but badly imitate the author's impartiality, if we did not conclude with assurances of our esteem and respect for this contribution to the history of Napoleon, written in the true spirit of historical investigation.

ART. VIII.—*The British Naturalist; or Sketches of the more interesting Productions of Great Britain and the surrounding Sea, in the Scenes which they inhabit; and with relation to the general economy of Nature, and the Wisdom and Power of its* AUTHOR. 12mo. London: Whittaker and Co. 1829.

WE witness with great satisfaction the various efforts which continue to be made in this country, not only to extend the boundaries of knowledge, but to reproduce in familiar language, those researches and discoveries in science, which had previously been, in a great measure, concealed in books too expensive to be generally bought, and in technicalities too refined to be generally understood. If the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge have in some instances contributed to the propagation of knowledge which is not useful, because it is erroneous; if they have interfered with the just rights of persons engaged in trade, by creating, or rather attempting to obtain for individuals, a monopoly for the sale of particular works; they have nevertheless conferred incalculable benefits upon the public at large, not only by reducing the cost of books, which from year to year was becoming more intolerable, but also by clothing, in a popular form, studies which for ages had presented a cold, and even in some instances, a repulsive aspect. The Society will perish, and indeed they may be said already to have lost much of their character, as their productions have recently betrayed marks of inferiority which cannot be washed away. But the impulse which their earliest works have given to the mind of the community, cannot soon be paralysed. Its effects have already appeared in the beautiful series of writings which Mr. Murray has in course of publication, and indeed in many other single works which have appeared from time to time. Among those works we think the 'British Naturalist' deserves to hold a conspicuous place.

This volume is very neatly printed, and is illustrated with a copper-plate engraving and a few woodcuts, which are prettily executed. But the great charm of the book springs from the fascinating style in which its varied topics are treated. We are not merely told that the eagle is a magnificent bird, that its eyes and feathers are of a particular colour, that it measures so much in length and so much in breadth, and that its eyrie is on the highest pinnacles of the mountain. No; the author does a great deal more than all this. He leads the reader with him through the sublime haunts of the royal bird, he makes us acquainted with his habits, he almost domesticates the king of the air, until he displays all his peculiarities, and then he permits him once more to return to his native freedom.

We like much the plan which this author has adopted. Leaving the usual classifications of birds, quadrupeds, and fishes, to the schoolman, he prefers the tutelage of nature herself. He repairs to

the mountain, the lake, the river, the sea, the moor, and the brook, where her productions are seen with their proper associations around them. Many ideas thus suggest themselves, which would have escaped a student, who merely examined the subject apart from the scene in which the great author of creation has chosen to place it, and mutual aptitudes are discovered, and systems found in constant operation, which disclose the wonderful harmony that reigns throughout the universe. Nor is the parent hand unseen or unadmired of HIM, the Great Disposer of all these laws and systems, upon whom our planet is dependent. On the contrary, though nothing can be more free than this little book, from what is properly derided as "cant," no work that we have ever seen more sweetly or more gratefully introduces the occasions, when it becomes man to lift his mind from the creation to the CREATOR.

And then in describing those productions, which fall within the province of the naturalist, the author uniformly endeavours to keep in view their uses in relation to the wants of man, for whom alone they were made. Science has her object no doubt in collecting specimens of rock, in diving into caves, and into the bosom of the soil, in order to ascertain and arrange the strata of which the firm surface of the globe is composed. It is far from our views to say any thing which should discourage the enthusiasm of those who have a turn for geology. But thus much at least is certain, that, until scientific men give up their recondite appellations for common things, and communicate their researches in language that can be universally understood, they will live, and dig, and speculate to very little purpose. The manner in which our author has described the mountain, betrays rather more of an ambitious writer, than is consistent with his usual simplicity, but, even with this disadvantage, we think the passage worth quoting.

'This mighty and majestic feature of nature inspires the beholder with a feeling of immensity and power, like that which arises when he gazes on an interminable desart or a boundless ocean. No eye, however uninstructed, and no heart, however steeled, can fail to have been impressed by a sense and a feeling of the sublime and the awful, as he beholds those huge and mysterious bulwarks; towering through the air, like pyramids connecting earth with heaven,—their sides girdled with the forests, and their summits crowned with the snows of a thousand years. Whether we look upon them from the plain, rearing their dark and giant forms into the regions of the sky, and flinging down their cataracts with the resistlessness of time and the roar of thunder,—or wander amid their vast solitudes and horrid wastes, listening to the rush of the wind among their pine-organs, startling the eagle from his eyrie, and intruding upon the birth-place of the storm; and glancing down through some cleft in the clouds, far below us, upon the earth, which we seem to have left, with its towns and rivers lying like the painted dots and lines upon a map,—we are alike struck by a revelation of wonders, before which the spirit falls prostrate, and acknowledges that, with a presence which there is no doubting, "God is" indeed "here."

'But, it is not to be imagined that these mighty evidences of an immortal workmanship are idle and unnecessary excrescences upon the otherwise fair and even surface of the earth which they overlook; or that their wildernesses are set apart as the dwelling-place of desolation, or their caverns as the home in which the "blackness of darkness" abides. It is not to be supposed that nature, (all whose other schemes are so replete with a visible beneficence,) where she has worked upon her mightiest scale, has worked idly or ill; or that she has created a machinery before whose stupendous materials and motions the feeble imitations of man are as the productions of insignificance, but in the service of him to whose good her minutest operations tend. To say nothing of the stones, crystals, and metals which they contain within their womb,—to say nothing of the timber which hardens on their sides, or the fuel which forms in their hearts,—not even to mention the medicinal plants which owe their birth to the chill air of these upland wastes,—nor the thousand other benefits which man in his civilized and social state, gathers from these great garner-houses,—they are the reservoirs from which the world is watered, and the fertilizing principle shed abroad throughout the earth. By a process infinitely designed and beautifully framed, working with immensity as unerringly as if it were with atoms, the peaks of the mountains are fitted for the arrest and distillation of the clouds which gather round and overhang them, making half their mystery and horror; and their interior is formed into a thousand basins and canals in which the waters are gathered, and by which they are poured out, in streams of life and with voices of gladness, through the plains. By that beneficent working which, "from seeming evil still educes good," the waste of glacier and the wilderness of snow send forth, upon their triumphant paths, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Nile; and of the apparent desolation of the mountains, are born the beauty, the glory, and the fruitfulness of the earth.

'But, to the eye of science, they present yet another source of interest and gratitude, scarcely less important. Piled up as they are, like huge portions of the central earth, flung out by some antediluvian convulsion, and with their sides laid bare by the violence of tempests, and exhibiting the naked strata of which they are constructed,—they enable us to investigate many of the secrets of that earth on which we tread, and which must, otherwise, remain concealed, within its inaccessible depths. They are like vast warehouses, in which nature has congregated samples of her works for the inspection of science;—like libraries, written by no mortal hand, in which may be read her mysteries, by those whom study has made acquainted with her language. By a careful perusal of their construction, and of the materials of which they are composed,—by observation of their various phenomena, and of that of the atmosphere by which they are surrounded, together with the relative influences of each upon the other,—we may, at length, discover the mechanism of the earth, and the grand problem regarding the formation of the world may be, one day, solved.'—pp. 41—43.

The inhabitants of the lower ranges of the mountain, such as the wood-cat, the marten, the wild deer, the wolf, are then in turn described: the mountain strawberry, and even the bilberry, come in for their share of praise. Some very curious facts are related respecting the common gnat, the product of the pools formed by

the mountain streams. Passing from the confines of the flowering and vegetable world, we by degrees approach the region of the eagle and the ptarmigan; and thus as we ascend, with this author as our companion, we may, without exaggeration, be said to improve in knowledge at every step we take. In describing the singular acuteness of vision with which the eye of the eagle is endowed, he takes occasion to convey, in a condensed and practical form, the whole theory of optics.

From the mountain, our author passes, by a natural transition, to the lake.

'The consideration of this division, of the more striking features of the earth's surface, properly follows the last, inasmuch as lakes are usual accompaniments of mountain scenery, and form part of the machinery, by which nature works for the transposition of those waters, which are distilled by and gathered into the hills; as well as for the provision of those vapours, with which the air feeds these huge alembics of the earth. In what is, unscientifically enough, called the new world, and particularly in Canada, these inland waters have a character somewhat different from that which they assume in this portion of the globe, of which our island forms a part;—extending to the magnitude, and exhibiting most of the phenomena of seas, and standing in less immediate and visible connexion with mountain ranges, to which they owe their birth. In Europe, the principal lakes are those of Switzerland; to which with their surrounding scenery, those in the northern parts of our own island, bear in all respects, a close resemblance.

'Here, they present to the eye an appearance which at once indicates their origin, and exhibits in immediate connection with each other, the various parts of that eternal process, by which the vivifying principle is preserved from stagnation, and the spirit of fruitfulness poured over the earth. Embosomed in deep vallies, and shut in by circling hills—fed by the streams and torrents, that pour from the uplands, opening chasms in the mountains, and wearing fissures in the cliff; or by the countless streams that penetrate towards the earth's centre, till, turned by some stratum of rock they burst upwards, in springs, amidst the hidden depths, and presenting a surface, from which, in turn, the air may gather exhalations, and send up to the mountain peak, volumes of clouds, laden with fresh materials for the action of their appointed part in the beautiful design, they afford to the naturalist a field of never wearying interest, and to rational man a theme of gratitude, adoration, and love.

'To the enthusiast in the picturesque, nature no where presents an aspect of such varied beauty, as amid these combinations of hill and water and glade. That monotony which characterizes a wide expanse of unbroken plain, even when clothed in a mantle of uniform hue, and that unrelieved sense of awe and loneliness which a mountain range, without this soothing accompaniment, is apt to suggest, are, alike, absent here. All that is most sublime, is softened by all that is most beautiful; and all that is most beautiful is elevated by all that is most sublime. The pervading and perpetual presence of the water, clothes the earth in its richest robe of verdure; and there is a spirit of life and motion over all, which prevents that feeling of oppression and melancholy, with which man finds

himself bowed down in the immediate presence of nature, in her mightier agencies. The air is full of soothing sounds, poured from a thousand natural sources; the ripple of the mimic wave upon the mimic beach; the murmur of the cascade; the roaring of the cataract; the sighing of the breeze, or the rushing of the blast among the rocking woods; all blend to one wild, but enchanting harmony, repeated by a thousand voices, from hill and grove and glade—that it might well suggest a mythology, like that of the Greeks of old, and lead the imagination to people every cliff and stream and tree, with a dryad or a faun.'—pp. 94—96.

It is amidst such scenery as this that the heron, the osprey, the wild swan, are seen. The lakes, too, have their peculiar inhabitants, which are not passed unnoticed by our naturalist.

We next come to the river :—

'There is no object in nature, of which the associations are more delightful, than a river. The mountain and the lake have their sublimity; and in the economy of nature, they have their uses. The mountain is the father of streams, and the lake is the regulator of their discharge. The lofty summit attracts and breaks the clouds, which would otherwise not be carried so far inland, or would pass over without falling to fertilize the earth. These are collected in snow, and laid up as a store against the bleak drought of the spring; and as the water, into which the melting snow is gradually converted during the thaw, penetrates deep into the fissures of the rock, and into the porous strata of loose materials, the fountains continue to pour out their cooling stores during the summer. The lake, as has been mentioned, prevents the waste of water, which would otherwise take place in mountain rivers, as well as the ravage and ruin by which that waste would be attended.

'These have their beauty and their value; but they can, in neither respect, be compared to the river. They are fixed in their places, but that is continually in motion,—the emblem of life;—the source of fertility, the active servant of man: and one of the greatest means of intercourse, and, consequently, of civilization. The spots where man first put forth his powers as a rational being, were on the banks of rivers; and, if no Euphrates had rolled its waters to the Indian Ocean, and no Nile its flood to the Mediterranean, the learning of the Chaldeans, and the wisdom of the Egyptians, would never have shone forth; and the western world, which is indebted to them for the rudiments of science, and the spirit that leads to the cultivation of science, might still have been in a state of ignorance and barbarity, no ways superior to that of the nations of Australia, where the want of rivers separates the people into little hordes, and prevents that general intercourse which is essential to even a very moderate degree of civilization.

'The river is a minister of health and purity. It carries off the superabundant moisture, which, if stagnating on the surface of the ground, would be injurious both to plants and animals. It carries off to the sea, those saline products, which result from animal and vegetable decomposition, and which soon convert into desarts those places where there are no streams. When the alkalis and alkaline earths, that enter into the composition of organized bodies, are once united with the more powerful acids, they cease to be capable of again forming part of the living structure. Lime, which, chiefly combined with phosphoric acid, enters largely into

the composition of bones, combines more intimately with sulphuric acid, and is then unavailing for animal purposes. It is the same with those alkalis, which enter into the composition of plants and animals. Potass and soda are the alkalis usually found in vegetables; and the acids, with which they are found in combination, are, principally, the carbonic and acetic; though, in saline plants growing near the sea, there is usually a small portion of muriate of soda, or common salt. Now these combinations are easily dissolved by sulphuric or nitrid acid, and the compounds which these form with the alkalis cannot be again dissolved by the weaker acids; so that if potass of soda be once united to either of those acids, it ceases to be fit for entering into the vegetable structure. The alkali which is found most abundant in animal structures, is soda, and the acids with which it is found combined are principally the muriatic and phosphoric, or some having a weaker attraction for it than the muriatic. Ammonia is obtained abundantly in the decomposition of animal matter; but there is much reason to believe that it is formed during the process. Now, whenever any of those salts are changed to the nitrate or the sulphate, or when any of their alkaline bases are combined with nitric or sulphuric acid,—combinations that are sure to take place in every instance, when the salt or the base comes in contact with either of these acids,—a substance is formed which cannot, by any natural process of which we have any knowledge, be again separated so that the alkali may again enter into the composition of an organic structure. Thus, if these substances were allowed to remain, they would gradually accumulate, and the termination both of animal and of vegetable life would be the consequence.

'Of this we have many proofs; in those warm regions which, through want of irrigation by water, have become deserts, there is always a crust of some of those salts upon the surface; and the beds of dried-up lakes in warm climates contain quantities of the same, while all their vicinity is sterile. On the surface of the neglected lands, the coat is comparatively thin, but in the basins that once were lakes (as in some of those in Mexico) it is several inches, or even feet, in thickness. The greater thickness in the beds of the lakes, shows that there must have been an accumulation there while the bed was filled with water; and hence it is evident that the purification of the soil from saline compounds, deleterious to vegetable and animal life, is one of the most important functions of rivers; and if not so immediately necessary to the existing race of beings, at least essential to their permanent continuation.

'Rivers also tend to purify the air, as well as to drain the earth of deleterious matter. The current of water that descends from the high ground, causes a gradual motion in the air, by which that over different kinds of surfaces is interchanged. This is all that is meant by purifying the air. When it remains long over any particular kind of surface, it ceases to take up the effluvia, which, by stagnating, would be converted into a poison. It is by changes of this kind that winds, hurricanes, and thunderstorms, are said to clear the air: and what they do with violence, is silently done by the ever-flowing current of a living stream.'—pp. 141—144.

The river conducts our author into all the mysteries of angling, the history of the tribes of water-flies, of the trout, the otter, the salmon, and the various objects which are contemplated on its banks, or in its current. Thus, also, from the sea he collects a

variety of interesting themes for the entertainment and instruction of his readers. He is particularly happy in demonstrating the amazing fertility of that element, which is so often and so heedlessly denominated a "waste of waters." Upon the 'moor' our author's spirit seems to breathe with a congenial freedom.

'Moors admit of more latitude of description than mountains; and, according to their different elevations, they may partake more of the Alpine or the champaign country. They are the favorite haunts of many of our most interesting animals, both quadrupeds and birds; and though the very name expresses a certain character of bleakness, there is a feeling of freedom about it. It is not nature either in the terror of her majesty, or in the tastefulness of her beauty; but still it is nature, where man has not altered her appearance.

'We are not sure if there be any place where the heart beats so lightly, and the breathing is so free, as when we enter upon one of those wide expanses; and, whether it be the Alpine table-land, purple with the blossom, or green with the young shoots of the heath, where there is nothing to interrupt the course of your meditations, or chequer the uniformity of the wide scene, save the white tops of the cat's-tail grass, (*pleum alpinum*) playing over some little morass, like spray over a rock in the midst of the dark sea, and where the ear catches hardly a sound, save the patting foot-fall of the deer, as he springs buoyant in the invigorating atmosphere,—the booming of a bittern, as he shakes the quagmire in some hollow,—or the croak of the raven, as he limps cold and sullen from behind some stone; whether it be this,—which is wedded to sublimity, and would be sublime if there were not so much of it,—or any of the gradations down to the common, which just rises above the fertile fields, with its green bushes browzed to perfect hemispheres, and its cowslips and wild hyacinths, with the twitter of the little birds,—the chirp of the grasshopper, as he dances careless from flower to flower,—or the tinkle of that sheep-bell, the least musical of metallic instruments,—one stands in doubt which the most to admire; and can resolve it only by admiring them all. They are admired in turn, according to the mood of the mind; or rather, each one has the power of raising the mind to that mood which is best adapted to its own admiration.

'When we come to consider those elevated and seemingly barren portions of the earth's surface, with a proper reference to that by which they are surrounded, we find that, though they be apparently unproductive themselves, they are the causes of productiveness. The flat summits, which are kept cold by moss and damp, attract the air, and by the condensation arising from their cold, make it part with its humidity; and thus lay up a store of water, which would spoil vegetation if it fell wholly upon the cultivated plains, and cause overwhelming floods, if it fell upon the narrow tops, or steep sides of mountains. Thus, though a moor be the least like a lake of any of the broad features of a country, it serves some of the most important purposes of one. Moors are very generally composed of beds of gravel,—far more generally than of any thing else. They are the waste of mountains collected together by causes which we cannot explain. This gravel is porous to a great depth in some places, and to a smaller depth in others; and there are some in which it is made retentive by clay, or rendered so by the accumu-

lation of moss. Thus it answers as a set of reservoirs, placed at various elevations, from which springs are given out all along the slopes that descend from it; and those clear fountains and crystal streams, which add so much to the beauty and fertility of the little sheltered glens and dells with which the slopes from an elevated moor abound, owe their existence to the apparent sterility of its surface. The heath, with the mosses and lichens with which the spaces between the roots of the heath are usually filled, prevent the water from running off the surface, even where the obliquity is considerable; and while the mosses and lichens retain as much of it near the surface as suffices for the nourishment of themselves and the heaths, the roots of the latter penetrate farther into the ground, and serve as conducting pipes to the more porous strata. The heath also shades, from the action of the sun and atmosphere, those more lowly plants which arrest a portion of the humidity in its motion downward; and thus there is little waste of water by evaporation. The chief plants upon a moor have, in fact, the power of satisfying themselves with abundant humidity for life and growth; and at the same time laying up a store for the vegetation lower down, in such a way as that it is regularly distributed. Thus that which at first sight seems only a wasteful heap of rubbish, is a powerful instrument of good in the hand of all-bountiful and all-beneficent Nature.'—pp. 301—304.

We need not follow our author to the 'brook,' in order to recommend this interesting little work. Its peculiar felicity is, that there is scarcely any class of readers, beyond mere childhood, who may not find in its pages delightful occupation.

ART. IX.—*Medicine no Mystery: being a brief Outline of the Principles of Medical Science, designed as an Introduction to their general Study, as a branch of a Liberal Education.* By John Morrison, M.D. &c. London: Hurst, Chance, and Co. 1829.

THERE is nothing in which the great utility of advancing science has been more fully displayed, than in the improved condition of the 'art and mystery' of medicine; more especially as regards the actual practice of that important profession. The mummery of medicine, with all its cabalistic and unintelligible mysticism, has given place to direct, tangible, demonstrable truths, as simple, as plain, and as interesting as the palpable principles of all other departments of Natural Philosophy. It is utterly impossible to develope all the nice intricacies of the healing art, or successfully to dispense its numerous blessings, without a strict and perpetual reference to the established operations of nature. It is, in fact, a close attention to this point, which has preserved medicine, with all its collateral branches, from that blind and barbarous empiricism which formerly characterized the clumsy, unscientific, and dangerous practice of its professors. A glance at the origin of medicine will abundantly attest the truth of this assertion.

In the beginning, medicine was of necessity a superstitious and an empirical, that is to say, an experimental art, while nature

pursued her course with uniform regularity; and while her operations were uninterrupted by any obstacle, men enjoyed the benefits which she bestowed, without any desire to ascertain their cause and origin; but any deviation from this course, no matter how trifling it might be, was calculated to excite their curiosity and astonish their minds. These changes being to them incomprehensible, were readily referred to the agency of some supernatural power; and the infliction of disease was attributed to the wrathful power of an offended deity, from whom both the cure and prevention were alone to be obtained. 'Morbos,' observes Celsus, 'verò ad iram Deorum immortalium relatos, et ab iisdem opem posci solitam."

This was the true and simple notion of the case; and it was abundantly fostered by two principles, which operate powerfully upon all rude natures:—a fond desire to pry into futurity, and an eager anxiety to avert impending evils. With regard to the first it has been well observed by an able modern writer,* that the human mind is most apt to feel and to discover this vain curiosity, when its own powers are most feeble and uninformed. Astonished with occurrences, of which it cannot comprehend the cause, it naturally imbues such occurrences with a mysterious and marvellous influence. Ashamed at events, of which it can neither discern the issue, nor anticipate the consequences, it has recourse to other means of discovering them, than that which might be afforded by its own sagacity. Whenever superstition is so established as to form a regular system, this desire of penetrating into the secrets of futurity is intimately connected with it. Hence arose the mystic divination of Greece and Rome, as well as that of our own Druids; and this divination speedily assumed the form and character of a religious ceremony. Priests, as the ministers of heaven, pretended to deliver its oracles to men, less favourably endowed with divine inspirations. They were the only soothsayers, augurs, and magicians, who possessed the sacred and important art of disclosing what was hidden from less hallowed eyes. Then, as now, mankind was mystified by designing men, under the mask and mummery of religion.

But among the ruder nations, who paid no veneration to any superintending power, and who had no established rites or ministers of religion,† their curiosity to discover what was unknown, as well

* Robertson—History of America, vol. i. p. 389.

† The total absence of religion is a very uncommon circumstance. Of course, by religion, we mean some idea of a superintending power, with a mode of worshipping such power. Frezier says, (*Voyage*, p. 58) that the Indians of Chili have no religion; no temples or idols having been found amongst them. Henessin, the first discoverer of the Mississippi, and who was long resident among the North American Indians, declares that several tribes have no religion whatever.

as their desire to pry into futurity, was cherished by another principle, and derived strength from another alliance. As the diseases of men in a savage state are, like those of animals, few but violent, their impatience under what they suffered, and their solicitude for the recovery of their health, soon inspired them with extraordinary reverence for those who pretended to understand the nature of their maladies, or to preserve them from their sudden and fatal effects. Those ignorant pretenders, however, were such utter strangers to the structure of the human frame, that they were equally unacquainted with the causes of disorders as with their probable termination. Enthusiasm, mingled generally with some portion of craft, amply supplied their deficiences in actual science. They imputed the origin of diseases to supernatural influence; and prescribed or performed a variety of mysterious rites, which they declared to be of power sufficient to remove them. Credulity and reverence favoured the deception, so that, among savages, their first physicians were a species of conjurors or wizards, who boasted of their knowledge of the past, and who predicted the events of the future. Incantations, sorcery, and mummeries of divers kinds, were the means which they employed to expel or counteract the causes of imaginary malignancy, upon the assumed efficacy of which they predicted with confidence the fate of their deluded patients. In "Adair's History of the American Indians,"—a work full of interest and instruction,—we have a particular account of their manner of curing the sick; and the author relates a conversation which he had with an old Indian physician, who told him they had killed a witch for using pernicious charms. Because a child was suddenly taken ill and died; on the physician's evidence, the father went to the poor foolish old woman, and sunk his tomahawk into her head without any fear of punishment, or any idea of committing a crime. "In the year 1765," says the same writer, "an old physician or prophet, almost drunk with spirituous liquors, came to pay me a friendly visit: his condition made him more communicative than he would have been, if quite sober. When he came to the door he bowed himself with his arms extended north and south, and continued so for about a minute. Then raising himself erect, with his arms in the same position, he looked in a wild and frightful manner from the south-west towards the north, and sang, in a low bass key, *yo, yo, yo*; then, *he, he, he*; and afterwards *wa, wa, wa*. He then transposed and accented these notes several different ways, in a most rapid guttural manner; now and then he looked upwards, with his head bent considerably backwards, his song continuing about a quarter of an hour!" (pp. 176, 7.)

Henessin, a somewhat earlier writer, bears ample testimony to the mystic ceremonies of these American physicians and jugglers, for the characters are well identified. The Abbé Poyart, in his *L'Histoire de Loango*, says, that when the King of Cacongo happens to fall sick, his physicians commence their treatment by

publishing his indisposition through the kingdom, no bulletins are published from; and then every one is compelled to kill his choicest bullock (if he have one), and offer it as a propitiatory sacrifice to the angry deity, whose vengeance is supposed to have fallen on the monarch. Thus we see, as Pliny has observed, that religion was "the offspring of medicine; and, after having fortified itself with the help of astrology, borrowed all its splendour and authority from religion."* Thus, also, was superstition used for the purpose of averting future evils, as well as for the deliverance of men from present distress and suffering.

Religion, indeed, was, in the early ages, inseparably connected with medicine, and in its principles was intimately attached to it: its founder was deified, and the art itself accounted divine. The one supplied medicine for the soul, the other for the body; and we question very much, whether the tangible benefits of medicine were not more highly valued, if not more highly reverenced, than the uncertain and confused advantages, which were promised to the virtuous, by the designing priests of a confused and mysterious mythology. Even among nations whose religious system was more enlarged, and who had formed some conception—crude, in truth, and sufficiently sophisticated, but still a conception of benevolent beings, delighted with conferring benefits, as well as of malicious beings, prone to inflict evil, superstition still appears as the offspring of fear, and all its attributes were employed to avert calamities.† They were persuaded that their good deities, prompted

* Historia Natur. Lib. xxx. c. 12.

† Father Tachard, in his Voyages (l. v.) informs us, that the Siamese imagine, that the supreme judge of hell is eternally minuting, in a memorandum book, the lives and actions of all mankind; and when he turns to the title-page of any particular person's life, the page sneezes, and we mortals sympathetically sneeze with it. Hence arose the custom of wishing long life to the sneezer. The custom of using some kind of adjuration after sneezing is very ancient, and appears to have been very extensive in its application. It is common in Europe, in Asia, and in America; and the ancient Greeks regarded sneezing as an omen, whence they derived prediction. Several causes have been assigned for the origin of this custom; and Father Feyjoo has attributed it to the ordinance of Pope Gregory, who instituted a short prayer to be used on such occasions, at a time when a pestilence raged, the fatal crisis of which was indicated by *sneezing*. The Rabbis have a tale, that before the time of Jacob men never sneezed but once, and then immediately died. The patriachs, they say, obtained a revocation of this law, the memory of which was ordered to be preserved in *all nations* by some salutary exclamation after sneezing. These accounts are all fabulous, the pious fictions of pious old men.—Aristotle, Apuleius, Petronius Arbiter, and other ancient writers, often allude to the custom. For further particulars respecting so important a matter, the learned reader may consult Beverovicium in Epistolis Question: and Picart, Ceremon: Religion, tom. v. p. 17, the unlearned will find some nonsense about it in "D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature,"—we forget exactly where.

by the inherent beneficence of their nature, would bestow every blessing in their power, without solicitation or acknowledgment; and their only anxiety was to deprecate and assuage the wrath of the malignant powers, whom they considered as the enemies and tormentors of mankind.

There is nothing extraordinary, nothing unnatural in this. When we consider how ignorance and superstition warp the mind and direct its operations, we must not be surprised that the cure of diseases, attributed, as they were, to the evil influence of invisible beings, should have been attempted by other means than those which were likely to counteract the unusual deviations of nature. The mysterious vengeance of a powerful Deity could only be averted by means equally mysterious; and the charms and amulets of the magic art were instinctively resorted to. The practice was familiar in the ancient kingdoms of Chaldea, Persia, Babylon, and Egypt, prior to the time of the sacred historian. The colonies which emigrated from these countries, carried the superstition with them; it proceeded along the coast of the ancient Phœnicia, and from thence was extended along the shores of Africa and Greece. In the latter it assumed the forms of the Esculapian superstition, and of the oracular aruspices; and in the northern parts of Europe it appeared under the mystical character of Druidism. From the northern extremity of the *old*, it passed to the northern extremity of the *new* continent, and was thus extended over America, under the superstition of the Indian Deities, Chermis and Orkis, the rites of which resembled, more or less, in their principal features, the mystic ceremonies of the ancient world.*

There was, so to speak, one order of magic which had obtained a very great and fearful reputation; and both philosophers and persons of the greatest virtue deemed it honourable to gain admission into its institution. But it eventually degenerated into the most odious, abominable, and atrocious idolatry, the members leaving no means unattempted, and no deed undone, to render themselves objects of extreme terror to those who had not been initiated into its horrid mysteries. Caves, and other subterraneous passages, were chosen as the most fit places for the performance of their diabolical rites, which were rendered yet more terrific and imposing by the darkness of night, by the black, and swollen, and livid victims, which they offered up in sacrifice to the blood-thirsty demon whom they worshipped; by the mouldering bones of the dead: by the putrid and offensive carcases by which they were surrounded; and by the hapless infants whom they remorselessly slaughtered, that they might gain, upon an inspection of their reeking entrails, a competent

* Respecting the communications of the new with the old world, see Robertson's America; Crantz's History of Greenland; Prevot's Histoire Generale des Voyages; Adair's America: Lefitau's Mœurs des Sauvages; Grotii Dissertatio de Origine Gentis Americanæ, &c. &c. &c.

insight into futurity. The real object of all this barbarous abomination was, of course, to obtain an unquestionable influence over the minds of *the people;* its ostensible object was to relieve "the natural ills that flesh is heir to;" to assuage the sufferings of sickness, and to replace the derangement occasioned by accident. For this purpose they employed certain charmed words, to which they made the people believe that certain sovereign virtues were attached. Sometimes this charm was of itself sufficient; but it was more frequently deemed necessary to add to it the composition of various herbs. In all cases, it was absolutely necessary to observe with the most scrupulous exactness, the precise time when the nocturnal sacrifices were offered up;—the particular periods, hours, and aspects of the stars, and the quality and number of the unhappy victims, with other minutiæ equally impressive, important, and salutary. Of these sanguinary sacrifices, none were deemed so auspicious and efficacious, as that of a prince. When the lot fell upon the king to die, the annunciation was received with loud and universal acclamations, and with every vehement demonstration of joy. In Denmark, it happened, during a famine, that lots were cast for a victim to be offered up, as a propitiatory sacrifice for its prevention. The lot fell upon Prince Domelder, who was accordingly sacrificed, to the manifest delight of his loving subjects. Olaus Tretelger, another mighty potentate, was burnt alive, as an offering to appease the wrath of an infuriated war-god.*

In this and similar sects originated a vast quantity of delusion and jugglery. The *charming* away of diseases, by certain cabalistical words or sentences, became a favourite mode with many, and possessed of very particular efficacy. Sometimes a single word was used, sometimes a rhyme, at others a moral apophthegm. These charms were often written upon papyrus, wood, or some other substance, and suspended as an amulet round the neck, or applied to other parts of the patient's body. The remedy mentioned by Serenus Samonicus, for the cure of fever, consisted in writing upon paper the word Abracadabra in the following manner, and suspending it round the neck by a silken thread.

ABRACADABRA
ABRACADABR
ABRACADAB
ABRACADA
ABRACAD
ABRACA
ABRAC
ABRA
ABR
AB
A

* Iamblicus de Mystic: et Vita Pythagori, tom. i. fol. 429. Bryant's Ancient Mythology, p. 274.

The Jews attributed a similar virtue to the word, Abracalan, used in the same manner; and the Turks inscribed words and sentences from the Koran. The Greeks, with their accustomed ingenuity, improved upon this method of charming, by employing mechanical means in conjunction with their incantations. Thus Homer, speaking of Ulysses, when wounded on Parnassus by a wild boar, tells us:

> "With bandage firm Ulysses' knee they bound,
> Then, *chaunting mystic lays*, the closing wound
> Of sacred melody confess'd the force,—
> The tides of life regained their azure course."

This binding of the knee, by the way, was not bad surgery, as it was amply sufficient to restrain the bleeding, and close the wound; but this alone would have been too simple a plan for the imaginative Greeks, in whose estimation the "mystic lays" were, no doubt, supremely restorative.

In process of time, a further improvement was effected upon the mode of charming away diseases, by adding to it the use of certain herbs and plants, in the collecting and administering of which, however, a great deal of mummery was employed. Thus t Druids, in gathering the plant Solago, or Black Hellebore, wou not use any sharp or cutting instrument; it was to be plucked with the right hand, which was carefully covered with a part of their robe, and then conveyed secretly into the left; and, lastly, it was considered indispensably necessary that the Druid, who was delegated to this important office, should be clothed in white, be barefooted, and previously offer a sacrifice of bread and wine. Of course, the plant thus elaborately and mystically gathered, was an undisputed Catholicon. Vervain, a plant much used in magical operations, and, even now, occasionally employed as an amulet, was obtained with equal solemnity. It was to be gathered at the rising of the dog-star, or at the break of day, before the sun was above the horizon; an expiatory sacrifice of fruit and honey having been previously offered up. Persons rubbed with vervain thus sanctified, were considered invulnerable to the attacks of fever, and, indeed, to those of any other malady: it possessed, also, the miraculous power of reconciling the hearts of such as were at enmity,—no matter from what source this enmity might have arisen. Pity it is that such a useful intercessor should be unknown in its effects to us, in these times of political virulence and animosity!

Few of us are unacquainted with the solemnity of the ceremonies which the early priests and physicians of our own island employed in gathering the misletoe, which was esteemed of such blessed value, that they believed the gods expressly sent it down from heaven for the advantage and felicity of man. It was considered as a specific for epilepsy, apoplexy, and vertigo; and a water was distilled from it, which was deemed, like Solomon's Balm of Gilead, and some other nostrums that we could mention, a remedy

for all maladies. Virgil has commemorated the gathering of the misletoe in the following lines, and the reader will find a more full description of it in Pliny.

"Quale solet sylvis brumali frigore *Viscum*
Fronde virere novâ, quod non sua seminat arbos,
Et croceo fœta teretes circumdare truncos.
Talio erat species auri frondentis opacâ
Ilice; sic leni crepitabat bractea vento."

Æneid: l. 6, *v.* 205.

The ceremony must, in truth, have been sufficiently imposing. First, went the soothsayers, singing hymns in honour of the Deity: next, came a herald, with a rod in his hand, and he was followed by three Druids, bearing the sacrificial apparatus. Last of all appeared the Arch-Druid, clothed in a white robe, and followed by the people. Having arrived at the appointed place, the Arch-Druid ascended the oak, and cut the misletoe with a golden sickle. The attendant Druids received it with great reverence into the *Sagum*, or white cassock. Then followed the sacrifice of two white bulls, to which succeeded a feast, and prayers were offered up to the Deity, to endue the plant with its Godlike qualities. Thus ended the ceremony, and the plant became the means of communicating benefits to all who were permitted to partake of it.

Numerous examples might be adduced of the prevalence and peculiarity of these medicinal charms, in the rude and early ages of the world. Even now their existence is very common among the Indian nations, yet uncivilized. In most parts of Africa, the priests, or marabouts, carry on a considerable traffic in vending charms, which are called *Grigris*, and which are made after the most approved priestly fashion, to answer every contingency. They afford protection from thunderbolts, as easily as safety from sickness; they procure a multitude of wives, and insure the success of their *accouchements;* they prevent shipwreck and slavery; and are sure to be attended by victory in battle. There were two or three of these Grigris in the Leverian Museum; they contain, generally, a prayer to Mahomet, rolled up in linen; and were probably made in imitation of the phylacteries of the Jews, which were rolls or slips of parchment inscribed with sentences of scripture, in obedience to the command—"to bind them for a sign upon their heads, and to be as frontlets between their eyes."

But it is not only among the rude savages of India and the Eastern world, that the virtue of medicinal charms is implicitly credited. The illiterate and simple natives of this enlightened kingdom, especially those in its remotest districts, repose all necessary faith in the same fascinating delusions; and there is not "a goody" in any of our remote villages, who has not a specific charm for hooping cough, ague, teething, convulsions, epilepsy, and every other ordinary disease. Every one is acquainted with

the assumed efficacy of the "royal touch,"* in cases of king's evil, or scrofula; and scarcely a week passes by, that we do not see in the newspapers an advertisement for the disposal of a "*child's caul*," which has the miraculous power of preserving sailors from the perils of the deep, and from the affliction of faithless love,—and which may be occasionally procured for the trifling sum of fourteen or fifteen guineas!

To many of our readers, the majority of charms in vogue among the vulgar, must be well known; but as our object is to display at one view the delusions of medicine, we shall not scruple to transcribe the most remarkable. One method of obtaining a cure for the hooping cough, is to inquire of the first person who is met riding upon a pie-bald horse, what is good for that malady. A friend of Dr. Lettsom, who once went a journey on a horse of this description, was so frequently interrupted by questions about this disease, that it was with some difficulty he effected his progress through the villages in his route. He frequently silenced the importunities of his interrogators, by recommending a toast in brandy. No disease has given rise to a more curious catalogue of charms than the ague. A common practice in some parts of the country, is for the patient to run *nine* times through a circle, formed by a briar that grows naturally in that direction. The process is to be repeated *nine* successive days.† A spider given, *unknown*, to the patient, is miraculously efficacious in preventing a paroxysm; and we have heard, on unquestionable authority, of the decided effect of the snuff of a candle. These, however, can scarcely be termed charms, for the beneficial result is entirely dependent upon the ammoniacal salt, or some other property, in the substance administered, aided probably by some mental operation.

The perils of infantile dentition, afford ample scope for the use of charms. These are chiefly in the form of beads or bands; and who is unacquainted with the "anodyne necklace" of the celebrated Dr. Gardener? which was thus touchingly recommended by

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* It is not more than a century and a half ago since that profoundly sapient body, yclept "The College of Pyhsicians in London," prosecuted a man for dispensing the benefits of his own *touch* in similar cases. The evil was, that the daring offender presumed to assert that *his* touch was as efficacious as that of majesty itself!

† This is the relic, probably, of a Druidical ceremony. *Nine* has always been a mystic number, perhaps because all its simple products can be resolved by addition into itself: thus $9 \times 2 = 18$, and $8 + 1 = 9$. If any good effect be produced by this charm—and we can hardly doubt it—it is evidently caused by the exercise taken. We could easily prove this, did our limits permit; but we must content ourselves by observing, that we know of one very severe case of ague cured, after obstinately resisting medicine, by a long ride on horseback.

its immortal inventor:—"What mother," he asks, "can forgive herself, who suffers her child to die without an anodyne necklace?" Many charms are also employed for the cure of the tooth-ache; and among others, that of extracting a *worm* from the diseased tusk, is a profitable source of deception * An ingenious female quack realized in London, not many years ago, a very handsome income, by imposing upon the credulity of the public in the pretended extraction of this worm. This she effected in the following manner:—She contrived to introduce into the patient's mouth, the grub of a silk-worm, which, after certain manual operations, she pretended to extract, exhibiting the parasitical tormentor to the perfect admiration and conviction of the dupe. That she sometimes achieved a cure we do not doubt; for the influence of the imagination on the tooth-ache, and on many other nervous affections, is too well known to need support or illustration. The Indian jugglers, relying on this influence, succeeded in curing many of their patients, by appearing to pull out the disorder, and then exhibiting bones, or some other substance, which they pretended to have extracted from the diseased part.

For *cramp*, a ring is frequently worn upon the finger; but, not satisfied with this obvious mechanical preventative, it is necessary that, in order to be imbued with the requisite virtue, the ring should be made of some metal that has been taken by stealth, and without discovery. The cramp-bone (*patella*) of the sheep, is a famous charm. The great Boyle, who, philosopher as he was, was not without his superstitious failings, recommends for certain diseases, which he formally specifies, "a little bag hung about the neck, containing the powder made of a *live* toad, burnt in a *new* pot." Such of our readers as are desirous of further information upon these important subjects, will find enough, and to spare, in Vol. II. part 2, and Vol. VI. of Boyle's collected works.

For the cure of epilepsy, or the falling sickness, numerous have been the charms which have been invented, and marvellously mystical withal. A common remedy among the lower orders about London, and especially in Essex, is, to cut the top of a black cat's tail, in order to procure *three* drops of blood, which are to be taken in a spoonful of milk, drawn from the female breast; and this is to be repeated *three* successive days. If the patient be a male, the woman, from whom the milk is to be taken, must have lain in of a girl; and of a boy, if the patient be a female; but, if the patient be apprised of the period when this precious potion was compounded, it will assuredly lose its efficacy. Dr. Lettsom met with three instances within a fortnight, where this plan had been strongly

* The opinion that the tooth-ache is occasioned by a worm, is very old. Many of our early Dramatists allude to it, and Shakspeare, in "*Much Ado about Nothing*," calls it a humour,—a *worm*.—Act iii. Scene 2.

recommended. For a similar effect, the patient is to creep, head foremost, down *three* pair of stairs, *three* times a-day, for *three* successive days. Let us remember, that *three* is the root of the mystic number *nine*, and that it is still depended upon by free-masons.

We will mention in this place a scandalous imposition which was practised some years ago by a Doctor Dumoulin, who compounded what he called *Sachets Anti-varioliques*, and sold them at the modest price of two guineas the *sachet*. They were said, by their manufacturer, to prevent infection from small-pox; for which purpose the *sachet* was to be suspended round the neck in such a manner as to rest it upon the *breast* in men, and upon the *navel* in women: at night it dispensed its prophylactic properties through the pillow, under which its fortunate possessors were directed to place it. Like Dr. Hill's celebrated tincture of sage, the *Sachet's Anti-varioliques* obviated old age; yet, notwithstanding, their learned inventor grew old, and died.

But we ought not to wonder at the credulity thus displayed by the illiterate and the ignorant, when we find men of liberal scholarship adopting and advocating opinions quite as absurd as the mummeries we have mentioned. The credulity of Pliny, who, in truth, was more of an annalist than a philosopher, may be in a degree excused, when we consider the superstitious atmosphere which he breathed; but when such men as Fulgosus, Amatus, Lusitanus, Ambrose Parre,* Donatus, and our own Wiseman—justly termed the father of English surgery—men who deservedly flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, bring an odium on the profession of physic by sanctioning, with their names, divers marvellous accounts of charmed cures, and even the actual metamorphoses of the sexes; we may overlook the artifices of the sybils, aruspices, soothsayers, astrologers, and other licensed impostors of the primeval ages. Nay, we may almost pardon the "knavish tricks" of our modern *water-doctors* and *consumption-curers*—a very bare-faced and impudent race, by the way—when compared with the formal and elaborate records of the writers just enumerated. At the latter end of the sixteenth century, Donatus, a professor of considerable reputation, relates the case of a woman, who, after she had been delivered of a son, became a man.† Turner, who, by the way, was a clergyman, and who relates the story in his "History of Remarkable

* For proofs of the credulity and superstitious practice of this early French surgeon, we refer our readers to a recent number of the *Retrospective Review*.

† The appearance of such a transformation might be just probable to an ignorant person; but Donatus ought to have known, what any tyro would now know, that such an appearance was produced by some accident in parturition, or that the *apparent* male formation might have been pre-existent, and even congenital.

Providences," evinces some hesitation in admitting its veracity; but, as the object is to illustrate a particular position, his judgment and reason are vanquished, and he gravely records the fact.

Such were the delusive and barbarous absurdities which characterized the practice of the art of medicine, long after civilization had shed its softening influence over Europe. The human mind clings fondly, and with obstinate pertinacity, to those old customs which have been engrafted on it from infancy, and more especially when such customs are hallowed by an alliance to the mysterious and marvellous in nature. It is an easier, and, to many, a much more certain method of obtaining relief, to seek it from a reputed sybil, or from one whose dealings are not with the tangible things of this world, than to trust to the obscure operations of means invented and prescribed by mere mortal wisdom: and so the ancient and divine art of healing was abused in the manner we have mentioned, because popular credulity and caprice, fostered by popular ignorance, required such a profanation.

Strange as it may appear, it was not until the seventeenth century had very considerably advanced, that any attempt was made to rescue this important art from its disgraceful and dangerous condition. The catalogues of the "Royal College of Physicians in London" contain, it is true, from its foundation by Linacre in 1518, many illustrious names; but we must, in most instances, look to other causes of their celebrity, than any astounding ability, as regards the principles of the art. From this, however, we must, in some degree, except Harvey, although, truth to speak,—and we are conscious of the heresy—it does appear to us that he displayed no vast stretch of intellect, even in those days of comparative darkness, by a discovery which any observant operative might have made. Let it be understood, that we by no means undervalue the importance of the discovery, with reference to its results—certainly not: we only compare the talent of the discoverer with that of many others, who have done, perhaps, as much for medicine, without receiving an iota of immortality for their trouble. But the discovery *was* made, and made by Harvey—"the immortal Harvey"—as he has been since denominated, but not till more than a century had elapsed since the establishment of the "Royal College of Physicians in London."

Then, as now, the advancement of knowledge was considered dangerous and impolitic; and then, as now, those institutions which were especially established to promote the interests of learning and of science, were pre-eminently vigilant in their prevention and discouragement. In 1628 Harvey published his discovery of the circulation of the blood; and so daring was his doctrine accounted, so bold and impudent was this startling innovation upon pre-existing opinions considered, that his practice as a physician considerably declined; and had it not been for the favour and kindness of Charles the First, Harvey, like Galileo, might have been ruined and

were destroyed by this beneficial discovery. His fellow-labourers in the fields of physic were so astounded, dismayed, and ashamed at a discovery which so entirely overturned all their pre-existing doctrines respecting the blood, that they caballed to destroy their colleague, and would have succeeded, through the convenient intervention of that abominable inquisition, the Star Chamber, had he not been, as we have intimated, the king's favourite. This saved his life, and gave him the supreme gratification of converting his professional brethren, in spite of their stubborn attachment to animal spirits, aerial distension, and similar empirical absurdities.

Another exception, and *we* think a more splendid one, may be adduced in Mead, who has been justly characterized as "*artis medicæ decus, vitæ revera nobilis.*" Mead was a man of great learning, of untiring industry, and gifted with that acute penetration, which enables its possessor to dive into the more hidden mysteries of Nature; and to turn to good advantage the result of his researches. It was he who first introduced inoculation into Britain, a practice which he advocated with all the eloquence for which he was so renowned; and we are informed that he succeeded in introducing it among the English ladies, by a forcible appeal to their vanity, in attributing the beauty of the Circassian women to such a custom. We can easily imagine the difficulty he had to encounter in establishing a practice which must have been looked upon as unnatural and loathsome; but the means he employed evince a thorough knowledge of human nature, without which no physician can possibly use his art to advantage. But Mead was a philosopher, and there are more sound philosophy and more practical information in his writings, than in those of any physician of that period. His "Monita et Præcepta Medica," contain the germs of much acute observation, and the pith of much of our modern wisdom in medical matters; while the tract "De Imperio Solis et Lunæ in corpora humana," is tinctured somewhat with that vague superstition, which even Mead could not wholly withstand.

With this truly learned man, to whom we must add Sydenham, our exceptions terminate; and we shall find, by a very superficial examination, that individuals whose names have descended to us, "enshrined in everlasting fame," do not owe that fame to professional celebrity merely, nor to the eminence of its possessor in any of the branches of "divine philosophy." For instance, Radcliffe was not even a learned man, but he was a man of the world; he had a great deal of practical good sense, a confident tone of predicting the result of disease, much in the same way, probably, as a mountebank would have done. Above all he was blessed with a handsome person, of which he made the most by his elegant and accomplished manners. So he became wealthy and renowned, and has left to posterity a more substantial record of his fame, than the problematical good that might arise from any new discoveries in the art of medicine. The monument of his fame in St. Oxford, and

we very much doubt whether his name would be now heard beyond the precincts of "the College," had it not been consecrated by his munificent bequests to that most orthodox university.

Garth and Arbuthnot—men living in a brighter age, had no pretensions whatever to a sound knowledge of medicine; they knew, in fact, no more of its principles, and, perhaps, not so much as a modern student of two years' standing; and their names have been preserved to us, more from their connection with the wits and *savans* of the period, than from any intrinsic value of their own—intrinsic, that is, as connected with their particular calling.

Who, then, *were* the master-spirits to whom the medical art is indebted for its present proud perfection; founded, as this perfection is, not upon a servile adherence to pre-existing dogmata, nor upon custom and precedent, but upon the safe, and substantial, and certain principles of nature, deduced from a close observance of her operations, and a more perfect knowledge of her mysteries? Who, we ask, have been the philosophers who have wrought this salutary reformation? The catalogue is not cumbersome. We have Cheyn, that blunt, but honest man; and Cheselden and Pote, the first great improvers of modern surgery; and Heberden, the classical and learned Heberden; the Fordyces, and Pitcairn; the two Hunters and Baillie. Others there were, perhaps, who might contribute their quota towards the improvement of medical science; but those we have named are the leading reformers, and their efforts have been improved upon and expanded by their illustrious successors, till the art, in all its branches, has reached its present pre-eminence.

Never, perhaps, was there an age in which Europe, and even England, could boast of so powerful a phalanx of professional talent, as they now possess. Amongst the most eminent of these in our own country are Abernethy, Hume, Brodie, Charles Bell, Wilson Philip, Armstrong, and Astley Cooper; while, on the continent, we have Majendie, Bichat, Dupuytren, Gaspard, Henreus, Desmoulins, Serres, Pinel, Scarpa, Richerand, Blumenbach, Meckel, and many others; each of whom has made some discovery, or effected some beneficial innovation in the practice of the healing art. It is supremely pleasing to see these men, with an ardour at once untiring and extraordinary, toiling away with unceasing industry in the fertile but choked-up fields of science, clearing away the weeds and the rubbish, and planting such good and sound seed, as shall grow up and multiply an hundred-fold. Medicine had been too long clogged with the empiricism of custom, which was fostered in every conceivable manner by indolence on the one hand, and by bigotted pride on the other. Until John Hunter, than whom no man was more honest and independent, effected those beneficial discoveries, which have laid the foundation of all subsequent success and excellence, the practice of surgery, as well as that of medicine, was exceedingly uncertain and fluctuating in its principles.

Indeed, with a very few exceptions, and we have mentioned the majority, there were, in strict truth, no principles of practice at all; certain diseases occurred, and were valorously met with and combatted by such specifics as the idleness or knavery of preceding practitioners had invented; as to the *rationale* of the disease, or the *modus operandi* of the medicine, these were refinements infinitely too sublime for the comprehension of our practitioners. Nothing, indeed, was so bad, nothing so abominably disgraceful as the practice of physic, even in an age comparatively modern, and, in some respects, even at the present day.

It appears, moreover, to be certain, that so long as a person will pay due deference to the rules and regulations of the College of Physicians; and so long as he will conform to that aristocratic and absurd etiquette which influences its "Fellows," and in which these "Fellows" are so securely enveloped, it is quite sufficient for them, whatever it may be to the public. Individuals who are unacquainted with the secret springs of medical practice, can form no adequate idea of the ridiculous, and even unjustifiable, length to which this fusty etiquette is extended. "A certain exalted personage," says a writer in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' "commanded the attendance of a physician, who was only a licentiate, and thereby struck consternation throughout the whole body of 'Fellows.' The great men already in attendance were dreadfully alarmed and confounded by this terrible subversion of established College etiquette. 'Sire!' said one of them, 'we humbly acquaint your Majesty, with all dutiful submission, that as Dr. —— is not a Fellow, it is contrary to rule and custom to meet him in attendance here.' 'A Fellow?' asked his Majesty—'What mean ye?" The learned physician explained. 'Well, Make him a Fellow, then,' was his Majesty's quick reply; and he was accordingly made one!"

But while these sapient gentlemen are so extremely tenacious of their privileges, they are scandalously neglectful of the real and pure welfare of the profession, whose interests they are legally appointed to defend. In London, at this time, there are several mountebanks, who are daily committing murder, under the pretence of practising physic: we do not allude to the disgusting placard-posters, although they are sufficiently numerous and destructive; but we would refer more particularly to those impudent charlatans who, setting the power of the College at defiance, impose upon the credulity of the public, in open defiance of the laws which have been enacted to suppress such practices. The leading members of the London College, have lately issued much vapouring absurdity touching the power of their charter. Why do they not practically prove its power, by subverting the iniquitous acts of those dirty animals, who sully the lustre of a profession, which, in its essence, is so universally good and useful? This would redound much more to their credit, and to the benefit of the public, than all their silly disputes about etiquette and privilege. Science, to be useful,

should not be shut up in the closets of a College; neither should its disciples limit their labours, or fetter them with "etiquette:" it should be as all-pervading, and as free as the wind; and disperse its blessings as generously to the humble as to the exalted. The increased and increasing liberality of the age, is, thank Heaven, rooting out all the fusty dogmata of long-established custom; and the time has already arrived, when the garb merely of assumed greatness can no longer impose upon the minds of the people. It requires something infinitely more valuable than the robes of office, to endue the wearer with honour and excellence: ignorance may be dazzled, and simplicity may be astounded by this outward display of learning and authority; but the man of sense and reflection will at once detect its hollowness, and despise its deceitfulness.

Let us, however, leave this ungrateful theme, and recur, in conclusion, to the good that has been done, instead of harping upon the evil that is doing.

We have already mentioned the names of those individuals who have so greatly improved the science of surgery and medicine; but we did so only with reference to the scientific part of their conduct —not the practical. A man may be endued with much philosophy, but he may not have the means, or even the inclination, to benefit mankind with his knowledge. The majority of our living professional luminaries can, however, accomplish all that is necessary in this respect; and *have* done much by their upright and gentlemanly conduct, to purify the practice from the stains which blotted it. Amongst the most conspicuous of these reformers, were Abernethy, Armstrong, Brodie, and Bell; first, by founding their practice upon a true scientific basis; and, second, by that straight-forward, honest conduct, which ought to be adopted by every practitioner. In their practice, there is no beating about the bush,—no cant—no assumption of exclusive knowledge—no collusion with other practitioners: —all is fair, upright, manly dealing, with both patient and practitioner. The greedy spirit which characterises so many members of the profession, finds no place in their breasts: they do their duty honourably and effectually, excited by other inducements than a love of lucre: and while they uphold the honour of their profession, they secure the esteem and gratitude of all who know them.

Thus, and thus only, can the medical profession prove beneficial to the world. If it be not divested of the pomp of ignorance, and if its professors will not condescend to act conscientiously as well as learnedly, it will never be wholly freed from the superstitious empiricism with which it has always been, more or less, disgraced and encumbered. The object of Dr. Morrison's little work, is to recommend the study of medicine as a part of a liberal education, and his preface contains some sensible remarks on the general subject. The body of the book we recommend to the attention of our professional readers.

ART. X.—1. *The British Almanac, of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, for the year* 1830, *being the second after Bissextile, or Leap Year; containing the Calendar of Remarkable Days and Terms; Anniversaries of Great Events, and of the Births and Deaths of Eminent Men, Remarks on the Weather, Astronomical Facts and Phenomena; Tables Exhibiting the State of Light during the Twenty-four hours: Useful Remarks of Practical Importance; common Indigenous Field Plants in Flower in each Month; Fish in Season; with a Miscellaneous Register of Information connected with Government, Legislation, Commerce, and Education; and various Useful Tables.* London: Charles Knight. 1830.

2. *The Englishman's Almanack: or, Daily Calendar of General Information for the United Kingdom, for the Year of our Lord* 1830, *being the second after Bissextile, or Leap Year; comprising, with the usual contents of an Almanack, simple directions for Horticultural and Farming Operations; for Destroying Noxious Insects; and Copious Instructions for the Treatment of Persons who have taken Poison, or who are apparently dead from Drowning or other causes: Lists of the Royal Family; Members of the Legislature, with the Ages of the Peers, and Descriptions of their Crests; Officers of State, Parliamentary Allowances; Universities, Colleges, Public Schools; Police Offices, with Jurisdiction: Commercial Establishments, etc.* London: printed for the Company of Stationers. 1830.

We think that we may justly claim some portion of the credit of having at least accelerated the very decided state of improvement which our Almanacks have now attained. The rivalship of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, has been doubtless the main cause in producing so desirable a consummation; and that Association may well be contented if they shall have done no more than extort from the Company of Stationers, such an Almanack as the *Englishman's* for 1830.

Having mentioned the rivalship subsisting between these two bodies, it will be permitted us to express a wish that the emulation of the junior competitor had been characterized by a greater degree of candour and fairness, than we fear can be attributed to its conduct. The public advertisement which first announced the *British Almanack* for 1830, curiously enough was silent as to the actual contents of that publication. The motives for this singular secrecy may be easily accounted for, when we remember the prudence which must ever preside in a society where forensic advocates of great skill and experience possess an influence. This advertisement, however, professed to declare what the Almanack *did not contain*. We think we could considerably swell the dimensions of the latter catalogue, and enumerate many an item of useful and curious information of which the 'British Almanack' is certainly most incontrovertibly innocent. In the meantime, it

must be obvious to all persons, that the negative description here alluded to, was covertly intended for the unwary, as a positive representation of what the rival Almanack was to be; and that being the case, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, we have no hesitation in saying, have lent themselves to the *diffusion* of a statement which they have not even probability to justify them in believing themselves. And we say so advisedly, because the 'Englishman's Almanack,' upon its first appearance in 1829, was framed upon a rigid exclusion of all those oddities and conceits, under the name of Astrological predictions, which, although they have been raised for not inscrutable purposes by the Society's agents to the dignity of being mischievous, were yet never intended for any other end, and never, we sincerely believe, had any other effect, than to add one more to the thousand sources of merriment for the festive season of Christmas, when the mature, and the rational, nay even the strictest apostles of the *useful*, consent to hold their annual saturnalia, forgetting their intellectual superiority for a time amidst the folly and frolic that surround them. To insinuate, therefore, that the forthcoming 'Englishman's Almanack' would in any manner resemble the peculiar description which had thus been promulgated by the Society, was an artifice, shallow at best, but as an artifice at all, totally irreconcileable with the aim and character of that body. The Company of Stationers have reason to be proud of the contrast which their calm, moderate, and practical advertisement exhibits with that of their rival.

When the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge first entered the field of competition with the Stationers' Company, they apologized for the intrusion, by pleading the culpable remissness of the Company in reforming their Almanacks. Is it not plain, then, that to be consistent with their own principle, the Society should have bestowed on each succeeding Almanack, something that would give it the claim of being an improvement on its predecessor? Have they done so? We answer in the negative, and the proof of our assertion is, that by general consent, the first 'British Almanack' is entitled to the credit of being the very best of the series. Convinced we are, at all events, that the 'British Almanack for 1830' shews nothing like a superiority over that for 1829. Indeed we might say that the Society manifests a very alarming degree of obstinacy, in resisting wholesome counsel of every kind. The weather table, for example, of the 'British Almanack' last year, teemed with the grossest faults —a short season for revision, we would think, was all that became necessary for their correction—but then these errors were pointed out, they were reprobated before the public gaze, and with what advantage does the world think? That same apocryphal weather table, without a word of alteration, is reprinted in the 'British Almanack for 1830.' And what is still more surprising, the column of anniversaries presents the very same events in each Almanack,

as if there was the least dearth of facts on any day of the year, to yield an interesting and useful variety of information in this department. We can scarcely account upon any given rule, for the desultory manner in which the Saints' days are noted in the British; the truth, indeed, may be that no rule was observed at all; for it is impossible to tell why the Society should seek to suppress the memory of St. David, while the guardian Saint of the Emerald Isle is duly commemorated; neither can we imagine what the gentle craft of cobblers has perpetrated, to forfeit on behalf of their Saint the reverence due to his ancient name,—while his wonted meed of respect is yielded to the patron of blacksmiths. Seriously, this finical refinement betrays the Society into several acts of omission, which in practice prove very inconvenient; because, as we have said on a former occasion, with a very large class of the public, those saints' days have become, by long continued tradition, beacons for the memory, whereby many important arrangements, domestic and rural, and even commercial, are anticipated and directed. In the execution of the 'British Almanack,' many errors and imperfections might easily be pointed out, such, for instance, as the day on which the Oxford Easter Term is to end, and that on which the Michaelmas Term should begin,—(faults which arise from a too servile adherence to the Nautical Almanack) then the discrepancy which occurs between the times, as stated in pages 7 and 20, for the sun to enter Cancer. We might mention, too, the retaining the name of the Earl of Bridgewater in the peerage, nearly twelve months after the extinction of that nobleman's family; putting down the Earl of Balcarres as sitting by the title of Lord Lindsay, whereas he sits as Lord Wigan; and the denial of his title of Viscount Ferrard to Lord Oriel, *et similia*.

We should be reluctant to expose these minute errors at present, did we not feel that in such a case as this, severity is only strict justice, and that they who want to build upon the lapses of others should be, as far as unbounded means could make them, totally free from fault themselves. The absence of that due diligence which we now complain of, is still more forcibly shown in the manner in which the Editors of the 'British Almanack' strive to get over a difficulty that has ere now embarrassed many of their craft. In all the lists of the members of the House of Lords, it has been the practice to give to the Scotch and Irish noblemen, having seats in the House of Peers, the title only by which they sit. The inconvenience of this course is obvious. An Irish or Scotch parliamentary peer is known to the world by his national title alone; and few, perhaps, of the public will dream that the nobleman who is designated as Lord Sunbridge in the Almanack, is no other than his Grace the Duke of Argyle. To remedy this inconvenience, the 'British Almanack' gives a supplementary list of the popular titles of peers, and refers in every instance to the title by which they sit and are named in the principal list. But this catalogue is extremely imper-

fect, even as far as it goes; but it does not go anything like the necessary length, for we do not find that the popular titles of those Irish or Scotch peers are given, who sit by virtue of an inferior title, when the name in the two titles is the same. Thus the Duke of Leinster sits as *Viscount* Leinster. In the 'British Almanack' we find only the title of Viscount given to that nobleman, unless, indeed, we have learned from inspiration that his Grace is an Irish Duke, and then we may discover his popular title under the head of Ireland. The 'Englishman's Almanack,' with obvious propriety, gives the popular titles of all those who compose the House of Lords, and adds respectively to each Peer, where it is due, the title by which he sits. But these are small matters. The computations, as set down in the 'British Almanack,' for the times of high water at London Bridge, are not merely wrong, which any nice calculations may readily be, but they literally grow ludicrous in their excessive blundering. Whatever the *savants* of the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge may say to the contrary, we of the herd are satisfied, from our experience, that the time of high water is always later each successive day by many minutes. The Society's algebraists have informed the world, that nature has revised her laws, and that the tide will begin to be earlier on the first of next January than it will be on the previous 31st of December. We refer to the 'British Almanack' for 1829 and for 1830. The former declares that the time of high water, on the 31st of December, 1829, will be, in the morning, seventeen minutes after six; in the afternoon, thirty-nine minutes past six. The latter as plausibly informs us, that the said tide will, the very next morning, commence a new course of operations, and will muster all its force, so that the time of high water, on the morning of the first of January, shall be one minute after six; and in the afternoon twenty-six minutes after six! In truth, the columns of the high water, for every single day from January to December, in the 'British Almanack' for 1830, are only the constituent parts of one gigantic blunder, and we are ourselves astonished, since it would be all the same to the Society, that they did not blunder consistently at least. We cannot imagine, for the life of us, what evil star it is that is in the ascendant whenever the philomaths of the Society are concocting their tide tables. Hydrophobia alone could have restrained them from making at least a practical effort at discovering the times when the tide is at a flood, in the neighbourhood of Fish-street-hill. These columns were accurate in the first 'British Almanack,' because they copied their contents from the admirable publication "White's Ephemeris" of the Stationers' Company. The next year the Society retired upon their own resources, and toiling with unequal strength after the tide, they came in panting an hour too late every day. In their third Almanack, viz. that for 1830, the Society was resolved to be correct; and, filled with that mighty purpose, they deputed a distinguished member of their own body, J. W. Lub-

bock, Esq. to take the tides in hand, and, by the strong arm of science, to reduce the refractory waves to some sense of obedience. The amateur philomath is so delighted with his labours, that he absolutely puts his seal to their splendid results, and the initials of "J. W. L.," as may be seen at page 6, appended to some of the brightest speculations of modern science, will, like the hieroglyphics on the Egyptian tombs, in after times, task the penetration of the acute, and divide the judgment of the learned.

If there be one quality above another, in the Stationers' Almanacks, which has made us constant to those publications, it is the quality of accuracy in all their astronomical and mathematical calculations. We now cease to be surprised at this uniform correctness, since the Company of Stationers have no longer thought it necessary to conceal the fact, that these computations are, and have been, since the death of Hutton, conducted under the superintendance of Dr. Olinthus Gregory. The association of the name of this distinguished professor with the Stationers' Almanacks, will, no doubt, astonish a multitude of those good easy persons who have been taught, by the new schoolmasters of the day, to abhor the Worshipful Company, as so many enemies to the progress of science, which they endeavour, it is said, to depreciate, by setting up in opposition the pretended powers of the black art. A zealous and faithful agent for carrying on such an enterprise, no doubt, they must have found in Dr. Gregory. His hostility to the liberal arts—his jealousy of those vain studies,—astronomy and the mathematics,—have been so notorious as to earn for the Doctor a chair in the Academy of Woolwich; where, after the manner of Simpson and of Hutton, we have not the least doubt, he employs himself in detecting, amongst the youth of the institution, any early propensity to legitimate science, in order to turn it to the account of his favourite Astrology!—But how in the name of candour will the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge look the public in the face, when—after having branded the Stationers' Company with attempting to "perpetuate delusions amongst the uninformed," and with "entertaining a contempt for the progress of real knowledge,"—they now find that the high priesthood for carrying on this vast system of imposture, was held by a Simpson, a Rollinson, a Hutton, and a Gregory, in succession? Still what avail these eminent names? Better, perhaps, for the Company, had they trusted to the guidance of some illuminated dandy of their day; some most undeniable lecture-goer,—one of the amphibious peculiarities that can exist with equal freedom in the opposite elements of Albemarle-street or Almack's,—that take up science as a freak of the season, and prattle, with such a becoming air, about declinations and La Place. Then should the Company have reason to be proud of their science; then should their Almanacks anticipate the wanton inconsistencies of nature, and inform the world before hand that, on a certain first of January,

she would command the tide to be a quarter of an hour sooner than its appointment, in the neighbourhood of London Bridge!

We have now nearly exhausted our space without speaking of the Company's very curious and important publication, the 'Englishman's Almanack' for 1830. However it so happens, that a simple enumeration of its most striking contents, will be its best eulogy. To the editors of this Almanack is due the praise of having broken through the trammels by which this indispensable class of annuals was hitherto fettered; for they have mixed up, with the usual lists of public men and establishments, very necessary details of an historic and explanatory nature, which cannot but be agreeable to general readers, and useful to many. A series of instructions for treating persons who are apparently dead from drowning or other causes, or who have taken poison, is given in clear, intelligible terms. Need we say how useful, how deeply important such information is in England, where from the culpable carelessness of the legislature, the deadliest drugs are within the reach of almost every child in the country. The list of peers too presents a very welcome novelty. The ages of the noblemen, and the description of their crests are respectively given, and thus the 'Englishman's Almanack' will nearly serve as a good substitute for an expensive Peerage book. The work indeed is one of the most comprehensive of the sort that has ever been published, containing, upon a fair calculation, nearly one-third as much matter as the 'British,' although the size is the same, or rather less. We refer the reader to the Almanack itself, and he will have no doubt, we are sure, as to which of the rivals the superiority is to be awarded. We congratulate the Company of Stationers on the spirit and enterprize which they have manifested, and we wish them all the patronage on the part of the public, which they so well deserve.

ART. X.—*The Romance of History.—Spain.* By Don T. De Trueba. 3 vols. London: Edward Bull, Holles Street. 1830

WE have so great a veneration for history, that we look with severity upon every attempt to mix it with fiction. The greatest recommendation therefore which we could have received of the present volumes, is the assurance of the writer that he has the authority of faithful records for whatever he has asserted. Praise, and very considerable praise too, belongs to him for the good sense he has shown in composing his work on this plan; and it is not a little amusing to find a known writer of romances, publishing a book with 'Romance' on the title page, but proving in his preface that he has been labouring, in fact, only as a grave historian.

The plan of 'The Romance of History' does great credit to the professional ingenuity of its spirited publisher; and now that we find no attempt in the work to garble the truth of records, sacred to the experience of mankind, we regard it as meriting considerable

attention, and recommend it as an excellent medium for conveying strong and vivid pictures of the past.

It also deserves remark, that romance is not necessarily fictitious, invention being then only necessary when reality has not the power either to surprise or affect vividly. When it has these qualities, and no one will deny that it frequently has, the narrative which it inspires, is as truly romantic as if the incidents had been all fictitious. History, it is true, in its general character, makes no appeal to the feelings which are excited by romance, but it has, when considered more narrowly in its details, many passages of deep and most stirring interest. The characters which figure in its pages, and which we have had little sympathy with, while actors on the political arena, are sometimes seen in the closer relations of life, and struggling with the common destinies of humanity, fearing, loving, and desiring objects only from the natural impulses of their hearts. We look at them, when thus seen amid the promiscuous crowd, with awakened curiosity and interest. They are the witnesses which prove the legitimacy of our relationship with the generations that have passed away. They speak from the abysses of time, of the deep, and the pure, and the sorrowful emotions that are attached to existence, under every external circumstance; and having the busy report of worldly events ringing in our ears, as we leave the high-road of history to follow their private fortunes, the truth of their adventures becomes more easily impressed upon our minds, and affords a surer foundation for our imagination. Whatever glimpses, therefore, history gives of the merely personal or domestic circumstances and fortunes of the characters she introduces, they are important aids to romance, and serve to form materials from which the skilful writer composes his most fascinating works.

The style of history is romantic in a great variety of degrees; it is not however in its records of the most distant, or of the darkest periods, that it has always most of this character. The eras preceding the full glory of Greece and Rome, as well as the earlier part of the middle ages, are less likely to awaken romantic interest than others of later date, and which were more enlightened. Romance is distinct from fable, and every intermixture of the fabulous with a romantic narrative, lessens its power upon our feelings. The fable demands the resignation of our judgment, with regard to its probability; and we grant it, and are conscious of the resignation. But the union of curiosity and strong emotion which belongs to romantic feeling, is never produced, unless we are convinced that the objects presented are under the power of circumstances that apply to human nature and conditions. Again, the characters or events in history which are to be deemed of a romantic nature, must be sufficiently well defined and clear, or our hearts will be uninterested, and the romance will be in our own imaginations, rather than in the glowing pages of the narrative. It is for these

reasons, in different proportions, that the periods we have alluded to, are less properly romantic in their character, than we should at first sight suppose. They are too dimly seen by the light of tradition, to awaken our sympathies, and are too glaringly visible, under the light of fable, to interest the imagination. The times, the records of which are really most redolent of romance, are those of which the principal historical characters are known to us by strong individual traits, and of which the manners and state of society were sufficiently marked to render the description of them bold and picturesque. In the history of times like these, the remoteness of the age does not efface the features by which we recognise individuals, and we become deeply interested in their personal fortunes. The memorials which remain of their deeds or their sufferings, call forth the strongest feelings of the heart; and the broad lights and shadows with which the scenes of their adventures are coloured, give sufficient scope to the exercise of the imagination. But, in viewing history in this light, and examining how far it ministers food to our appetite for romance, we must separate the obvious inventions of poetry and fiction from accredited traditions. It is not to the bard or the romancer that history owes its romantic interest. In its records of human life, it has unfolded many a tale that has not been bettered by the additions of fiction, and we shall be mistaken in our view of the subject, if we suffer ourselves to attribute any part of its most powerfully romantic passages to her hand. The noblest deeds which fancy ascribes to her heroes have been performed by real personages; and the fairest beings with which she peoples her paradise, have had their prototypes in the world. The history of every country has records of the acts of the one, of the love and beauty of the other; and the pages which are thus devoted to memorialise their fortunes, have in themselves the true elements of romance. We have had more than one occasion to turn our thoughts to this interesting subject, and had we space, should have pleasure in pursuing it farther at present, but we must turn to the work before us, and give our readers a specimen of the manner in which the talented author has executed his task. The 'Poisoned Goblet' will furnish us with materials for this purpose.

In the early part of the eleventh century, Almanzor, the Moorish king of Cordova, formed the design of gaining possession of Castile, which had been left under the government of Donna Ava, widow of the late Count of Castile. The design, however, was a difficult one, as she had a son who was beloved by the people, and to whom the principality of right belonged. But the attempt of the Moor was, at length, seconded by the violent passion with which he inspired the unfortunate Countess. She resigned herself to his arms, and he remained in Castile under the pretence of entering into a treaty of peace with that state. By degrees, he opened his designs to the deluded woman, and, on her refusal to comply with his demands, threatened to bid her farewell for ever.

'As he said this, with a freezing composure he turned to depart. The Countess was petrified at the indifference evinced by the man of her idolatry. So far was she sunk in her infatuation, that the very idea of a separation, and that, too, in coldness and neglect, made her startle with dread.

'She flew after the Moor in the disorder of overpowering grief, and in the thrilling accents of despair.

'"Barbarous man!" she cried, "what can you require of me! You have made me unutterably wretched—you have degraded me even in my own estimation. Report says that my husband fell by your hand! and yet his widow, who ought to wage interminable war, and cherish unconquerable hatred against his enemy—his widow, a true Castilian matron, a descendant of a long line of noble Goths—the Countess Donna Ava, has, instead of hate and abhorrence, bestowed her unbounded affection on the Moor! She has fallen from the height of resplendent honour into the abyss of shame; and yet, when you have made her guilty, you mercilessly abandon her to the torture of her remorse, because she will not proceed in the career of guilt, and add the most unnatural of crimes to the sins she has already committed for your sake! Cruel! ungrateful Almanzor! Of my boundless affection for you, the proofs have been too strong and unequivocal easily to be obliterated from your mind. No! You do not apprehend a want of love, a coolness in attachment from me; for it is, alas! the sincerity, the blindness, the prodigality of that love which now renders it so valueless in your eyes! Had I been less kind and infatuated, I should not have experienced the unmanly cruelty of your present conduct."

'The overwhelming sorrow of the unfortunate Donna Ana now found a free vent in tumultuous sobs and a shower of tears. Despite of her haughty character, the fond woman stood confessed in the intensity of her affliction. The Moor was a little moved at the exhibition of her lively sorrow;—for though he had never felt for her more than the evanescent regard, which had expired from the moment that the desire which produced it was satisfied, he yet could not view with complete indifference the despair of one whose affection for him was of a most overpowering description. He softened, therefore, the tone of his voice, and threw some show of affection into his words and demeanour. Happy would it have have been for the Countess had he pursued a different course! But the wily Moor was fully sensible of the influence which the present critical moment would give him, if properly managed. A reconciliation, after words of unkindness, binds a devoted woman more firmly to the object of her affection. Donna Ava was wrought to a paroxysm of love and remorse. A conviction of the degradation into which she had plunged—the desire of uniting her destinies with those of her lover—the fearful image of a final separation from him—all these ideas, and others equally distracting, rioted in her mind, and threw her heart into a turmoil of excitement and agony. In the midst of this direful conflict, frenzied by guilty love, almost bereaved of the power of reason, she nerved her soul to the accomplishment of a horrid crime, and promised her lover the sacrifice of her own son, as the reward of his hand and affection.'—pp. 263—266.

The condition of the Countess after this is well described. 'The agony of her mind was appalling, but her resolution was unchanged. It thus continued till the day fixed upon for signing the treaty arrived, when the young Count had ordered a splendid banquet to be prepared for the celebration of the event.

'The farewell banquet was prepared on a scale of regal magnificence and splendour. The most costly ornaments were collected from every part to adorn the convivial board, and an invitation was sent to all the principal Castilians to be present at the feast. Every one looked forward to the appointed day with joyful expectation.—Every one but the countess, whose anxiety and agitation seemed to increase in proportion as the time approached. It was a moment of fearful importance, and pregnant with tremenduous results. The sacrifice which was then to be consummated required a degree of fierce calmness, of heartless ferocity, to which the wretched Donna Ava, far as she was advanced in the career of guilt, could lay but little claim. It had been decreed, by the treacherous Almanzor, that the young Count should receive his death by poison,—a death which he considered the least likely to excite suspicion. To his other accomplishments, the Moor added no small knowledge of the nature and properties of plants; and he had himself prepared a venomous distilment of so pernicious a description, that it produced death without causing any visible traces on the human frame of its clandestine workings.

The sacrifice required of the mother was appalling; but yet in some measure, it appeared indispensable. It would have been madness to entrust any other with its commission. Almanzor was well aware that the deepest prudence and dissimulation are often not sufficient to evade detection in such deeds;—it was therefore imperious that the horrid secret should be confined to the two principal and only actors in the dismal drama. The Countess had consented to perpetrate the chilling murder. She had already received the deleterious agent by which it was to be committed, from the hand of her treacherous lover; and this tormenting fiend was continually strengthening her in her horrid resolves, by his assiduous importunities, as well as by the baneful influence of his destructive endearments.

There was a large golden goblet, of rude but curious workmanship, in the palace, which had ever been held in a sort of veneration by the Counts of Castile. This vase was rendered sacred to the Castilians, by its presenting a constant memento of their liberty. Out of this goblet Nuno Rasura and Layn Calvo, the two first judges of Castile, had drunk, when they pledged themselves to defend with their lives the independence of that state over whose destinies they were appointed to preside. From that moment the golden goblet was set apart to be used exclusively by the sovereign of Castile, upon days of grand ceremony, or other important occasions: it was therefore of inestimable value, and considered one of the greatest treasures of the Castilian crown. Into this goblet the Countess had consented to pour the few drops of murderous liquid, presented to her by Almanzor.

The portentous day at length arrived. Burgos was thronged with visiters; the mansions of the nobles and principal knights were hung with costly draperies, festooned with flowers. The olive branch and laurel leaf were gracfully entwined in the arms of Castile and Cordova. And the crescent, without shocking the eyes of Christians, was displayed in various parts of the city, as much ornamented as the Cross. Banners and pennons waved on the turrets of the palace. The street leading to the principal entrance was strewed with odoriferous shrubs; the people were dressed in their gayest attire. Strains of music floated along the air—enlivening peals of bells mingled their cadence with the stirring blasts of trumpets, and the

equally animating noise of drums; in fine, every thing indicated a festival as magnificent as it was universally enjoyed.

'While the chief men of the city, with the young Count and Almanzor were proceeding through the different quarters of the capital in magnificent array, the miserable mother was suffering all the agony with which the heart is afflicted, when conscience and ungovernable passion are both awake and raging at the same time.

'But it was now too late to retreat—she was spell-bound by an infernal power. She knew the immensity of her guilt, and yet had not the courage to shrink from it. A fatal charm urged her blindly on: she was immersed in appalling darkness, and yet turned away from the glimmer of light which pointed out a better path. She ferociously combated the last warnings of her heart, and seizing the poison, madly proceeded to the banqueting-hall, firm in her resolution, and unconquerable in her frenzy and despair!

'As she entered the place, a freezing chill shot through her hotly-raging veins—an invisible hand seemed to impede her progress, and she stopped. a heavy weight pressed painfully upon her heart. She beheld with horror the splendid preparations:—the golden ornaments, the magnificent draperies sparkling in brilliancy, and all the gaieties of vivid colours, seemed, upon her arrival, to loose their gaudy and festive appearance, and to be suddenly converted into an appalling darkness. For some time she contemplated, in horrid suspence, the seat of the fated victim, and that of the traitorous Almanzor, the cause of all her guilt and all her misery. A host of racking thoughts rioted in her excited mind: she trembled in the convulsion of overpowering feelings—the conflict was tremendous, and she was compelled to lean for support against a wall, before she could proceed to the accomplishment of the fearful deed!

'At this awful moment her ears were startled by the joyous clamour proceeding from without. It announced the approach of the Count and his splendid train. The crisis was arrived—not a minute was to be lost.

'"It must be done!" muttered the Countess in an awful tone of voice. "Avaunt, womanish fears!—avaunt, whisperings of pity!—avaunt! ye have no power over me!—It shall be done, and then let all the curses of God fall thickly upon my guilty head!"

'With the resoluteness of desperation she flew towards the table, cast a hurried glance on the goblet, and again paused. Her hand was steady:—In a second the fearful deed might be accomplished; yet that fleeting second was like an eternity of horror to the criminal mother. A withering sensation came over her heart—the outstretched hand stood motionless in the air—a shadow fell heavily on every object around. Her eyes were dimmed; she could see nothing—the golden goblet and all the paraphernalia of the feast had disappeared. The workings of her mind were amalgamated into one vast overwhelming sensation of horror—her throat seemed to be tightened by a gigantic grasp. Her knees trembled—her eyes were glazed with terror. The suspense of this chilling moment, and all the awful tokens by which it was attended, were the last warnings of the unfortunate woman's heart, the last struggle of her guardian Angel against the fiend that urged her on! But, alas! it was too late: the extended hand had loosened its grasp—the poisonous preparation had fallen into the goblet!

and the Countess had acquired a dreadful composure, fit mantle to the darkness of reckless guilt—the tranquillity of despair! The joyous shouts approached nearer—the air was deafened with tumultuous sounds of minstrelsy,—the tolling of the bells redoubled,—all betokened the glories of the approaching banquet—all gave evidence of the hilarity and contentment both of Christian and Moor. Every thing without bespoke unmingled delight and noisy happiness. What a contrast to the banqueting-hall, paced cautiously by a solitary woman!—a mother crushing all the tenderest feelings of nature to obtain the damning title of murderess of her son! The noise of joy was heard without. The silence of death and guilt reigned within. That fatal apartment re-echoed the last steps of the retiring criminal, hastening from the perpetration of a deed of sin,—then for a moment it remained in profound silence, and in the next it was suddenly filled with the boisterous mirth of the approaching guests!'—pp. 273—276.

The feast now began, and the Moor sat in fearful anxiety, watching the expression of the Countess's features.

'Don Sancho Garcia now rose from his seat, and the murmur of hilarity was hushed into a respectful silence. The Prince took the golden goblet in his hand, and seemed preparing to address his guests;—this was the decisive moment for the Moor, who watched with intense attention the countenance of his mistress; this was the time to ascertain if the deed were done. He observed a slight emotion ruffling the features of the Countess; the token was small, but yet it was sufficient for the Moor. It gave ample evidence of guilt, and sure promise of its odious reward. Almanzor was tranquil; and he now, with unmingled satisfaction, awaited the catastrophe of the horrid drama.

"Noble Castilians!" said Don Sancho, holding the goblet in his hand, "this joyful day ratifies our friendly treaty with the gallant King of Cordova, our noble guest; and in this goblet, rendered most sacred to our eyes, I pledge myself in wishing good health and prosperity to our valiant ally."

'During the short speech of the Prince, the feeling of his mother underwent a fearful revolution. That calm atrocity which had marked her first entrance into the hall had quickly given place to powerful excitement. Her eyes were wild with fearful expression; her bosom rose and fell with painful rapidity; and on her varying and distracted features the traces of most overpowering emotion were discernible. The evidence of her conflicting passion attracted the notice of her son. He quickly put down the goblet, which he had just raised to his lips, and, with tender solicitude, inquired the cause of her unusual agitation. The filial tone and festive manner in which the question was put, augmented the disorder and agony of the Countess. She felt all the throes of exquisite torture; and, amidst the thronging pangs of dark remorse, fear, pity, horror, and despair, it was not easy to frame an excuse suitable to the occasion. She, however, in a few broken sentences, gave her anxious son to understand, that she was visited by a sudden indisposition, which would, no doubt, subside upon her withdrawing to her chamber.

'"Your just desires shall be fulfilled," said the Prince in a soothing tone. "It would be a refinement of cruelty to make you attend the banquet under the present circumstances. Yet, my dear lady, in honour of our royal guest, you will exert yourself to be present whilst I pledge myself to him in the sacred goblet."

'As he spoke, he again took up the poisoned goblet, and repeated his pledge of friendship to the Moor. Almanzor, in the most artful manner, expressed his acknowledgment, his eyes, which glistened with ferocious satisfaction, alternately directed towards the goblet and the despairing Countess. The unsuspecting candour of Don Sancho, and the cruel duplicity of his guest, increased the bitter agony of Donna Ava. Her mind appeared worked up to a degree of frenzy; her eyes glared around in the wildness of horror; the assembled guests were chilled with amazement. The Prince raised the fatal cup to his lips: the awful crisis had arrived. A piercing scream was heard; every eye turned towards the Countess, who, in a wild delirium, cried out,—"Drink not, my son; there is murder in that treacherous draught!"

'At the same moment, with a wild effort, she snatched the goblet from the Prince's hand, and with desperate resolution swallowed its noxious contents. This act was done with the swiftness of lightning; and the appalled courtiers had scarcely time to collect their ideas upon an event so singular and unexpected, when they perceived the wretched Countess immersed in a flood of tears. The dreadful conflict of struggling nature was over—affliction had assumed the place of emotion,—the dupe of criminal passion had fled, and in that shower of sorrow the woman and the mother stood confessed. The Countess then threw her arms around her son, and with all the eagerness of maternal fondness, pressed him to the bosom which had premeditated his murder, and which was soon, alas! to receive its guerdon for the guilty thought.

'"Oh! my son! my son," she cried with throbbing affliction, "before I quit this world, and my wretched soul takes its flight to appear before the awful tribunal of eternity, let me receive the soothing conviction of your pardon for my unnatural crime. In a moment of infatuation and frenzy, I yielded to the base suggestions and importunities of your treacherous guest. Let the horror and shame of my death atone for my sins. Oh Sancho! my dear, my injured child! trust not the Moor—he conspired to defraud you of the crown; and I—oh! bitter, bitter recollection—consented to be his partner in the crime! But my moments fly rapidly: I feel already the corroding draught burning in my veins. Pardon me, my son: oh! let me hear that consoling word ere I expire!"'—pp. 279—280.

This will enable our readers to judge of the character of these striking tales. Mr. Trueba already enjoys a great reputation for his historical romances; and the skill and dramatic tact which are evinced in this present production, will serve to establish the credit he has obtained in the walks of fiction. 'The Romance of History,' by this second series, so judiciously kept free from fiction, has claims to the attention of the general reader, which, we hope, for the sake of common sense and the respectability of English taste, will tend to convince the lovers of light literature that they may be amused without having recourse to the contemptible and mischievous trash which has lately appeared under the title of novels. We trust that other publishers will follow Mr. Bull's example in furnishing materials for literary amusement, that may not be a disgrace to both national taste and morals. The present work is a decided proof that the greatest interest may be inspired without either history or correct feeling being endangered by the name of romance.

ART. XII.—1. *The Keepsake, for 1830.* Edited by Frederic Mansel Reynolds. 8vo. pp. 352. *Eighteen plates.* London: Hurst, Chance and Co., and R. Jennings.

2. *The Gem, a Literary Annual.* 12mo. pp. 275. *Twelve plates, with a vignette title page.* London: W. Marshall. 1830.

3. *The Landscape Annual: or, the Tourist in Switzerland and Italy.* By Thomas Roscoe. Illustrated from drawings by G. S. Prout, Esq., Painter in Water-colours to his Majesty. 8vo. pp. 278. *Twenty-five plates, with a vignette title page.* London: R. Jennings. 1830.

4. *Emmanuel: a Christian Tribute of Affection and Duty; for the year of our Lord* 1830. Edited by the Rev. William Shepherd. 12mo. pp. 339, *Three Plates.* London: S. Maunder.

5. *The Comic Annual.* By Thomas Hood, Esq. 12mo. pp. 174.—*Numerous Woodcuts.* London: Hurst, Chance and Co. 1830.

We will candidly confess that we are almost tired of the 'Annuals.' They come upon us in such profusion, and with so many pretensions to popularity, that we begin to suspect what, in our simplicity, we never thought of before—that these books are published more for the profit of the trade, than for either the honour of the arts or the promotion of literature. We have domestic Annuals which profess to cultivate the kindly feelings of the heart; we have religious Annuals which are offered as substitutes for sermons and the "Common Prayer;" we have something between both, in which religion and gaiety are said to be mingled; we have Annuals of literature, in which the poetry and prose are held forth as the productions of the first authors; we have Annuals of the arts, in which the engravings are said to be every thing, and the literature admitted to be of little value; and we have now Annuals of the picturesque, in which Europe is searched for the models of its most splendid scenery. We shall, by and by, have Annuals for every rank, and profession, and trade in the community, the object being not to produce a superior work, but such a work as from its matter and decorations may be most likely to attract the greatest possible number of readers, no matter of what description.

This sort of trade is already, in a manner, overdone. There is an over-production of materials, compared with the probability of consumption. Nor should we complain of this, knowing that, eventually, the thing will balance itself, if we did not apprehend that the cause of literature would materially suffer by the experiments which are in progress.

When the Annuals were first commenced in this country, the editors, some of them at least, men of taste and experience, endeavoured, not without success, to procure articles for the embellishment of their works, which were not altogether unworthy of the advanced intellect of the age. We would refer to the earlier volumes of the "Souvenir," the "Forget-Me-Not," and the "Friend-

ship's Offering," for prose and poetical productions, which no modern writer might hesitate to acknowledge. But whether it is that papers are now forced upon editors, or these are less fastidious in their selections, or the genius of the contributors is harassed in the attempt to invent something new, we fear that it will, upon careful comparison, be found that though in pictorial embellishment these publications undoubtedly improve from year to year, they as undoubtedly degenerate in their literary character. Indeed there is reason to apprehend that, in another year or two, the greater number of them will be utterly unreadable.

Let us, for instance, take up the 'Keepsake,' now lying amid a heap of rivals upon our table. What can be more admirable than the engravings with which it is embellished. They are all, without any material exceptions, finished in the first style of art. But then they are mere engravings. If they had not been connected with narrative or descriptive matter, we do not know but that they would have had prodigious success. But being married to verse or prose, they must take their companions for better or worse, and we fear that in most cases, the latter alternative must be their lot.

And yet some distinguished names figure in the list of contributors. The first of these is Sir Walter Scott; and what has he given to the 'Keepsake' for the new year? 'The House of Aspen!' a tragedy in five acts! It has happened to us to have been requested in the course of our experience to read the productions of some youthful aspirants to the honours of the buskin, who conceived that they had been rather unceremoniously treated by the censors of the patent theatres. But we must own that no rejected piece that we ever read was half so contemptible in its action, its characters, and languague, as the 'House of Aspen.' It has not even a solitary mark of the unquestionable talent of its author. It outrages taste by the vile horrors with which it abounds. It is too sanguinary even for the suburban theatres to which it has fled for refuge. We cannot understand the flimsy pretext which the writer advances for having now published it. We know of no other excuse for its transmission to the 'Keepsake,' than the *rem—quocunque modo rem*, which was latterly so favourite a maxim with Lord Byron.

Then we have verses from the pen of Lord Holland! and, O ye muses! such verses! Of Lord Porchester's contributions we say nothing. He is a young poet, and in charity we hope he may improve. But defend us, Minerva, from the poetical attempts of the Hon. Charles Phipps, and the Hon. Henry Liddell, and from the tales of my Lord Nugent. Such a series of aristocratical imbecilities, we defy any man to discover, as those which freeze the life blood of the 'Keepsake.'

As if to precipitate the fate of the sufferer, the authoress of Frankenstein mingles in the cauldron two moral tales of nearly thirty pages each. The principal of these is called 'The Mourner,' which, by way of compliment to his Majesty, comprehends in its

illustrations two scenes from Virginia Water, the most beautiful embellishments perhaps in the whole catalogue of those that adorn this work.

Justice, however, forbids us to say that if the editor has not in his own very classical language, 'obtained excellence' in every thing, he has at least had the good fortune to gather a few genuine flowers amid the transient collection which he has offered to our notice. The tale of 'Costandi' is not unworthy of the author of Hajji Baba. The following astounding story, called 'A Tragedy of other Times, but enacted in our own,' comes with no bad grace from the pen of Mr. Agar Ellis, whose love of the marvellous has been already betrayed in his attention to the history of the "man in the iron mask."

In the year 1805, while General Junot was governor of Paris, as a poor mason inhabiting that city was returning one evening from his day's work through the Champs Elysées, he was accosted by three men, whose features the darkness of the evening prevented him from distinguishing. They asked him if he was willing to come with them forthwith, for the purpose of executing a work in masonry, which it was necessary should be completed before the morning. He expressed his readiness to do so, provided he was well paid for it. They then promised him five-and-twenty Napoleons as his reward, on condition that he would consent to have his eyes blinded, and would come with them without an instant's delay.

'The mason acceded to the proposal, and a handkerchief was bound over his eyes. The men then led him along at a quick pace for some time. At length they stopped, and told him he was now to get into a carriage. Having placed him in it, and got in themselves, the carriage drove off with rapidity. For a considerable space of time they rolled over the stones, but afterwards left them, and appeared to be passing along a cross road. About an hour's drive brought them to the end of their journey. The carriage halted, and the mason was taken out. He was then led through various passages, and up and down staircases, probably for the purpose of rendering it the more difficult for him upon any future occasion to trace his way.

'When the bandage was taken from his eyes, he found himself in a room illuminated with many wax candles, and hung with black cloth. The floor, the walls, and the ceiling, were alike covered with these mournful hangings; and no part of the apartment was without them, except one large niche in the wall, near which were placed stones and mortar, and the necessary implements for making use of them. The mason was astonished and alarmed at all he saw: he turned round to seek an explanation of it, but found himself entirely alone.

'He had full leisure to examine the funeral ornaments by which he was surrounded: but at length he heard a noise, and a portion of the hangings being lifted up, discovered a door, which was thrown open. Through this entered a number of men in black cloaks, and whose faces were concealed by masks. They entered dragging with them a beautiful young woman, whose dishevelled black hair, streaming eyes, and disordered dress, proved at the same time, her misery, and the compulsion under which she was suffering.

'As soon as she was in the room, she sunk on her knees before her

masked conductors, and implored them in the most moving manner to have pity on her; but they only replied by shaking their heads. She particularly addressed herself to one of them, who from his grey hairs, appeared to be older than the rest. She embraced his knees, and, with sobs and cries besought his mercy. To those supplications no answer was given; but upon a signal made, she was again dragged forward, and in spite of her screams and resistance, was forced into the niche, where she was bound with cords.

'The grey-haired mask then desired the mason to begin his task, and to wall her up. But the poor man, horror-struck with what he had seen, and affected beyond measure with the imploring lamentations of the lady, who besought him not to be an accessary to so foul a murder, refused to proceed. Upon this the masks began to threaten him. The mason fell on his knees, and intreated to be permitted to depart. But the masks drew their swords from beneath their cloaks, and told him, with imprecations, that if he continued to refuse to perform what he had promised, instant death would be his portion; while, on the other hand, if he obeyed, his reward should be doubled.

'The poor man, thus intimidated, commenced unwillingly his horrible task, but stopped from time to time, and requested to be permitted to desist. The masks, however, stood over him the whole time with drawn swords, and obliged him to proceed; till at length—while the shrieks of the victim became every instant more dreadfully piercing, as the wall rose upon her which was to shut her out from life—the tragedy was completed, and the niche was hermetically sealed with solid masonry.

'The mason threw down his trowel more dead than alive; the grey-haired mask put fifty Napoleons into his hand; his eyes were again covered, and he was hurried from the room in which this tremendous scene had taken place. As on his arrival, he was carried up and down through various passages, and then put into a carriage. The carriage was whirled along as rapidly as before; and after the stated period, the mason found himself, with his eyes uncovered, on the spot in the Champs Elysées, where he had first been met, and alone!

'The night was now far advanced, or, rather, the morning was approaching. The man was stunned and bewildered with what he had witnessed; but, after a short time, he recovered the use of his intellects so far as to determine to go forthwith to the governor of Paris. Having got admission to Junot, his tale was at first disbelieved; but the fifty Napoleons which he produced, and still more, the unvarying accuracy with which he related the different circumstances of that dreadful night, at length gained him complete credit.

'The police employed themselves very diligently for some weeks in tracing the scene of the crime, and the perpetrators of it. Various houses within a certain distance of the capital were searched, and the walls of rooms were inspected, to see if any marks of fresh made stone-work could be discovered. The principal house-agents of Paris, the letters out of carriages and horses, the guards at the *barrieres*, &c. were examined, in the hopes of finding some clue, but entirely without success.

'This mysterious murder remained, and still remains, unexplained and unpunished; but conjecture imagined it to have been an act of family vengeance. According to this solution, the masks were the father and brothers of the unfortunate lady, who was considered in some way or

other to have dishonoured her race. They were also supposed to have been strangers from some distant part of the country, who had come to the neighbourhood of Paris for the purpose of completing the vindictive act, and had gone away again after its perpetration.'—*The Keepsake*, pp. 129—132.

We are pleased also to meet again with the classical diction and fine fancy of Lord Morpeth. Nobility, and upon whom does that proud privilege sit with more native dignity than upon the race of the Howards?—nobility ennobles itself the more when thus allied with no spurious muse, but with the true descendants of Castaly. Let the following verses justify the predilections which we entertain for the productions of this author.

ROME.

'O thou eternal Rome! for to have been
Is still to be—the world's imperial Queen:
Who but must feel thy tale of parted fame
O'er his full heart as wide dominion claim,
As when, on conquest's wing, thy eagle flew
Where'er the billows roll'd, the breezes blew—
As when the Sun, beneath his fav'ring ray,
Saw not thy rival, beam'd but on thy sway!
"Mid each dim vestige of thy sevenfold hill,
How fallen, but how lovely art thou still!
Home of the wise, the warlike, and the free,
E'en in thy ruin what is like to Thee?
The earth's wide circuit boasts no scene so bright
As the lone relics of thy vanish'd might.
'Nor could the sons of all thy pomp and power
More fondly love thee in thy loftiest hour,
Not mid the Lictor band's encircling state,
Not in the Forum's high and free debate,
Not in the mingling frenzy of the war,
Not in the rapture of the victor's car,
'Than he, who dares to tune this feeble lay,
In mournful homage of thy mightier day;
Who, wand'ring mid these scatter'd wrecks alone,
In thy dread destinies forgets his own;
Explores the broken arch, the crumbling fane,
The doubtful hill, the desolate plain,
Or idly stoops to cull the flowers, that wave,
Fair and inglorious, o'er a Cæsar's grave!

THE BAY OF BAIÆ.

'Yes, I have gazed from high Misenum's steep
O'er the blue waters of the Tyrrhene deep;
Have seen outspread before my dazzled eye
That glowing rivalry of seas and skies:
The shore, the classic shore, around me lay,
Each vine-clad precipice, each silvery bay;
There rose fair Pozzuoli's patrician bowers,
Baiæ's rent fanes, and Cumæ's ruin'd towers;

Green waved the copse, where lone Avernus slept;
Sparkling to shore Fusaro's ripples crept;
Capri's steep rock, and Ischia's sloping height,
Traced the dark outline in the vivid light;
While o'er the scene's whole calm, yet bright repose,
With soften'd terrors for Vesuvius rose.
'Each spot of haunted earth here breathed its tale—
Of the rapt Sybil—of the fated sail
That wafted to this strand the Phrygian throng—
Of Scipio's exile, and of Virgil's song.
Here too the purple masters of mankind,
The gorgeous cares of empire, pleased, resigned,
And sought beneath Campania's azure sky,
A charm the world's dominion could not buy:
While Rome's degen'rate nobles, fear'd no more,
On Gama's plain, or Actium's beatling shore,
Forgot to sigh, 'mid Baiæ's golden bay,
For honour lost, or freedom cast away!'—

The Keepsake, pp. 247—248.

The engravings in the 'Gem' are of a different order from those in the 'Keepsake.' 'Rose Malcolm,' however, from Cooper; the 'Infant Bacchus,' from Edwards; and the 'Saturday-night,' from Wilkie, are productions which need fear no comparison with the embellishments in most of the other Annuals. In this, as, indeed, in all these works for the new year, there is a decided decadence in the literary department, From nearly three hundred pages, we could not glean two hundred lines which might bear transplantation into this journal. Even the extracts which we do produce, are intended rather as specimens of the volume, than as examples which we should hold out for imitation. The address of the Dutch poet, Bellamy, to GOD, as translated by Dr. Bowring, is full of exalted ideas, although it must be admitted that the versification is not remarkably melodious. We do not give all the stanzas.

'For Thee, for Thee, my lyre I string,
Who, by ten thousand worlds attended,
Holdest thy course sublime and splendid
Through heaven's immeasurable ring:
I tremble 'neath the blazing throne
Thy light eternal built upon,—
Thy throne, as Thou, all radiant,—bearing
Love's day—beams of benignity!
Yet terrible is thine appearing
To them who fear not Thee.

'O, what is mortal man, that he
May hear thy heavenly temple ringing
With songs that heaven's own choirs are singing,
And echo back the melody?
My soul is wandering from its place;
Mine eyes are lost amidst the space!

Where thousand suns are roll'd through heaven,—
Suns waked by thee from chaos' sleep;—
But with the thought my soul is driven
Down to a trackless deep.

'There was a moment ere Thy plan
Pour'd out Time's stream of mortal glory;
Ere Thy high wisdom track'd the story
Of all the years since Time began;—
Bringing sweet peace from sorrow's mine,
And making misery—discipline;
The bitter waters of affliction
Distilling into dews of peace,
And kindling heavenly benediction
From earth's severe distress.

'Then did Thine Omnipresent eye,
Earth's million million wonders seeing,
Track through the misty maze of being
E'en my obscurest destiny.
I, in those marvellous plans, though yet
Unborn, had mine own portion set;
And Thou had'st marked my path, though lowly:
E'en to my meanness Thou did'st give
Thy Spirit,—Thou—so high—so holy;
And I—Thy creature—live.

'So, through this trembling ball of clay,
Thou to and fro dost kindly lead me;—
'Midst life's vicissitudes I speed me,
And quiet peace attends my way!
And O! what bliss it is to be,
Though but an atom,—form'd by Thee;—
By Thee, who in Thy mercy pourest
Rivers of grace,—to whom, indeed,
The eternal oak-trees of the forest
Are as the mustard-seed.

'Up, then, my spirit! soar above
This vale, where mists of darkness gather;—
Up to the high, eternal Father;
For thou wer't fashion'd by His love.
Up to the heavens! away! away!
No!—Bend thee down to dust and clay:
Heaven's dazzling light will blind and burn thee;
Thou canst not bear the awful blaze.
No! would'st thou find the Godhead?—turn thee
On Nature's face to gaze.

'There, in its every feature, thou
May'st read the Almighty;—every feature
That's spread upon the face of Nature,
Is brighten'd with his holy glow:

The rushing of the waterfall,
The deep green valley—silent all,
The waving grain, the roaring ocean,
The woodland's wandering melody,—
All—all that wakes the soul's emotion,
Creator! speaks of Thee.'—*The Gem*, pp. 76—78.

Miss M. A. Browne is already favourably known to our readers. We think that she acts prudently in not coming forward too frequently before the public just yet. In the mean time, while her muse may be said to be employed in ordering her feathers for a higher flight, we see no objection to an occasional experiment, made with the view of ascertaining the strength which she has already acquired. It is in this view that we quote her verses, entitled 'Natural Monitors.'

'I asked the Lark in the summer morn,
Why he left so lightly his nest in the corn;
Why he sang so sweetly his matin song,
That the clouds and the breezes bore along,—
When he knew, that, perhaps, before 'twas night,
The hunter's shaft might stay his flight?
By the messenger Wind was this answer given,
"I fear not, I fear not: I fly towards Heaven!"

'I asked the Flowers in the soft spring-time,
Wherefore they smiled in their youthful prime,
When the stormy days so soon should come,
That would blight for ever their beauty and bloom?
And the sweet Flowers answer'd, "Each day renews
On our leaves the sunshine that dries the dews:
Why should we not smile? Till now we have thriven;
And the sunshine and dew are both from Heaven!"

'I asked the Clouds in their pomp of light
As they sate in the crimson west at night,
Wherefore they gather'd around the sun
And brighten'd—although his race was run,—
When, perhaps, the breezes of night might strew
Their fragile folds into mist and dew?
The Clouds replied, "Though we should be driven
Away from our rest, we should still be in Heaven!"

'And I saw a lovely Child, who knelt
Beside the cot where his father dwelt,
At the sun-set hour; and his hands were raised
Towards the sky, on which he gazed;
And on his rosy lips a prayer
Seemed hovering,—like the summer air:
"Fear'st thou," said I, "the shades of even?"
He smiled and said, "See, how bright is Heaven."'—
The Gem, pp. 155, 156

The only other extract from 'The Gem,' for which we can afford

room, is Miss Isabel Hill's pretty poem on an engraving in the predecessor of this volume, entitled "The Widow," which the readers of 'The Gem' can hardly fail to remember.

'No, 'tis not on a face like *this*
That fools should gaze, and jest;
Thoughts of for-ever vanish'd bliss
Should shield that matron breast!
Too holy *she* to be a theme
For slander's hackney'd tone,
Or the coarse doubts of those, who deem
All faith light as their own.

'Oh! I can dream her days of pride,
In her free, maiden life;
Next, as the trembling, blushing bride,
Then, the chaste, faithful wife!
The mother's anxious cares that blend
With piety's deep vow;
The nurse, companion, Mentor, friend—
Alas! the mourner now.

'She, who 'neath all these names of love
Hath yet been pure and true,
Hath promised, by such life, to prove
A constant widow too!
Here is no ostentatious grief,
No tears that *man* may see,
She looks to *Heaven* for *her* relief,
And waits it—patiently!

'She looks to Heaven, and thinks, "Thy soul
Still communes, Love, with mine,
And knows, though time may grief controul,
I liv'd—must die—*all thine*."
The stirless, silent, lonely thought
Of him, and of his worth,
Already hath her spirit taught
To bear its lot on earth.

'Submission seems a doom too dull
For one so firmly bright;
She is so young, so beautiful,
That rapture were her right!
Yet mock not her, that fair forlorn,
With worldly solace vain:
She hears but with upbraiding scorn
That *she* "may *love again*."

'They bid her "hope, from her fresh youth,
Another source of joy,"—
Her gentle action owns their truth,
She clasps her sireless boy!
"She may meet one *like* her lost lord,
Her mourning duty done."

That clasp can best reply afford,
Yes, she *hath* met *that* ONE!

'Her bridal ring will never part
From the hand around *him* thrown,
As he leans against her widow'd heart
The face so like her own!
Like—though *her* lids be heavier now,
And *her* smooth cheek more pale:
But, sweet pledge of a mutual vow,
Thou tell'st a deeper tale:—

'For traits, which now are *only* thine
Blend with *her* beauties clear,
And, as with light from Heaven they shine,
Now make thee doubly dear.
There's hope in thee, fond, pensive child,
So early forced to mourn!
A hope, that to that bosom mild
Soft peace shall yet return.

'Yes, she *shall* smile: but *vanity*
That smile will never share;
Though *pride* in this last cherish'd tie,
May calmly mingle there.
A duteous son shall cheer her days
And soothe her dying bed,
As, o'er her spirit's parting rays
Grief's latest mists are spread;
But fly before the sun of faith,
The trust of soul forgiven,
To lie beside her Love in death,
And wake to share his Heaven!'—

The Gem, pp. 272—275.

Whether it be that, in the 'Landscape Annual,' there is no attempt made at fine writing, or that, from habit, we feel an attachment to every thing in the shape of interesting scenery, we must confess that, from none of these new publications have we derived so much entertainment as from that now under our consideration. Its twenty-five engravings of some of the most enchanting spots in Switzerland and Italy, cannot be too highly praised. They are all, without exception, executed in an effective and masterly style. The descriptions which accompany them, are written in a chaste and pleasing manner; nor is any anecdote omitted, which was at all calculated to illustrate the scene, or to fix it in the memory of the reader. We must, however, reprobate the editor's sectarian tendencies in matters of religion. Mr. Roscoe should remember that such a work as this ought to be so framed as that no person, devoted to any of the forms of the Christian faith, should object to see it upon his table. We do not understand by what title gentlemen assume to themselves the right of aspersing in a book, destined

for general use, this or that tenet, at a period when our laws recognise the right of every man to follow his own conscientious feelings with respect to religion. We are surprised that Mr. Roscoe, whose name ought to have taught him more liberality and wisdom, should have committed so many egregious errors upon so important a subject.

Objections of this description have been, so far as we have read, carefully avoided in the unpretending little volume, entitled 'Emmanuel.' Its embellishments are neither numerous nor very admirable. Yet we can easily understand that, with all its defects, such a work as this may be acceptable to a large class of readers. The tone of piety that breathes through its pages is far from affectation, and seems, as far as we can judge, to be the natural expressions of a truly religious temperament.

The last work upon our list is the 'Comic Annual.' We are happy to wind up our accounts of these varied works, by recording the amusement which we derived from this laughable volume. It contains a great number of woodcuts, irresistibly droll in design, and not badly executed. The illustrative papers are all of them in a congenial strain of cheerfulness.

Notwithstanding the rumours to the contrary, we perceive that the "Bijou" survives. As the publisher has not sent it to us, we presume that he has "reasons good," for not subjecting it to our criticisms. We shall therefore allow him the full benefit of our impartiality, by permitting his annual to enjoy, so far as we are concerned, the most perfect oblivion.

NOTICES.

Art. XIII.—*An Inquiry into the Causes of the Decline of Historical Painting, with the Means to be pursued for its Restoration. Addressed to the Teyleyrian Society of Haarlem, in Holland: and in answer to a Question, by them recently published.* By Douglas Guest, Historical Painter, formerly Lecturer on the Fine Arts in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, &c., &c. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1822.

Investigations into the circumstances which influence the progress or decay of the fine arts, are always interesting and instructive. They embrace so many questions respecting the moral character of man, and so frequently throw light on the real state of society, that they in fact form an important part of theoretical philosophy. The causes which have produced the almost total destruction of portrait painting in this country, are the same with those which have converted the rich and serious grandeur of our poetry into the vain and superficial, though gentle expression of mere personal feeling. We cannot here enter upon the subject, but we apprehend there would not be much difficulty in showing that certain states of public opinion and manners are more favourable to the cultivation of particular than general arts; and that as this becomes the case, the comprehension of, and passion for, those sublime shadowings of universal beauty, in which the brightest geniuses delight, are gradually destroyed. Taste may

not be affected by this; a certain degree of fancy and elegance may exist where grandeur of conception is altogether vanished; and this appears to be the fact in the present condition of poetry and painting in England, where much that is excellent and worthy of admiration in both these arts, is visible; but little or nothing great and soul-full, or that could make us dream of heavenly forms, and raise us into something more spiritual than we were before we studied them.

The question which Mr. Guest has answered in the work before us is, 'What is the reason that the Dutch school of painting, even in the time of its greatest splendour, and also at this time, has produced so small a number of capital masters in the historic branch of painting, whilst it has constantly excelled in whatever relates to simple nature and the customary scenes of life? And what are the means to be pursued for the formation of good history painters in this country?' Many very ingenious observations are made by the author in reply to this inquiry, and he attributes the deficiency in question to the want of a high moral feeling; to the absence of a pure and stimulating literature, and to that neglect, which men of genius so justly complain of, among the great and powerful. His remarks also on the education of an artist, are useful and worthy of all attention by his brother painters. We extract them as the best suited to our purpose.

'Most writers on education agree as to the necessity of a division of time and a just distribution of study. At what age a child should begin the art, I should fix the first rudiments of design to commence at the age of ten years; the previous years being a noviciate in the ordinary course of education, when little advantage can be derived from combined studies of any kind: at this age the mind begins to display some degree of ability and great curiosity, questions multiply, and it exhibits much admiration at novelties: it is now the season to commence sowing the seeds for its future culture. Masters capable of their various duties should now take the young scion in hand and thus regulate his growth.—His school education is not to be neglected, still proceeding with its ordinary regularity; and cultivating his taste for the Classics, with a sufficient knowledge of Greek and Latin. But as the arts are to form the business of his life; we will begin by taking two hours of the day from his ordinary studies for learning the first rudiments of design, and this shall be from two till four o'clock. Beginning with lines, circles, and simple geometric forms until he has attained some fixed ideas of shapes. We will then divide the oval and give him some idea of the divisions of the human face and head, thus proceeding gradually until he shows some facility in marking the distinction of parts and giving form to features, perpetually impressing on his mind the relative proportion of parts to each other. When he has attained a clear conception on this point, select a bust and place it before him, at all times and from the very outset choosing the best models, that his eye may become habituated to excellence; for early impressions have a very great influence. Continue him in this practice of drawing outlines from the bust until he has attained some degree of correctness, then select a hand, a foot, and so on, until you give him the entire figure. When he has been well exercised in this way, and shows he has a good and general idea of the human form, begin again at the bust, and explain to him the principles of light and shade, show him the cause of its gradation, and practice him in its effects, how

objects are lighted, and how intervening objects produce shade. Continue these drawings until he has attained proficiency, and so on to the other parts of the figure. This practice will take him up two years; he will now have reached the age of twelve, when a further innovation on his time will take place. It will now be necessary to show him the human skeleton, to draw from it, and learn the names of the bones until the whole are got by heart, still continuing his drawings from the best antique statues. One hour more from eleven to twelve must be given up to the study of perspective, and Euclid's elements, and in these he must become a proficient to the last. This will continue another year, when a further knowledge of anatomy will be necessary: he will now have to learn the names of the muscles and explain their use; this in the first instance must be from books. To the age of fifteen I would not trespass more on his time from his general education, but in his hours of recreation I would allow him to see the best works of artists, and it would be useful to have them always before his eyes. The desire to use colours will be strong and must no longer be repressed; their mixing, and all the circumstances attending their use and application must be taught him. Four hours a day will now be required for these studies, drawing and painting from the living figure; this to the age of sixteen, when his entire day from nine 'till five, must be devoted to his profession: reserving before breakfast for his school studies, and his evenings to reading, architecture, and the principles of composition, illustrated from the examples of the best masters. An attendance on an anatomical school at this time, for a general knowledge of the myology of the body, from the subject, will also be requisite, as well as copying a few pictures from the most esteemed masters of the Italian School. If the student now has genius he will thirst to display his own powers, and his previous and systematic studies, will give him a confidence and a readiness in defining his own conceptions; these will be regulated by knowledge and a judgment growing out of practice. At the age of eighteen, he may turn out the best promise of a brilliant artist, and by such a course of education be at the zenith of his practical powers at twenty-five.'

In speaking of the necessity of having men of well-known talent and judgment at the head of public institutions, Mr. Guest makes the following pertinent remarks:

'If a foreigner enquires for the ingenious men of your country, he naturally looks for them at the head of your public institutions and museums; it is there they should be placed by recognition, it is a simple reward designated by a post of honour: it gives pride to the student and adds stimulus to his studies. In philosophical and learned societies we find them very tenacious on these points; but every thing relating to the fine arts is so completely abroad, although they are of the first importance to any country, that we must either assume a complete incapability, or a total and blind apathy, on the one or the other part. Universities also appear to have excluded them, where they would be of the greatest use; (although they have their doctors in music) the natural connection between the arts and the classics being so intimately interwoven. I am induced to draw these inferences, not from personal disrespect to any individual; for, in private character they may be in every sense, excellent and valuable members of society: and in regard to the artists of the present day (I speak it to their honour), I do not believe a more estimable or un-

sophisticated set of men exist. But I have undertaken a duty the object of which is, to render justice to a neglected and a higher class; and by inquiring into the actual causes of its decadence, to assist by my humble endeavour in placing it on its just foundation. It is the art I speak of, and although truths may be disagreeable, in an inquiry of this nature, they are indispensable. In raising a structure we must well know the qualities of the materials, and their capability of support; part should assist part, and the apex should be as near perfection as possible.'—pp. 41—43.

We like this little work exceedingly. It breathes of that enthusiasm for the pure and lofty character of the arts in which their true worth consists, and we recommend it to the perusal of our readers as an indication of the feelings with which men devoted to their cultivation regard the decay of their most excellent branches.

ART. XIV.—*Some Account of the Life of Reginald Heber, D.D., Bishop of Calcutta.* With a Portrait. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1829.

THE name of Bishop Heber has been rendered venerable by so many recollections of his good deeds and amiable character, that few memoirs are more likely to interest the young than the life of that excellent prelate. The present little volume is of a size and price which fit it to be put into the hands of readers of this description, and contains a considerable deal of matter calculated both to instruct and amuse them. The accounts drawn from his travels, are of this nature, and his mildness and fortitude are displayed in a manner well calculated to improve the feelings. We do not say this to intimate that it is only suited to juvenile readers, but as an additional recommendation of a very pleasing little work.

We extract the following passages as specimens of the manner in which this pleasing little work is written.

'To us the most painful subject the Bishop touches on, and he does so frequently in a very affecting manner, is the levity, to give it no worse name, with which our young and thoughtless countrymen often trifle with the feelings of the natives. Its danger is as obvious as its vice. Let one example serve: he met a military officer voyaging up the Ganges, who made it his boast that, whenever his cock-boat hung behind, he fired at it with ball. The gentleman, no doubt, took care to shoot high; but such tricks cannot be practised without exciting bitter anger at the time, and leaving a lasting impression of disgust. It is delightful to turn from such incidents to the many specimens he gives of the gratefulness with which the poor natives receive the kindness of their European superiors. Talking of his own numerous attendants generally, the Bishop says he found them susceptible in a high degree, of those amiable feelings, which, no question, the habitual conduct and demeanour of their kind-hearted master were singularly calculated to call forth. On one occasion a boy brought a little leveret to the side of his horse, and when he reproved him for meddling with a poor animal much too young to be of any use at the table, and directed one of his own servants to see that it was put back again, as nearly as possible on the spot where it had been lifted, the whole crowd of grooms and bearers burst out with blessings on his head. Another time when he interfered, to prevent a horse's tail being docked, observing that

God had bestowed on no animal a limb too much or which tended to its disadvantage. The speech (says he) "seemed to shew to wonderfully little the feelings of most of my hearers; and one very old man observed that, during the twenty-two years the English had held the district, he had not heard so grave and godly a saying from any of them." I thought of Sancho Panza (adds the modest bishop) and his wise sayings, and regretted that, with my present knowledge of their language, I could not tell them any thing really worth their hearing." Such things, however, were probably as profitably heard as more formal lessons might have been. His lordship's attendants, in their progress up the river, were often coming and asking leave of absence for a day or two, to visit parents or kindred residing near the banks. He gained much favour by the readiness with which he listened to such demands: the kindness seems never to have been abused; and on one occasion he had the gratification to ascertain that an advance of a month's wages had been converted solely to the use and benefit of a poor groom's aged father and mother. A touching incident occurs very early in the voyage: he finds that a boatman set apart every day a certain portion of his rice, and bestowed it on the birds, saying, "It is not I, but my child that feeds you." He had lost an only son some years before, and the boy having been in the custom of feeding the birds in this way, the parent never omitted doing so, at sunset, in his name. These are not people of whose feelings men can make light with impunity.—pp. 176—179.

The account given of the feelings with which the Hindoos regard any personal kindness exercised towards them is also interesting.

How well they appreciate, and how lastingly they remember the benefits conferred on them by kind and judicious functionaries, may be gathered from many examples scattered over Heber's journal. Thus at Allahabad, when he asked, with a natural curiosity, which of the governors of India stood highest in the good opinion of the people, he found that though Lord Wellesley and Warren Hastings were honoured as "the two greatest men that had ever ruled this part of the world," the people universally "spoke with much affection of Mr. Jonathan Duncan."—"*Duncan Sahib ooo chota baee*; i. e., Mr. Duncan's younger brother, is still," he says, "the usual term of praise applied to any public man who appears to be actuated by an unusual spirit of kindness towards their nation." Again, at Boglipoor he found the memory of Judge Cleveland, who died at the age of twenty-nine, in 1784, still fresh in honour: this able and eminent man did much for that district; he improved its husbandry, established bazaars, and above all, instituted a police, which has been found lastingly effective in a region formerly noted for disorders. When he died, the chiefs of the hill country and the Mussulman gentry of the plain, joined their contributions to erect a stately monument over his grave.—pp. 179, 180.

Of the religious part of the observations, the following will enable the reader to judge generally.

"Of the slow but distinct and undeniable diminution of the Anti-Christian prejudices of the natives, we have already had occasion to cite some proofs; we may here throw together a few of the many notices to the same purport which occur in the earlier part of Heber's Indian Journal. At vol. i. p. 219, (quarto edition), we find Archdeacon Corrie applied to by a Brahmin of high rank, and, it is important to add, of much wealth, to

grant him an interview, that he might receive instruction in Christianity," and, on the bishop's expressing some surprise at this occurrence, the archdeacon answers, "This is not the only indication I have met with in this quarter, of persons who seem not unwilling to inquire in religious subjects. One of the hill-people at the school has declared, of his own accord, his intention of giving up Sunday to the worship of God; and there are several Hindoos and Mussalmans, who make no objection to eat victuals prepared by Christians, saying, that they think the Christians are as pure as themselves, and they are sure they are wiser."

At p. 288, where the bishop is describing his visitation of the schools established for the native youth at Benares, in which the Gospels are used as a school-book, we find the very able and intelligent governor of the place, who accompanied his lordship, stating as follows: "That they had every reason to think that all the bigger boys, and many of the lesser ones, brought up at these schools, learned to despise idolatry and the Hindoo faith, less by any direct precept, for their teachers never name the subject to them, and in the Gospels, which are the only strictly religious books read, there are few, if any, allusions to it, than from the disputations of the Mussulman and Hindoo boys among themselves, from the comparison which they soon learn to make between the system of worship which they themselves follow and ours, and above all, from the enlargement of mind which general knowledge, and the pure morality of the Gospel, have a tendency to produce. Many, both boys and girls, have asked for baptism, but it has been always thought right to advise them to wait till they had their parents' leave, or were old enough to judge for themselves; and many have, of their own accord, begun daily to use the Lord's Prayer, and to desist from showing any honour to the image. Their parents seem extremely indifferent to their conduct in this respect. Prayer, or outward adoration, is not essential to caste. A man may believe what he pleases, may, I understand, he may almost say what he pleases, without the danger of losing it, and so long as they are not baptized, neither eat nor drink in company with Christian or Pariars, all is well in the opinion of the great majority, even in Benares."

Lastly, at p. 514, we find the Bishop himself recording his observations, after he had visited the country from Calcutta to Meerut, that in many places "*a sort of regard* seemed to be paid to the *Sabbath* by the natives." And the particular instance that suggests the remark points to some *Brahmins*.—pp. 179—183.

Younger readers will be amused with such passages as the following, with which the work abounds.

"Of the way of performing these long journeys in India, I was myself (says the Bishop, in one of his letters to Mr. Wilmot Horton) very imperfectly informed before I came here; and even then, it was long before I could believe how vast and cumbersome an apparatus of attendance and supplies of every kind was necessary, to travel with any degree of comfort or security. On the river, indeed, so long as that lasted, our progress was easy and pleasant, (bating a little heat and a few storms,) carried on by a strong south-eastern breeze, in a very roomy and comfortable boat, against the stream of a majestic body of water, with a breadth, during the rainy season, so high up at Patna, of from six to nine miles, and even above Patna, as far as Cawnpore, in no place narrower than the Mersey opposite Liverpool. But it is after leaving the Ganges for the land journey, that,

if not the tug, yet no small part of the *apparatus proventus, et commeatus* of war, commences. It has been my wish, on many accounts, to travel without unnecessary display. My tents, equipments, and number of servants, are on the smallest scale which comfort or propriety would admit of. They all fall short of what are usually taken by the collectors of districts; and in comparison of what the commander-in-chief had with him the year before last, I have found people disposed to cry out against them as quite insufficient. Nor have I asked for a single soldier or trooper beyond what the commanding officers of districts have themselves offered as necessary and suitable. Yet, for myself and Dr. Smith, the united numbers amount to three elephants, above twenty camels, five horses, besides ponies for our principal servants, twenty-six servants, twenty-six bearers of burdens, fifteen clashees to pitch and remove tents, elephant and camel drivers, I believe, thirteen; and since we have left the Company's territories and entered Rajapootam, a guard of eighteen irregular horse, and forty-five sipahees on foot, including native officers. Nor is this all; for there is a number of petty tradesmen and other poor people, whose road is the same as ours, and who have asked permission to encamp near us, and travel under our protection; so that yesterday, when I found it expedient, on account of the scarcity which prevails in these provinces, to order an allowance of flour, by way of Sunday dinner, to every person in camp, the number of heads was returned one hundred and sixty-five. With all these formidable numbers, you must not, however, suppose that any exorbitant luxury reigns in my tent; our fare is, in fact, as homely as any two farmers in England sit down to; and if it be sometimes *exuberant*, the fault must be laid on a country where we must take a whole sheep or kid, if we would have animal food at all, and where neither sheep nor kid will, when killed, remain eatable more than a day or two. The truth is, that where people carry every thing with them, tent, bed, furniture, wine, beer, and crockery, for six months together, no small quantity of beasts of burden may well be supposed necessary; and in countries such as those which I have now been traversing, where every man is armed; where every third or fourth man, a few years since, was a thief by profession; and where, in spite of English influence and supremacy, the forests, mountains, and multitudes of petty sovereignties, afford all possible scope for the practical application of Wordsworth's "good old rule,"—you may believe me, that it is neither pomp nor cowardice which has thus fenced your friend in with spears, shields, and bayonets."

'In the course of this arduous pilgrimage from Calcutta to Bombay, he found occasions for preaching upwards of fifty times; and the sermon delivered on one of those occasions, at the consecration of a church near Benares, was printed at the request of the Europeans who heard it; and, though bearing marks of having been written in haste, fully justifies their discernment in having made that request.'—pp. 183—186.

ART. XV.—*The Doom of Derenzie. A Poem.* By the Late Thomas Furlong. London: Joseph Robins. 1829.

THE author of this volume died, previous to its publication, in Dublin, on the 25th of July, 1827. His character and attainments made him generally beloved by his acquaintances, and, according to the notice prefixed to the present work, he was connected with several highly respectable periodi-

cals. 'The Doom of Derenzie,' was finished, but not revised before the writer's decease, and consequently appears in the world under many disadvantages. It bears, however, the marks of considerable talent, of talent far superior to that which usually appears in this kind of publications. There is invention in it, and that is a great recommendation at all times; and the versification is smooth and varied, the second great requisite to a poem of any kind. If the much regretted writer had lived, there is great reason to believe, he would have enjoyed a place among the poets of his country that would have secured the respectability of his name. The character of Old Wrue, an aged Irishman, who had the reputation of being a wizard, forms a prominent feature in the poem; we give a part of the delineation as a specimen.

'Few there were,
Midst the young group frequenting rural wake
Or village fair, that in their mood of mirth,
By word or wandering gesture, would have ventur'd
To trifle with Old Wrue! his hair and tone
Dropt as a spell on all, and wither'd up
The wonted springs of gaiety; the smile
Past in his presence from the liveliest cheek,
And the young jest died struggling:—every circle,
O'er which his dark unholy shadow moved,
Felt, in that joyless hour, a creeping gloom
Whose influence awed the giddiest:—he was held
As one of those on whom the hand of fate,
In some portentous moment, had imprest
A mystic mark—one singled from his kind,
In favour or in hatred, and invested
With powers that haply none may shun or seek.

'They deem'd him a dark wizard, and the name
Was not an idle one, nor did it fall
In jesting mood upon him; for the aged,
Who trac'd him thro' his childhood and his youth—
Who mark'd his steps in darkness and in light,
At home, and far beyond it, had avow'd
The strange unnatural truth, that sounds arose
Around him on his pathway—voices came—
Forms from invisible worlds were his companions;
And shapes, not known on earth, kept ever near him—
And, in the wonders which his craft achiev'd,
Did act but as his instruments.'—pp. 8, 9.

The only object which engages the old man's regard, is a little orphan girl, whom he takes and shelters in his lonely dwelling, expending upon her all the love his strange heart was capable of feeling.

'The girl grew up—and with a father's fondness
The old bewilder'd wizard seem'd to cherish her.
No object was there in this world around us,
Thro' craft, or skill, or wealth, to be acquired—
No chosen thing, which his scant means could compass,
That he would have denied her. Each frail ornament

Their gladness might prompt the maid to wish for;
Each toy that fancy might create the want of;
Each bauble by mere vanity made needful;
Seem'd her's—even undemanded.
As he gave,
Even did his mind grow gentler. Not to many
Would he, when lingering in his mood of gloominess,
Vouchsafe a winning word; but if his Margaret,
In that dark hour approach'd him, a strange hue
Of brightness touch'd his features—if she paus'd,
Lean'd with an easy air across his knee,
Threw her light locks aside, gaz'd on his face,
And smil'd, and stroked his cheek, and gaily urg'd him
Even then, to utter things that none might talk of—
His look was half compliance. So she grew,
Bright, beautiful, and innocent before him;
Even as an angel stealing on his path,
And guiding him to comfort—she did seem
Form'd to revive within him each fond feeling—
To root the fiend of sadness from his bosom—
To soothe his wayward spirit—and to make him
Look with a milder and more kindly eye
Upon his weak and wandering fellow creatures.
The years wore fast away, and still she rose
In stature and in beauty; the soft winds
Of twenty springs had wanton'd o'er her cheek,
And left its hue more lovely: in her shape
Was all the lightness of the fair young ozier,
With all its grace, and ease, and flexibility.
Her eye, when resting, had a cast of gentleness,
But, when in mirth it mov'd, in its gay glance,
Centred a liveliness thro' which the spirit
Beam'd in bewildering brightness. In one season
She bloom'd, but, ere another clos'd its course,
A chilling change came on, and fast she faded.—pp. 11—13.

The story of these characters is a wild one, but highly poetical, and told with ability. 'The Doom of Derenzie' really deserves a place among modern legendary poetry.

Art. XVI.—*The Grammatical and Pronouncing Spelling-book: on a new plan, designed to communicate the rudiments of Grammatical Knowledge.* By Ingram Cobbin, M.A. London: Westley and Davis, and Simpkin and Marshall. 1829.

Spelling-books, we suppose, must continue to exist as long as school-rooms or satchels are deemed necessary to national education. We are not, however, at all convinced that the plan on which these elementary works are composed is the best; or that much good might not be done by adopting a system of instruction in spelling and reading, in a great measure, totally different to that directed by spelling-books and primers. But supposing that the heads of academies are to preserve their old plans for

some few years longer, the publication before us appears well adapted to their purpose, as it contains the outlines both of a grammar and dictionary, as well as reading and spelling lessons.

ART. XVII.—*The Student's Algebra, with Notes and Observations; in which the Elements and Practice of that Science are rendered Familiar, and Practically adapted to the use of Schools.* By John Darby. London: Whittaker, Treacher and Arnot. 1829.

Mr. DARBY has produced a useful little volume of rules, and examples, which the commencing student of mathematics may take up with great advantage. The demonstrations, which the same gentleman afforded a short time since, of the principal theories involved in Bland's Algebraical Problems, were of important service to young mathematicians, and deserve to be generally known. We recommend the present publication as exceedingly well compiled and adapted to the purposes of general school, or private tuition. Mr. Darby is an enthusiast in favour of his favourite study.

'It was by the aid of this science, combined with Geometry, that Newton settled the whole system of the visible world. Hence it is one of the most important studies, at once useful and elegant, which can be pursued during the period of education.

'Of these truths, every one acquainted with Algebra must be convinced. It is the most refined species of logic; an expert Algebraist cannot fail to be an acute reasoner, not only in the affairs of common life, but in all pursuits of Literature and Philosophy. Style itself is characterised by an acquaintance with it. The certainty of its demonstration allures the mind to a habit of clear and accurate reasoning, which is necessary, in order to keep the imagination in due subjection to the judgment, and prevents the understanding from becoming the dupe of our own weakness, or from being led captive by the wit and eloquence of others.

ART. XVIII.—*A Glance at London, Brussels, and Paris.* By a Provincial Scotchman. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1829.

THERE is a pleasure in reading a plain simple story about any thing whatever which is not often secured by much more recondite histories. The same observation holds good with regard to travels and tour-books. It is astonishing how long and patiently we sit to con over the pages of an old Journal, kept to commemorate some family excursion; and which has nothing to recommend it but its plainness and consequent appearance of truth. Before half the time is expired which we give to the perusal of such a book, we throw down a presuming, consequential volume of travels in utter weariness, if not disgust. In the one instance, in fact, we seem to be listening to a talkative but observant old man; in the other, to a coxcomb, whose book is as tiresome as his company. The little publication before us has its apology in these observations, and though containing nothing very new or striking, would not be an unacceptable companion to a person strange at travelling on the continent. It is, however, principally interesting to us for the naive manner in which the author tells his gossiping stories. Take the following for example, which forms part of the narrative respecting his memorable arrival in London:

'One day I came into town on one of the numerous coaches that ply in the neighbourhood of London. A gentleman mentioned, that he thought he saw, at some distance before us upon the road, a horse, as if it had run away with a gig. After some time this was ascertained to be the case, by the confusion apparent among the foot passengers, and a sort of alarm given on all sides, while the vehicle was observed to be approaching at a great rate. By and bye, as it neared us, we became reluctant spectators of the appalling sight. Our coachman stopped his team, and drew up to one side of the highway, lest the run-away animal should overset the gig by driving against us: and while we remained in suspense thus for a short time, our sensations were of the most unpleasant description. As the tall fearful-looking creature came quite near, although he seemed to have run a great way, and to be much blown, he showed no intention of slackening his fatal speed; but flew inexorably towards us, his tail and mane erected and waving in the air, his nostrils distended, the brid'e out of his mouth, round his neck, and his whole aspect as if he were internally instigated by some evil spirit. Behind, in the gig, were seated a man and woman; the former pulling back the reins with all his might, which, pressing against the horse's throat, might have hitherto, in some degree, impeded the impetuosity of his flight. Both seemed to be reduced to a state of terror and despair. Their colour had ceased to be merely pale—it was become almost black, and their lips parched with fright; their mouths extended, seemed forcibly drawn back, so as to show all their teeth; they glared upon us as they passed, and their eyes, stretched out wide, presented a horrible picture of the intensity of the passion that raged within them, swallowing up every earthly consideration. Nevertheless, the man was thought to display great fortitude, in detaining the woman, who made several demonstrations of an intent to leap out. We all felt most painfully excited, particularly as, from the state of the horse's bridle, no assistance seemed practicable. The infuriate quadruped bounded past us, lashing up his hind legs against the gig, as if he would have broken it in pieces. Some said one thing, and some another; and one called to a man upon the road to cleave the creature's head, if he could, with a spade which he held in his hand. All efforts by spectators and passengers, however, were unavailing; the flight continued; our eyes and hearts followed the sufferers for miles; sometimes we lost sight of them, and supposed they had been upset; and again they re-appeared among the hedges and trees, at a great distance. But as we could render no assistance, and as the coachman declared he could wait no longer, we left them to their fate, or to more favourable circumstances than it was in our power to afford. So we again set forward, moralizing upon the peculiar fatality of gigs, and why danger should attach in a particular manner to that species of vehicle.'—pp. 43—45.

Still more amusing is the style in which he gravely describes those unknown institutions, the British Museum, and the Police Office in Bow Street.

We doubt not this work will diffuse considerable light as to the principle of beauty, in the fine arts among the Scotch provincials. In a careful manner are described whatever the author met with on his long journey, leaving nothing undescribed, as the reader may judge from the above specimen, which could be described by the use of pen and paper.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Natural History.—At the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences on the 19th inst., M. Robineau Desvoidy, in the course of some observations on natural history, stated, that on opening a female viper of the species called the red viper, he found three thousand young, of different degrees of size. M. Desvoidy supposes that this extraordinary fecundity is peculiar to the red viper.—At the same sitting M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire resumed his observations on monstrosities, and particularly remarked on the two Siamese brothers who arrived lately at Boston. The union of these brothers, he said, is limited to a point extending from the base of the breast to the navel. It is superficial, and is shewn solely in a small portion of the skin, a few vessels, and some muscles. Each of them is a complete man with respect to the important organs of life. They have attained their 18th year. Their stature is short. They have never been ill. The inconvenience of their position, face to face, has caused them to use great efforts to modify it, and they have succeeded in acquiring a power of motion so far as to regard each other obliquely, so as to make a right angle between them. Their minds are well cultivated, and they agree well together. On their voyage to Boston, the only difference between them arose from the wish of one to bathe in the sea, whilst the other thought the water too cold for the diversion.—It is a curious coincidence, that at the meeting of the 26th inst. it was also announced by the same learned physiologist, that the twin girls, Rita and Christina, who are joined together, had arrived in Paris, and were to be examined by some eminent anatomists on that day, at the Museum in the Jardin du Roi.

New School in Paris.—The *Société des Méthodes d'Enseignement* in Paris have, with the authority of the Minister of Public Instruction, just established a new school at Paris, under the title of *Ecole Orthomatique*, viz. school in which persons are taught on the most approved methods. Besides the ordinary routine of instruction, the pupils are taught the living languages, natural history, natural philosophy, chemistry, mathematics, commercial sciences, &c. The chief promoters of this scheme are—M.M. Lafayette, Cassimir Perrier, André Delessert, Lafitte, the Duke of Broglio, the Count de Noailles, and J. Smith, Esq. M.P.

The Executors' Account Book, or a safe and easy Method of Keeping Executorship Accounts, with an adequate number of ruled pages, so arranged as to be adapted to the circumstances of any estate, and copious instructions, conveyed through the medium of a Fictitious Will, the accounts under which are accurately arranged and posted. By John H. Brady, late of the Legacy Duty Office, Somerset House, author of Plain Instructions to Executors and Administrators, &c.

A new Novel, by the author of The Collegians, is in the press, entitled The Rivals, which will, it is understood, be ready for publication early in December.

Time's Telescope, or guide to the Almanac, and Astronomer's and Naturalist's Diary, will be published at the usual time. The Astronomical portion will, we are informed, be contributed by J. T. B., the gentleman who furnishes the articles on Celestial Phenomena to the *Literary Gazette*.

In the year 1820, the recent establishment of the Roxburgh club in England, led to the formation of a similar body in Paris, under the title of *Société des Bibliophiles Francaises;* the principal object of which was to publish works yet in manuscript, or to reprint works of great rarity. The Society consists of twenty-four members, besides five foreign associates. The collection which is published at the expense, and under the superintendance of the Society, bears the general name of *Mélanges.* Every piece which enters into the composition of a volume is printed separately, on paper expressly fabricated for the purpose, and with Didot's best types; and has a distinct paging and a separate title. Every volume of the collection is marked with the year in which it was printed, and contains a general title, a table of the contents, and a list of the Society. Every copy bears the number and the name of the member of the Society to whom it belongs Twenty-four copies are struck off for the members of the Society; a twenty-fifth is deposited in the *Bibliothéque du Roi,* and one copy is allotted to each foreign associate. Every such copy which may be exposed to public sale, is to be immediately subjected to a bidding, in the name of the Society, of a hundred francs.

At a late sitting of the Paris Royal Academy of Sciences, Dr. Legrand read a memoir relative to the cure of scrofula by preparations of gold. M. Foureau de Beauregard reminded the Academy of a memoir formerly presented by him, with a view to shew that the yellow fever is to be considered as an acute scorbutic affection, and that the most efficacious remedy for it is the rhatany root.—At the same sitting, M. Lisfranc read a memoir relative to cancers, in which he endeavours to shew that in many cases it is not necessary to extirpate entirely the organ affected, but merely to cut off the diseased parts. He stated, that in several experiments the results had proved the correctness of his opinion.

An Historical and Topographical Atlas of England and Wales, exhibiting its Geographical Features during the Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman governments,—is preparing, by Thomas Allen, author of the Histories of York, Surrey, and Sussex, &c.

'The Lives of the Italian Poets,' by the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M. A. are preparing for publication, and will appear early in the ensuing season.

The Panorama of the Thames, from London to Richmond, exhibiting every object on both banks of the River,—is among the announcements of forthcoming novelties.

A new literary journal, to be entitled The Chronicle of Literature and the Fine Arts, is, we are told, about to be commenced, under the superintendance of Mr. Alaric Watts. It is to be of weekly recurrence, and will be devoted to English and foreign literature and the fine arts.

A London Musical Gazette, to be published weekly, is announced to commence to-day.

Dr. Seymour has in the press a work on the diseases of the Ovaria; including Encysted Dropsy and Malignant Diseases of those Organs: to which are prefixed, Physiological Observations on the Structure and Functions of these Parts in the Human Being and in Animals

The author of the Subaltern has in the press a series of Tales under the title of the Country Curate.

A new work, by the author of the O'Hara Tales will soon make its appearance. It is to be entitled, we believe, Trials Past By.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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INDEX

TO THE

TWELFTH VOLUME OF THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

A.

Abernethy, Mr. observations respecting, 254
Abracadabra, a charm, 572
Ackermann's Forget Me Not, 459
Adair's American Indians, quoted, 569
Advertisements of Almanacks, 584
Æsthetics, Solger's Lectures on, 428
Affection of Brutes for their Offspring, 40
Agar Ellis, his Tale of Costandi, 598
Ague, charms for, 575
Akerkouff, 544
Ahwaz, city of, 549
Alexander, Emperor of Russia, Memoirs of, 375
Alexis' Journal through Scandinavia, and Wanderings in the South, 336
Al Kasr at Babylon, 545
Almanacks for 1830, reviewed 583—British, Englishman's, *ib.*—advertisements by the Stationers' Company, and by the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, 584—Saints' Days, 585—Members of Parliament, *ib.*—Tides, 586—Editors of the Almanacs, 587
Amulet, The, for 1830, 454
Analogy between the fall of the leaf and the fall of the human hair, 493
Anatomy, Tuson's Compendium of, 148
Anecdotes of Rajport Women, 400
Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han, 393
Annuaire de Celvados, 523
Anodyne Necklace, 576
Annuals for 1830, reviewed, 596
Annuals for 1830:—Friendship's Offering, 437—The Literary Souvenir, 443—The Winter's Wreath, 447—The Iris, 450—Forget Me Not, 454—The Amulet, *ib.*—Juvenile Keepsake, 455—Juvenile Forget Me Not, *ib.*—Ackermann's Forget Me Not, 458—Juvenile Souvenir, 459
Arbuthnot (Dr.) his character, 580
Aspen, House of, by Sir W. Scott, 597
Apanea, now Koorna, 539

Astronomy, Account of the Mania which once prevailed in France for the study of, 188
Astronomy, or the Solar System explained on Mechanical principles by R. Banks, 463
Atlas, Historical and Biographical, by Bruce, 313
Atoms, remarks upon the doctrine of, 61
Aurora Borealis, Account of, 385
Australia, History of the Colonization of, 513—on the discovery of, 514—geographical account of, 516—productions of, 517—observations on the character and manners of the inhabitants of, 518
Austria, remarks upon the Government of, 67—simplicity of the Imperial Court described, 68
Autographs of remarkable Personages, 212 first collections of, 215—utility of, 217

B.

Baines' Companion to the Lakes of Cumberland, &c. 145
Babylonian inscriptions, 545
Bark of Trees, account of the growth of, 494
Baiæ, Bay of, by Lord Morpeth, 600
Balm of Gilead (Solomon's), 573
Banks' Astronomy, 463
Barton, Dr. specimen of his punning, 350
Beatrice, description of, 22
Bechuana Boy, a poem, 441
Bellerophon, explanation of the Fable of, 111—The Nebuchadnezzar of Scripture, 112
Bellamy's Address to God, from the Dutch, 601
Benevolence of the Deity, 40
Benjamin of Tudela, his account of Babylon, 537
Best's Memorials, 344
Beth-Eden, in Syria, 540
Birs Nemroud at Babylon, 546
Boisard, his remarks on Normandy, 530
Book of the Boudoir, 173
Botany, Castle's Introduction to, 148
Bread, price of, in Normandy, 527
Bricks, ancient, at Babylon, 548
Brittany, expense of living in, 524
British Naturalist, reviewed, 560—character of the book, *ib.*—description of a mountain, 561—lake, 563—river, 564—moors, 566
British Almanack, 583
British Government of India, 413
British Insects, nomenclature of, 470—catalogue of, *ib.*—estimate of the number of, *ib.*
British Physiognomy, by Price, 297
Bruce's Historical and Biographical 313
Buckingham House compared with the palaces at Babylon, 536
Buffaloes, description of, 3
Bussorah, modern history of, 548

C.

Calculating Child, 470
Caen, expense of living at, 524—arrival at, 526
Celsus, quoted, 568
Celvados, Annuaire de, 523
Castle's Botany, 148
Castara of Habington, The account of, 26
Catalogue of Queen's College Library, Cambridge, 262
Catalogue of British Insects, 407
Cats, extract from Lady Morgan's Book of the Boudoir on, 186—story of one recounted, 186
Catholic Service in France, 533
Celtic Origin, The, of the Caledonians, remarks upon, 304
Chaldea, travels in, 536
Channing (Dr.) his opinion of Napoleon, 554
Characteristic Sketch of Napoleon, 558
Characteristics of Irish Physiognomy, 307
Charade on Marriage, 349
Charles John, King of Sweden and Norway, &c., Memorials of, 188
Charms used by Jews, Turks, &c., 573—modern vulgar, 575
Chamois Hunter, The, Versions of the Song of, from the German of Schiller, 509
Chazar and Sela, by James Fletcher, 460
Children, on the management of, 80
Clarke's (Dr.) Natural Theology, observations on, 41
Climate, effects of, upon the physiognomy, 301
Coffee, the cause of cancer in the stomach, &c. 251
College of Physicians, their narrow policy, 581
Coffee, price of, in Normandy, 528

Constantinople, Travels to and from, 1—characteristics of its inhabitants, 6
Conversations on Vegetable Physiology, 490
Cork, traced by Cor, from Corinth, 112
Correspondence of Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland and Mecklenburg, 205
Costandi, by Mr. Agar Ellis, 598
Cottons, price of, in Normandy, 527
Cours de Litterature Francaise, par M. Villemain, 466
Coxe's Memoirs of the Pelham Administration, 317
Cookery, character of, in Normandy, 527
Cooper's Rose Malcolm, 601
Cramp, charm for, 576
Craven's (Lady) Charade on Marriage, 349
Credulity, Medical, 577
Cromhie's (Dr.) Natural Theology, 30
Ctesiphon, account of, 542
Curtius (Quintus), his account of Babylon, 537
Custom-houses, management at Havre de Grace, 524

D.

Dagley's (Miss E. F.) Village Nightingale, 149
Dante and Beatrice, 20
Daughter of Jairus, a poem, 452
Deity, The, or the existence and attributes of, 32
Della Valle, his account of Babylon, 537
De Luc, his opinion respecting Eden, 540
Demoulin's Sachets, 577
Denmark, human sacrifices, 572
Dogs, remarks upon, 136
Domesday-Book, The, description of, 268
Diodorus, his account of Babylon, 538
Diligences, French, in Normandy, 525
Druids, their mystic divination, 568
Dudley (Lord Guildford) brief sketch of, 220

E.

Earth, The, opinions of early philosophers respecting, 53—proof of its globular figure, 54
Eden, Garden of, 539
Education of the Infant Poor, 77
Effects produced by plants upon the air of the atmosphere, 499
Efficacy of Religion, by the Rev. Robert Caunter, 451
Einsidlin, Legend of, 147
Electricity, theories of, explained, 58
Elizabeth, Queen of England, sketch of, 218
Elugo, account of, 537
Englishman's Almanack, 583
Entertaining Knowledge, Library of, 132
Epilepsy, charm for, 576
Essay by Napoleon, extract from, 558
Essay on the Lever, 465
Eternity of God, what is understood by the, 34
Everest's (Rev. Robert) Journey through Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, 385
Existence of the Deity, 32
Exley's Principles of Natural Philosophy, 53—theory of attraction and repulsion, 56—objection to Franklin's Theory of Electricity, 59—remarks on the Doctrine of Atoms, 61
Eye, The, black and blue, of Britain, Price's doctrine of, 303

F.

Fables of La Fontaine, which are considered masterpieces, 76
Fanshawe's (Lady) Memoirs, 232—account of her girlish days, 233—test by which she tried her husband's affection, 234—visit to King Charles, at Hampton, described, 235—account of her first arrival in Spain, 236—reprobation of the conduct of the Lord Charles Clarendon, 240—description of her reception at Court, 241—her husband's embassy to Spain, 242—and death, 244
Fall of the leaf, account of, 490—of the hair in man, 493
Fellow of the College of Physicians, anecdote of one, 581
Female Servants' Adviser, 147
Fichte, description of, 429, 431
Fins, The, Superstition of, 390
Fire-wood, expense of, in Normandy, 528
Fish, price of, in Normandy, 557
Fitzgerald (Lady Elizabeth) Earl of Surrey's love for, 23
Fletcher's Chozar and Sela, or the Siege of Damascus, 460

Flioueurs, Thieves in France, so called, description of, 282
Food, on the subject of, 257
Foe's, (Daniel De) Life and Times, 475—parentage and education, 476—Speculum Crape-Gownorum, 477—account of his failure, 478—publication of 'The True-born Englishman,' 480—'Shortest Way with the Dissenters,' 481—'Review,' 481—'Robinson Crusoe,' Lamb's critique, 485—observations on his account of the plague, 487
Footsteps' Fall, The, 453
Fowls, price of, in Normandy, 527
Forget Me Not, for the New Year, 454
Forster's (J. G.) Letters, with some account of his Life, 221—description of Müller, the Historian, 227—his character of Voss and Lichtenberg, 227
Forster's Confidential Letters of Albrecht von Wallenstein, 205
Fouché, Napoleon's preference of, 552
Frankland's (Capt. Charles Colville) Travels to and from Constantinople, 1—adventure with an Osmanlee, 2—description of buffaloes, 3—account of the Sultan's Musquito Squadron, 12
Franklin's (Dr.) Theory of, Electricity described, 58—objection to, by Mr. Exley, 59—his theory of galvanism explained, 59
Frezier, his account of the Chilese, 568
Friendship's Offering for 1830, 437
Friere, (General) account of the death of, 123
Future State, evidence in favour of a, 51

G.

Gabrielle, a Tale of the Swiss Mountains, 96—character of the poem, 99—the heroine's fondness for the violet described, 100
Galvanism, nature of, according to Dr. Franklin, 59
Game in Normandy, 434
Garth, (Dr.) his character, 580
Gem for 1830, reviewed, 596—engravings, 601—extracts from, *ib.*
Germany, Letters of a German travelling in, 65
Government, British, of India, 413
Gouffier's (Countess) Choisseul's Memoirs of the Emperor Alexander, 375
Gouri, Festival of, among the Rajports, 450
Gravitation, account of the doctrine of, according to Sir Isaac Newton, 54
Gregoire's Histoire des Sectes Religieuses, &c. 308
Gregory (Dr.) anecdote of, 247
Gregory (Dr. O.) Editor of Almanacs, by the Stationers' Company, 587
Grey, (Lady Jane) Sketch of the Life of, 219
Grigris, a species of medical charm, 575

H.

Habington's Castara, account of, 26
Habit, influence of, on the physiognomy, 301
Hair, The, account of, 149
Hair in men, account of the fall of, 493
Harfleur, state of, 525
Hanging gardens at Babylon, 546
Hanway, his account of Babylon, 538
Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, 578
Havre de Grace, customs at, 524
Health, simplicity of, 245
Henepin, his account of American Indians, 569
Hillah, near Babylon, 545
Hill's Tincture of Sage, 577
Histoire des Sectes Religieuses, by M. M. Gregoire, 308
Historical and Biographical Atlas, 313
History, inquiry into the truth of, 110
Holland (Lord) his contributions to the Keepsake, 597
Horne's Catalogue of Queen's College, Cambridge, 262
Horse, The, in all his varieties and uses, by J. Laurence, 459
Hooping-cough, charms for, 576
House of Aspen, by Sir W. Scott, 597
Hortator's Simplicity of Health, 245—account of his reasons for inditing the book, 249—advice to the ladies, 261—observations on coachmen, 262
Hotel d'Angleterre at Caen, 526
House-rents in Normandy, 527
Huber's Sketches from Spain, 103
Hungarian Universities, 471
Hunter (John) his character, 580
Hunter, The, of the Alps, from Schiller's William Tell, versions of the Song of, 509

I.

Immortality of the Soul, 49
India, British Government of, 413
Infant Schools, 78
Infinity of God, what is meant by the, 34
Influence of habit and climate on the Physignomy, 301
Inquiry into the Truth of History, 110
Insects, British, Stephen's Nomenclature and Catalogue, 407—estimate of the number of, *ib.*—forethought of, 408—remarks on the colour of, 411
Intelligence, Literary and Miscellaneous, 152, 313, 469
Ireland, observations on the rural affairs of, 359—illustration of bad ploughing, *ib.*—of bad road making, 360—remarks on the theory of successive crops, *ib.*—deterioration of Irish potatoes, 366—on the practice of sowing seed, where it is grown, 368—statements of the extent of bog land, 373
Iris, The, a Literary and Religious Offering, by the Rev. T. Dale, 450—Wonders and Murmurs, *ib.*—Efficacy of Religion, 451—Daughter of Jairus, 452—The Footsteps' Fall, 453
Irish Physiognomy, characteristics of, 307

J.

Jacob, The, Patriarch, supposed the Sisyphus of the Ancients, 110
Jacobi's account of the historian Muller, 227
Jerome, his account of Babylon, 537
Johnson, Dr. anecdote of, 351
Journey through Norway, Lapland, &c. 385
Juvenile Forget Me Not, by Mrs. Hall, 458
Juvenal and Persius, remarks on the versions of the Satires of, 506
Juvenile Keepsake, The, 455—Newton in his study, extract from, *ib.*—Sonnet, by Miss Roscoe, 458
Juvenile Souvenir, 459

K.

Kirwan, Richard, Esq., Lady Morgan's account of her acquaintance with, 179
Keepsake for 1830, reviewed, 596—engravings in, 597—contribution to, very inferior ones, *ib.*—good, 895
Koskiusco, 553
Koorna, the Apanea of the ancients, 539

L.

La Fontaine, Fables of, which are considered masterpieces, 76
Ladies, Hortator's advice to, 261
Ladies in Normandy, 530
Lafayette, character of, 553
Lakes, Natural History of British, 563
Lamb's Critique on De Foe's Robinson Crusoe, 485
Lambert's Observations on the Rural Affairs of Ireland, 359
Last Man in Town, The, 446
Latrobe's Alpenstok, or Sketches of Swiss Scenery and Manners, 150
Laurence, on the Horse, 459
Learning, The, of the Spaniards, account of, 105
Leaf, The, account of the fall of, 490—theory of the colour of, 503
Legend of Einsidlin, 147
Leonora d'Este, Tasso's love for, 25
Letters of a German travelling in Germany, 65
Letters of J. G. Forster, with some account of his Life, 221
Lever, The, observations on the history of, 465
Library of Entertaining Knowledge, 132
Library of Queen's College, Cambridge, catalogue of, 262
Library at Caen, 534
Liddiard's Legend of Einsidlin, 147
Linacre, founder of the London College of Physicians, 578
Linen, price of, in Normandy, 527
Lines, by Miss Mary Howitt, 448
Lion, The, remarks on some of the peculiarities of the structure of, 137
Literary and Miscellaneous Intelligence, 469
Literary Souvenir, 443—Verses by Mr. Walker, *ib.*—Extracts from the Oberon and Titania, 444—The Last Man in Town, 446
Louvre compared with the palaces of Babylon, 536
Love, Lines on the knowledge of, 28
Love's Anniversary, 28
Loves, The, of the Poets, 17

M.

Malcolm's Tales of Field and Flood, 311
Mainz, behaviour of Napoleon at, 552
Mujellibah, supposed, by Mignan, the Tower of Babel, 543
Maranon, The, account of, 159—remarks on the subject of the steam navigation of, 170
Marriage, Charade on, 349
Marcus, his sack of Seleucia, 542
Matter's Histoire Critique du Gnosticisme, &c. character of, 75
Matriculation among the natives of Australia, description of the ceremony of, 521
Maundrel's account of Beth-Eden, 540
Mignan's Travels in Chaldea, reviewed, 536—previous travels in, 537—his account of Eden, 539—objected to, 540—account of Seleucia, 541—tunnel under the Euphrates, 542—account of the Mujellibah, 543—Al Kasr, or the Palace, 544—hanging gardens, 546—Birs Nemroud, *ib.*—Bussorah, 548—Ahwaz, 549—character of Capt. Mignan as a traveller, 550
Maw's, (Lieut., R.N.) Journal, 159
Mead, (Dr.) his character, 579
Medicine, no Mystery, 567
Meditations upon Nature, 471
Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel De Foe, 475
Memoirs of the Emperor Alexander, and of the Court of Russia, 375
Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, 232
Memoirs of the Pelham Administration, 317
Memoirs de Vidocq, 278
Memorials, Personal and Literary, by Mr. Best, 344
Members of Parliament, lists of, 585
Men of Letters, The Misfortunes of, reviewed, 152
Meredith's Memorials of Charles John, King of Sweden and Norway, &c., 188
Metaphysical Evidence, remarks on, 48
Milton, character of, in regard to women, 25
Milk, price of, in Normandy, 527
Minister, The, by Mrs. Hemans, 447
Misfortunes of Men of Letters, The, translated from the Latin, notice of, 152
Miscellaneous Intelligence, 152, 313, 469
Modern Methodism Unmasked, 459
Mount Blanc, Stanzas on, 147
Morgan's, (Lady), Book of the Boudoir, 173—account of her acquaintance with R. Kirwan, Esq., 179—description of her first rout in London, 183—and of J. Kemble's sticking his claws into her ladyship's wig, 184
Morpeth (Lord) his contributions to the Keepsake, 600
Moors, Natural History of British, 566
Moorson's Medicine no Mystery, 567
Mountains, Natural History of British, 561
Moulin, a celebrated French pickpocket, anecdote of, 287
Müller, the historian, Forster's and Jacobi's account of, 227
Mystic divination of the Druids, &c., 568

N.

Nails, The, account of, 149
Napier's Peninsular War, 118
Napoleon, anecdote of, 378
Napoleon's sympathy for his wounded soldiers, 178
Napoleon judged by Himself, 551—J. Weitzel's first sight of, *ib.*—character of, 552—his wish to form Europe in one nation, 554—account of, by Norrins, 556—characteristic sketch of, 558
Natural Philosophy, Exley's principles of, 53
Natural Theology, Dr. Crombie's, 30
Nature, Meditations upon, 471
Nebuchadnezzar, the Bellerophon of Mythology, &c., 111
Nebuchadnezzar, his palace at Babylon, 536
Nelson, (Lord), egotism of, 174
New Holland, account of the Aborigines of, 256
Nichol's Autographs of remarkable personages, 212
Nomenclature of British Insects, 407
Normans, their shrewdness, 526
Norrins (M. de) his account of Napoleon, 556
Notions respecting the Deity, and the attributes ascribed to him, 45
Norway, Lapland, &c., Everest's Journey through, 385
Norway, Literature of, 341
Nugent (Lord) his contributions to the Keepsake, 597

O.

Oberon and Titania, by T. K. Harvey, extract from, 444

Observations on the Rural Affairs of Ireland, 359
Oehlenschlager, account of, 340
Oliver's Signs and Symbols, 462
Omnipresence of the Deity, 36
Omniscience of the Deity, 38

P.

Paley, (Dr.) Sketches and Anecdotes of, 352
Palaces, ancient, compared with modern, 536
Partridges in Normandy, 534
Parr's (Dr.) Observations on the subject of writing, 215
Passports, trade of French Government in, 525
Patrick, (St.) singular theory of, 117
Pelham Administration, The, Memoirs of, 317
Penn (Granville) his account of Eden, 540
Petrarch and Laura, 21
Philosophy of Love, 175
Physiognomy, British, 297—Pinkerton's theory, 298—Price's comments on, 299
Pictures, system of instruction by, 84
Picture of Australia, 513
Poets, The Loves of, 17
Poisoned Goblet, extracts from, 591—5
Poland, state of society in, 228
Porchester (Lord) his contributions to the Keepsake, 597
Pork, price of, in Normandy, 527
Portuguese, example of the ferocity and stupidity of, 121
Plants, effects of, upon the air of the atmosphere, 499
Plague, The, Observations on De Foe's account of, 487
Pliny, his account of Babylon, 537
Price's British Physiognomy, 297
Pringle's Poem of the Bechuana Boy, 441

Q.

Quill, Maurice, anecdote of, 183

R.

Raconteur, a description of the performance of, 177
Rajast'han, Tod's Annals and Antiquities of, 393
Rajportini, condition of, 399—anecdotes of, 400
Rajports, Sketch of the manners and character of, 394—their passion for revenge, 396—excessive use of opium, 390—addiction to gaming, *ib.*—description of their arms and martial exercises, 398—condition of their females, 399—anecdotes of the Rajportini, 400—specimen of their poetry, 404
Rauwolf, his account of Babylon, 537
Religion, absence of, among savages, 568
Religious Rites in France, 532
Remarks on Metaphysical Evidence, 48
Rennel, his account of the Euphrates, 539
Rich, his account of Babylon, 538
Reichard's Guide to France, errors in, 524
Rinkan, The, in Norway, Waterfall of, described, 387
Rites, diabolical, in caves, 571
Rivers, Natural History of British, 564
Rivers, change in their course, 539
Robinson's Translations of William Tell, reviewed, 507
Robinson Crusoe, written by De Foe, published in 1719—Lamb's Critique on, 485—controversy respecting, 487
Romance of History; Spain, 588—plan of the work good, 589—'Poisoned Goblet,' 590—extracts from 591—595
Rome, by Lord Morpeth, 600
Rouleteurs, plunderers of coaches and waggons in France, account of, 284
Rousseau, character of, 74

S.

Scandinavia, Journey through, by Willibald Alexis, 336
Satires of Juvenal and Persius, remarks on the versions of, 506
Schiller's William Tell, translations of, 505—of his history of the Thirty Years' War, 507—of his Mary Stuart, *ib.*
Sachet, Dr. Demoulins, 577
Sage, Tincture of, 577
Saints' Days in Almanacks, 585
Salago plant, used by the Druids, 573
Schools for the Education of Infants, 78—description of the system of education adopted at the Bristol School, 82
Scott (Sir W.) his Tragedy of the House of Aspen, 597
Seleucia, account of, 541
Signs and Symbols, by Geo. Oliver, 462

Silks, price of, in Normandy, 527
Semplicity of Health, 245
Simiramis, her palace at Babylon, 536
Sisyphus, The, of the ancients, supposed to represent the patriarch Jacob, 110
Sketches from Spain, 103
Sketch of the manners and character of the Rajport tribes, 394
Smith, (Mr. A.) on general instruction, 87
Sneehattan, supposed till recently to be the highest mountain of Norway, description of, 387.
Sneezing, ceremonies respecting, 570
Solger's Lectures on Æsthetics, 428—some account of his life, 429—his description of Fichte, 429
Solar System, The, mechanical construction of, 463
Solway Moss, of the, curious account of the bursting, or motion, 138
Sonnet, by Miss J. E. Roscoe, 458
Spain, Sketches from, 103
Spaniards, The, example of the ignorance and barbarity of, 105
Spanish Majo, or Dandy, The, account of 106
Spinello's Lucifer, account of, 438
Spirituous Liquors, improper use and ill effects of, among the lower classes, 89—their agency in the commission of crime, 91
Stationers' Company, their Almanacks, 583
Strabo, his account of Babylon, 573
St. John's (Mr. J. A.) Story of Spinello and Beatrice, 438
Stephen's Nomenclature of British Insects—Systematic Catalogue of British Insects, 407
Stewart, (Dugald), Forster's censure of, 229
Strachey's (Sir H.) account of the Ryots, 418
Surrey's (Earl of) Love for Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, 23—visit to the necromancer, Cornelius Agrippa, 24—character of his party, *ib.*
Sweden, Modern History of, 188
Sydenham (Dr.) his character, 579

T.

Tales of Field and Flood, 311
Tachard, his account of the Siamese, 570
Talleyrand, Napoleon's preference of, 552
Tarente, Princess de, anecdote of, 254
Tasso's love for Leonora d'Este, 25
Tavernier, his account of Babylon, 538
Tea, remarks on the effects of, 252
Tea, price of, in Normandy, 528
Tertullas, The, of the Spaniards, described, 105
Theology, Natural, 30
Tides in Almanacks, 586
Tireurs, Pickpockets in France, described, 285
Tod's (Lieut. Col. Jas.) Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han, 393
Tower of Daniel at Babylon, 537
Tower of Babel, 542
Tooth-ache, charm for, 576
Travels in France, a new book of, wanted, 584
Translations of Schiller's William Tell, 505—Coleridge's, 506—Robinson's, 507
Transplanting, of the, of grown timber, curious account, 140
Travels to and from Constantinople, 1
Tretelger (Olaus) burnt alive, 572
Truth of History, inquiry into, 110
Trueba, his Romance of History, 588
Tuileries compared with the palaces at Babylon, 536
Tunnel under the Euphrates, 542
Turkish Women, account of, 9
Turks, The, Obstacles to a more intimate acquaintance with the real character of, 12—personal character of, 15
Tuson's Compendium of Anatomy, 148

V.

Vaux's account of the manner in which he robbed Mr. Bilger, jeweller, 281
Ventouillac's French Librarian, 72
Vervain, used by the Druids, 573
Verdure, a French Pickpocket, remarkable anecdote of, 287
Verses, by Mr. Walker, extracted from the Literary Souvenir, 443
Vidocq's Memoirs, 278—account of his apprehension of a famous thief called Sablin, 288—of Werner, a celebrated sharper, 290 — and Chambreuil, a fashionable rogue, 292—his account of Gaffré, a thief and agent of the police, 294—Toujours Vidocq, 296
Vienna, remarkable for dust, 69
Village Nightingale, The, by Miss Dagley, 149
Villemaine's Cours de Literature Francaise, 466

U.

Uner Counter Thieves in France, described, 279
Universities, Hungarian, 471
Utility of Education, to the poor, 87
Useful Knowledge Society, 560—583

W.

Wallenstein's Correspondence, 205
Wanderings in the South, by Willibald Alexis, 336
Ward's Essay on the Lever, 465
Washing in the Morning, directions for, 269
Washing, expense of, in Normandy, 527
Weitzel's Napoleon judged by himself, 551
Wigs, Chapter on, 349
Wilderspin on the Importance of Educating the Infant Poor, &c., 77
Wilson's Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel De Foe. 475
William Tell, a Play from the German of Schiller, 505
Wilkie's Saturday Night, 160
Wines, price of, in Normandy, 527
Wild Boars in Normandy, 534
Windsor Castle compared with the Palaces of Babylon, 536
Winter's Wreath, The, 447—the Minister, by Mrs. Hemans, *ib.*—lines by Miss Mary Howitt, 448
Woollens, price of, in Normandy, 527
Wonders and Murmurs, by Mr. S. C. Hall, 450
Writing, remarks on the subject of, 214
Wrinkles, Causes of, 497

Z.

Zaragoza, account of the siege of, 412.

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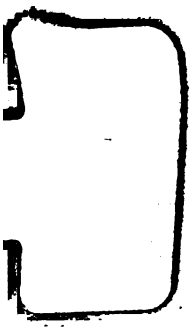
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